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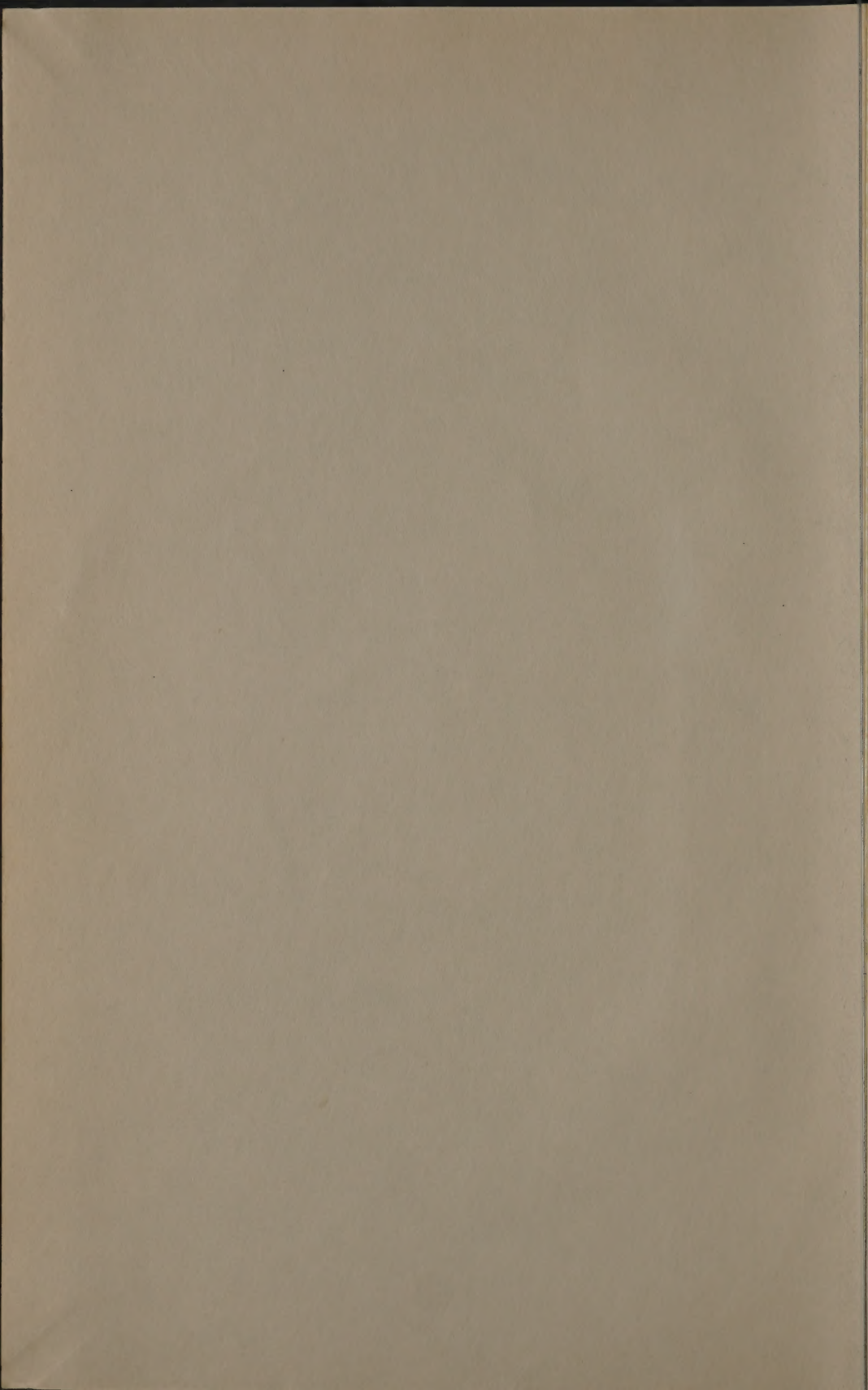
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RECOLLECTIONS
OF BYGONE DAYS
IN THE COVE

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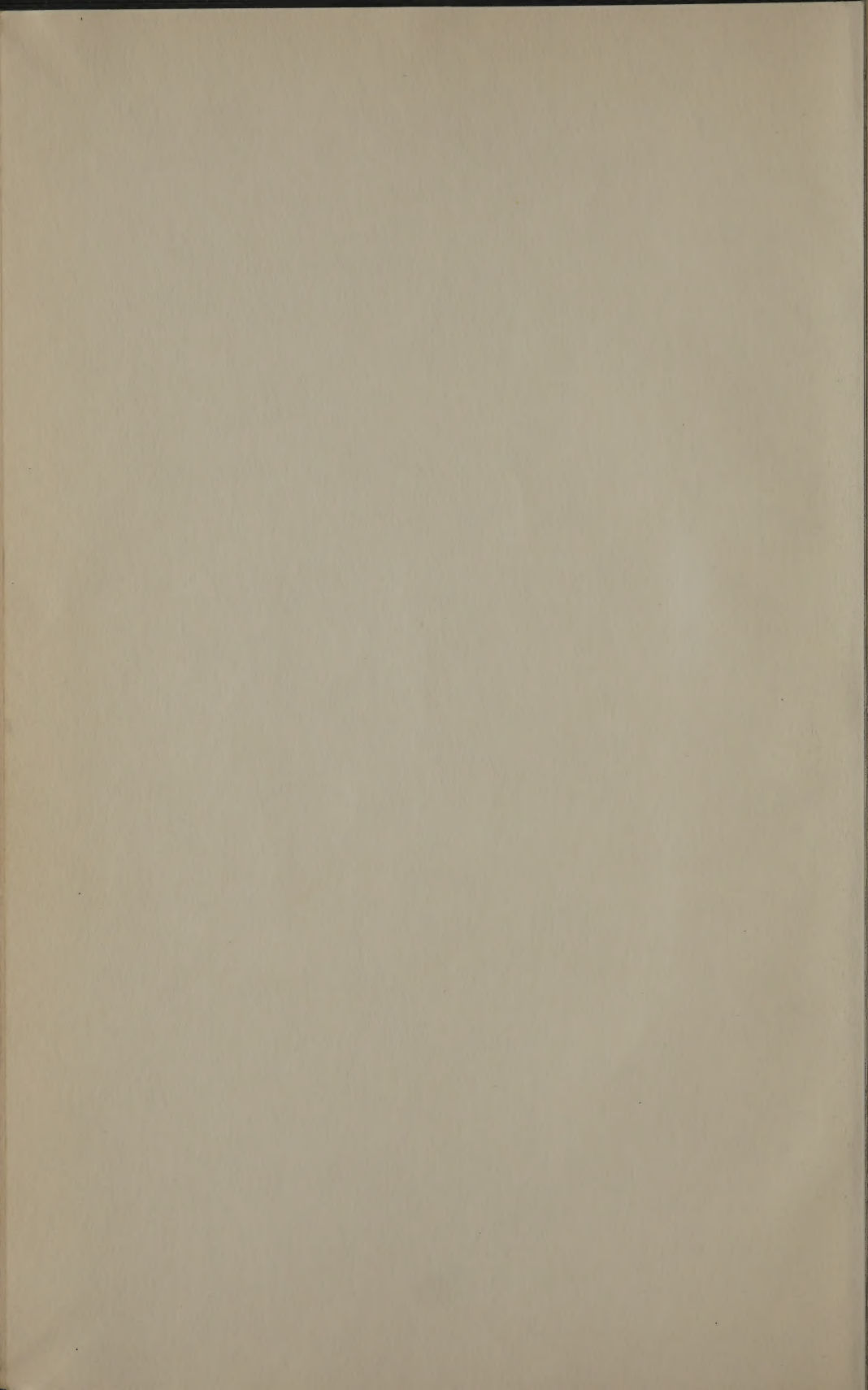
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RECOLLECTIONS OF BYGONE DAYS IN THE COVE

VOLUME 2

BY ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

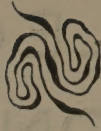
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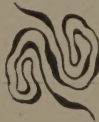


Miss Snowberger is well qualified by reason of her Morrisons Cove ancestry to write the series of articles embraced in this volume of "Recollections of Bygone Days in the Cove." She is descended on all family lines from pioneer settlers. Thus by birth and family tradition the Cove inspires in her the warm affection which we reserve for the place we call home.

In her childhood she listened with rapt attention to stories through which marched a fascinating procession of ghosts, Indians, robbers, local wits and champions of brawn and the hunt.

They interested her so much that she felt she would like to pass on to others similar tales of old times which are rapidly passing out from the memory of living men and women.

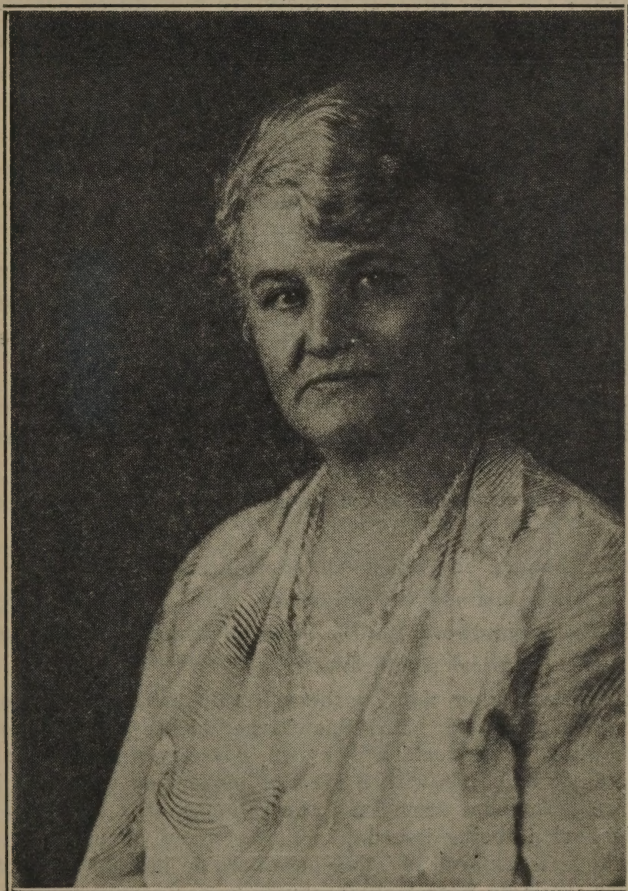
She is employed in the Register and Recorder's Office of Blair County. Formerly she taught school and for a period of four years was a newspaper reporter on the staff of The Altoona Times and The Tribune. Her residence is Curryville.



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A FOREWORD
THE AUTHOR



ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

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A FOREWORD

(In thinking of a foreword for Volume 2 of "Recollections of Bygone Days in the Cove," we do not know of anything that would be more appropriate to state the aims and purposes of this volume than the foreword which went with Volume 1 a year ago. It is therefore reproduced herewith)

It is not often that newspaper articles are of sufficient permanent interest to find their way between the covers of a book. While it is the business of a newspaper to record those happenings that make history, the narrations usually are not written from a historical standpoint.

It has been the happy privilege of The Herald during the past year to present to its readers a series of articles dealing with bygone days in Morrisons Cove which are of more than passing importance.

These articles written by Ella M. Snowberger of Curryville bring to light conditions, customs and modes of rural living in the earlier days of the Cove that should be history to the present generation. The era which these articles cover belongs to the far and distant past.

Miss Snowberger by interviewing men and women of the Cove who have reached the age of four score or thereabouts in life's journey, has been enabled to get data and information at first hand that would not be obtainable in any other way, and otherwise would be lost as these folks pass from earthly scenes.

Surely the manner in which our forefathers lived—their joys and sufferings—how they subdued the wilderness with the crude instruments at hand, and laid the groundwork for the super civilization of the present day, should be of some historical significance.

In no other way, other than in these Herald articles, has much of this material ever been presented. Miss Snowberger in her graphic word pictures and in a style which is particularly her own, has woven romance about these tales of other days, and it is with a view of preserving the more interesting articles in more permanent form than the columns of a newspaper provides that this little book is being issued.

The Herald feels honored in being permitted to include some of the work of F. C. Dodson, residing near Hollidaysburg, whose contributions in the way of verse and observations under the caption of "Heraldings" have proven such a delight to our readers in times past.

The Herald dedicates this little book to its subscribers who during the stress of the times have renewed their faith in the newspaper which is approaching the half century mark of service in The Cove.

MORRISONS COVE HERALD,
Elmer C. Ake, publisher.

A LIFE OF SERVICE

(IN THREE INSTALLMENTS)

Nearly a hundred years ago a seven year old girl was terrified at the threatening onslaught of a school of sharks. As she leaned over the rail of a sailing vessel on which she was crossing the Atlantic ocean from Germany, it seemed to her they were snapping their jaws for a little baby's body. The baby had died on ship board. Almost from the hour of its death, little Louisa Smaltz peeping from the ship, could see the brown heads of the man eaters of the deep crowding about the hull as if they were trying to leap from the waves to the ship.

At length, the ship's captain approached the frantic mother and commanded that the little body be consigned to the heaving ocean. After it was thrown overboard, the child Louisa noticed that the big fish drifted away and did not further molest the ship.

The picture of those monsters awaiting that human sacrifice was graven so vividly on the mind of Louisa Smaltz that she could see it to her dying day as clearly as when her eyes actually beheld it.

Land Had Been a Forest

This little girl in maturity became Mrs. Louisa Shoeman, wife of Henry Shoeman. They lived on a plot of six acres of ground situated a mile east of Curryville, which they reclaimed from the forest by dint of years of arduous toil. The property is now owned by their youngest child, Mrs. Lydia Latshaw, of Martinsburg.

While Mrs. Shoeman was no blood relation, the present writer always called her "Grandma". She was so fond of the sprightly old lady that, with credulity of extreme youth, she took it for granted that the two of them must be kinsfolk. It was a great treat to go across the fields to Grandma Shoeman's house for a visit. The old lady was so kindly, lively and full of fun, and no matter how busy she was, she always took time to tell

the small neighbor stories about the pioneer history of the Cove.

Such enthralling stories as they were, too. Heart gripping stories about Indians and wolves and the Civil war. Not stories gleaned from books, but tales of actual experience which befell either herself or people she knew. What volumes of unwritten history have been lost to posterity, because no one thought to write them down!

Thrills of Pioneer Life

Prosaic as life in the Cove may seem to be at the present day, its early history was as thrilling as that of any other end which had to be wrested from primeval nature and blood thirsty savages. It is in the hope that some of this rapidly disappearing lore in a measure may be preserved, that this series of articles was undertaken.

While it was true that Penn's humane policy promulgated friendly relations between the settlers and the aborigines, yet resentment of the latter at the reluctance of Penn's descendants to abide by treaties which stipulated payment for the land in the Cove, flamed into bloodshed. While the first settlers sought to live in peace and amity with the Indians, they never could trust them. Experience had taught them that the only reliable red skin was a dead one. Massacre of the whites by small raiding parties was not uncommon.

Mrs. Shoeman used to tell about the heroic repulse of such a roving band by a Cove girl by the name of Bowers, who lived on either the William Tipton farm south of Martinsburg, or the farm adjoining. This young lady, who was in her teens, and two little children of the family, had been left alone at home while the parents were away on errands in the neighborhood. In their absence a party of Indians slunk out of the woods and headed for the house. Spying them, Miss Bowers, with rare

presence of mind, clapped the two little ones under a big copper kettle which hung in the fire place. Bolting the door, she grasped the blunderbus from its place behind the door, and climbing to the loft which formed a half story above the first floor, she opened fire on the Indians out of the window. Her courage put the savages to rout. They sneaked off without making an attack.

Wolves Attacked Settlers

Indians were not the only foes. Lurking in the forest were wolves and wild cats. Wolves? Yes, Pennsylvania was once infested with these ferocious beasts. No one knows how many settlers fell victims to these predatory creatures of the wild. The wailing cry of the wild cat, which resembled exactly a woman weeping, lured man-- an unwary wayfarer to a frightful death.

Mr. Shoeman, who was born in Lancaster county-- used to tell of an encounter his father had with wolves. One evening while the elder Mr. Shoeman had gone to the pasture to fetch the cows home, he was surrounded by a hungry pack. He got out of their reach by climbing a tree. And on that dizzy perch he sat all night, while the snarling beasts circled the foot of the tree until day broke. Frightened away by day light, they slunk off, leaving Mr. Shoeman to get to his home in safety. Mr. Shoeman's mother's first husband, a man by the name of Frederick, set out on foot to visit relatives in a distant section. He was never seen or heard of again. It is presumed that either the Indians or the wolves got him.

Following the landing of the ship at Philadelphia, Louisa's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Smaltz, put her out to service with her uncle in that city, while they continued onward to Blair County where they settled permanently. This custom of putting children out among other families doubtless was a survival of the apprentice system, which was instrumental in bringing so many of our first settlers to American shores. Or it may have had its inception further

back in feudal times when the younger sons of the feudal lords learned the principles of knighthood and chivalry under the tutelage of neighboring lords in whose households they were brought up side by side with the sons of the family.

At any rate, the old world custom had been transplanted to the Cove whereby children were "put out for raising" among well-to-do neighbors who brought them up as their own. In return for the work the apprentices or foster children did, their guardians boarded, clothed and educated them and, as a start in life, when they became of age or married, the boys were given a horse and the girl a cow. It was a method which worked to the mutual advantage of both parties. In many instances it was the means of insuring a proper home for poor children in which they developed self respect and ideas of responsible citizenship.

Like Topsy, the little black slave in "Uncle Tom's cabin", there are many unfortunates who "just grewed up". Under the hap-hazard standards obtaining in their homes, they neither learned to work nor to desire an honorable independence. Considering the benefits they might have derived from the environment in a well conducted family, it seems a pity that the system has gone out of style. Surely there would be far less people as charges on society.

Journeys to Parents

Little Louisa did not like it at her uncle's home. She pined to see her parents. As time went on her homesickness increased until her misery was almost unendurable. When she was ten years old, she concluded she could stand it no longer. Taking matters in her own hands, she ran off. Without money and with the further handicap of an imperfect knowledge of English, the language spoken in her uncle's home having been her native German, she was ill equipped to be the master of her destiny. But an indomitable spirit spurred her on to attempt the long journey from Philadelphia to Martinsburg.

Somehow she knew enough to

board a packet boat which plied between the ports of Philadelphia and Hollidaysburg on the old Pennsylvania canal. One can imagine the qualms suffered by the lonely, frightened child, who anticipated she knew not what terrible punishment. Naturally she made herself as inconspicuous as possible. The first night out, all passengers were asked to disembark in order to lodge at a hotel. Not knowing what else to do the child followed the crowd.

Apparently unnoticed, she sat in the lobby until most of her fellow passengers had retired for the night. Seeing she was alone, the proprietor asked:

"Why don't you go to bed?"

Much abashed, she half-whispered in her broken English:

"I haf no money."

This interchange between the proprietor and his juvenile guest, roused the interest of a man who overheard.

"Never mind, Sissy", he encouraged. "You go to bed and sleep well. No harm shall come to you."

And so it was throughout the journey, sympathetic passengers defrayed her expenses and saw to it that she eventually reached her parents' home safe and sound. Mr. and Mrs. Smaltz at that time lived near the John A. Bowers' farm, now the property of William Tipton. They put her out with the Bowers family, with whom she lived until her marriage. The Smaltz family in course of time purchased the tract on the Henrietta road a mile east of Curryville, where Mr. and Mrs. Christ Roudabush now reside.

Devoted To Foster Parents

A strong attachment had grown between her and her foster parents. Following her marriage, she and her husband bought the six acre plot lying across the road from the Smaltz home, which is now owned by Mrs. Lydia Latshaw. Mr. and Mrs. Shoeman lived there until they died. They cleared the land at an outlay of toil and perseverance which we moderns are totally unable to appreciate.

Hard, unceasing work did not quell Mrs. Shoeman's desire to see her

foster parents. She frequently made the five mile trip, traveling through the fields and over the execrable roads on foot. Of so little account did she consider this long, rough walk, that she made the journey after her first children—twin girls—were born. Holding a baby on each arm, she carried them all the way to Martinsburg.

She was far from being a husky woman. On the contrary, she was slender and frail looking. But she was wiry, and underneath that delicate appearing exterior was an exhaustless energy and vitality.

A Neighborhood Nurse

Mrs. Louisa Shoeman was born in the village of Swann, Wurtzenberg, Germany, Aug. 18, 1832. The date of her death was Oct. 8, 1910. During her life time she had acquired a practicable knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs.

Quite likely some of this lore had been carried over from her native land, but owing to the exigencies of her early years, when physicians were few and far between, she had added quite a store of pioneer remedies, some of which had been handed down by the Indians.

In those days one did not go to the telephone and summon a doctor as soon as a member of the family was taken ill. We know, of course, there were no telephones in general use. On the other hand one called in the doctor only when all other resources had failed.

Every family had quantities of dried "teas" hanging on the attic, gathered either from a bed of herbs cultivated in the garden or from fence rows and woods. These home aids were tried first. Then, too, ready at hand, there were the bottles of whiskey and roots; camphor, peppermint and turpentine on the top shelf of the cupboard, out of reach of the children.

Nurse Served as Doctor

Every community boasted of a practical nurse, who, because of a natural aptitude for nursing and a

wide understanding of the nature and curative values of plants, enjoyed the confidence of the neighbors to the extent that she was called in instead of the doctor. They diagnosed the disease and prescribed nature's own remedies, both internally and externally.

In cases of sore throat, quinsy, diphtheria, pleurisy, pneumonia and the like they resorted to hot poultices. Onions, spices, bacon, mustard, flax seed and various other ingredients, some of which were far less agreeable to nose and skin, formed the basis of the applications.

They sweated, dosed, rubbed and poulticed the patient untiringly. And many there were who were happy by actual experience to testify to the efficacy of the remedies.

During convalescence the patient was allowed prescriptions much more pleasant. These were more likely to come out of the cellar than off the top shelf of the corner cupboard. Home made black berry and cherry cordials, grape and elder berry wine were used as tonics.

They were so easy to take that they were almost worth the pain of the sickness in order to have access to them. For the mothers and grandmothers, who made them, sternly forbade indulgence except in emergency cases.

Hers was Labor of Love

The neighborhood practical nurse did her work as a labor of love. She dropped everything in her own home to respond to a call, whether it was by day or night. She expected no pay, and as a rule received none. She ministered to the new born and laid out the dead.

Self-sacrificing and patient, what garlands would have adorned their brows, had they been rewarded according to their merits. In the early history of the Cove, their names and their works were legion. But they went the even tenor of their way with no wish for applause. Service to humanity alone dictated their course.

Such a woman was Mrs. Shoeman. She was always ready and willing to wait on the sick.

When she and her husband took possession of their newly acquired home prior to the Civil war, they were too busy to think of anything except to get their land in shape to till.

One of the fields had to be cleared. With the timber cut off, my, what a heartbreaking expanse of stumps and stones remained. It looked as if stones would be the chief crop forever. As fast as the parents and the oldest of the eleven children, which in course of time were born into the family, picked one, five or six others seemed to rise out of the ground to take its place.

With hands contused with blood blisters and backs aching with weariness, they kept on at this thankless task until they had a fence piled up on two sides of the lower field which contained tons of stones, all of which Mr. Shoeman had laboriously hauled in place on his wheel barrow.

Old Stone Fence Torn Down

Several years ago when the township road leading past the place was macadamized, the stones were piked and crushed to form the bed of quite a sizable length of improved highway. After all, that pestiferous nuisance served a good end. As the workmen tore down the fence, there was much scurrying to find cover on the part of skunks, weasels and snakes, who were thus summarily ejected from their ancient domains.

Meanwhile Mr. Shoeman established himself as a shoemaker and cobbler. The foot gear he made out of good cow hide, tanned in Martinsburg, did not need a guarantee. It just naturally was built for service. Because of the heavy soles, it required careful practice and a wary stepping to walk on the bare boards of the church floor without undue stomping.

In after years, fashion dictated kid leather and fancier shapes. Thus it was that Mr. Shoeman, as well as the other old-time shoe makers, were gradually forced out of business by the custom or factory made article. Here in that early day is demonstrated the argument of the technocrats

that the machine with its inauguration of mass production, displaces the working man.

Nothing daunted, Mr. Shoeman purchased a loom and turned his attention to carpet weaving, an occupation which was peculiarly fascinating to him. He lived long enough to see this line of work also relegated to the has-beens of past eras by the forward march of progress.

Engaged In Spinning

Mrs. Shoeman added to the family income by spinning. It was quite customary for many of the women of the community to earn money by spinning, sewing and weaving. Again we see that the problem of women as wage earners in industry is an old one. But how the mother of a large family found time to do this extra work is a mystery.

When one thinks of the work those old-fashioned house wives did, one is moved to admiration and despair. There were no conveniences, as we conceive of them by present day standards. They not only made the garments worn by the members of the family by stitching them together by hand, but in many instances they spun and wove the cloth.

Sheets, pillow cases and towels were hemmed. Even the dish cloth had to be whip-stitched since raw edges were a badge of slackness and poor housekeeping.

Wash day, she lugged the water from well, spring or cistern, drawing it up with a bucket, the while she balanced a teething baby on her hip. As likely as not, she hadn't even a washboard, but perforce must rub out the clothes by hand. She scrubbed bare floors with sand and a hickory splint broom, after that she had pounded the sand fine.

White washing walls and fences scouring rough iron pots and pans until they shone, keeping the steel knives and forks polished, knitting, baking, making tallow candles, drying corn, berries, beans, prunes, pears and apples, hoeing the garden, milking the cows, churning the butter, tending the babies, feeding the chickens, calves and pigs! How, we ask,

did they ever do it? Echo answers: how? It's beyond us.

Saw Their Dresses Grow

Mrs. William H. Ake of Martinsburg, one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Shoeman, told how the family linen was made. Across the road Grandfather Smaltz grew a field of flax. As the Shoeman girls looked at the blue blossoms nodding in the late summer haze, they were seeing their dresses grow. For the fibres of the flax stalk furnished the material for their clothes.

They helped pull up the plants, and after they were retted in the weather, they broke, scutched and hackled them until the different grades of fibres were separated, after which mother spun them into yarn.

When enough skeins were ready, father carried them to Mr. Dougherty, at Henrietta, father of the late Levi Dougherty, who wove the cloth.

When it came from the loom, it was a dirty looking tan and stiff as a board. It was treated by soaking it in a tub of water and pounding it by the hour.

The children also were called on to trample it. They thought it great sport to jump up and down in the tub to the accompaniment of much splashing. This process was necessary to soften the fabric. At last when it was in a state to be made up, a deep deep hem was put in the bottom of the dresses. For those dresses were expected to last for at least three years.

Hems were let down to accommodate the skirt to the growth of the wearer, a length below the knees being the proper mode. For special Sunday go-to-meeting wear, the girls had lindsey woolsey dresses, with red and tan stripes alternating.

Too Busy to be Foolish

The spirit of those good house mothers transcended the demands of drudgery. They expressed themselves in their work, the amount and the perfection of it, being the gauge by which their social status was measured. Art and the higher culture, socialled, weren't even in their vocabulary. They took joy in their work. They

were too busy to be foolish, hence their walk through this life was blessed.

The inscriptions cut in the modest head stones in the Diehl's Cross Roads cemetery, which mark the last earthly resting place of Mr. and Mrs. Shoeman, tersely declare: "Henry Shoeman, Born March 14, 1827. Died March 7, 1909." "Louise, His Wife, Born Aug. 18, 1832. Died Oct. 8, 1910."

The following children were born to them: The twins, Mrs. Mary Kauffman, Martinsburg and Mrs. Sarah Royer, Dallas Center, Ia., aged 80; Mrs. Elizabeth Ake of Martinsburg, aged 77; John Shoeman, late of Wauke, Ia., who died a year ago; Mrs. Maggie Wagner (deceased); Frank Shoeman, Henrietta; Ephraim Shoeman, Henrietta; Charles (deceased); Albert Shoeman, Everett, R. D.; Mrs. Katie Diehl, Iowa, and Mrs. Lydia Latshaw, Martinsburg.

Boys Left For War

Civil War days! The spectres of sorrow, terror and death stalked in perpetual nearness at every fireside. Details of soldiers scoured the Cove from one end to another in search of young men who sought to evade military service by hiding.

The war department had a myriad of unsleeping eyes. No able-bodied man of eligible age had the slightest chance of escaping the draft.

Searching parties overlooked no likely hiding place. They even went to the barns and plunged pitch forks into the hay and straw in the mows to unearth possible refugees.

While the majority of the young men and boys in their middle teens were moved by a spirit of flaming patriotism to volunteer, there were others, who by paying the bounty demanded, escaped service. Caught between the two evils of military service or maltreatment at the hands of searching parties, those, who sought immunity because of religious scruples, were forced to bow to the inevitable, by enlisting.

Death Preferable to Prison

At that, death on the field was vastly preferable to starvation by slow degrees in the foul pest houses, Libbey and Andersonville prisons had become. Scarcely a home in the Cove but was marked by the red cross of sacrifice.

Mrs. William H. Ake of Martinsburg, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shoeman, well recalls the tragic days of the war. Now 77 years of age, she was but a little girl then. One of her most heart-breaking memories is of her Uncle Peter Shoeman.

The merry, kindly young man was her prime favorite among her kinsmen. She was lying in bed sick of the measles when Uncle Peter came to bid her good-by, telling her that he was going to war. Sobs and tears that she could not check, wore down the little strength she had left. Hoping to console her the young soldier gave her a bright new half dollar. She treasured the coin with deepest affection, but it became dearer still when the family received word that Uncle Peter was dead.

Detailed to carry water from a spring which was exposed to the fire of the enemy, he had been shot down. They found the body three days later. He had tried to stanch a gaping wound in his breast with a wad of grass and leaves which he had thrust into the hole.

Peter Shoeman G. A. R. Post

It was to honor the memory of this young soldier that the veterans of the central section of the Cove in organizing a Grand Army post at Martinsburg following the war gave it the name of the Peter Shoeman post, No. 574 Grand Army of the Republic. This post in former years had a most active and large membership. For the past several years there has been but one member left, the venerable Squire John H. Nicodemus of Martinsburg.

Among Mrs. Ake's most prized possessions is a glass water bottle which her uncle Peter had carried while he was in the service. Following his death it, along with a few other personal belongings, was sent to relatives.

Peter Shoeman's brother, David Shoeman, saw extensive service during the war, but returned home unharmed. His descendants for the most part reside in Roaring Spring, although the family for many years had lived on a farm a short distance north of Martinsburg. David was a member of the Martinsburg Grand Army post.

Another uncle, Charley Smaltz, her mother's brother, also joined the army. He came home with an arm missing. The average man, in like straits, is badly crippled. But not Charley Smaltz. Many of the elderly people in and around Martinsburg remember him well. He contrived some sort of leather shoulder harness which enabled him to handle any kind of farming implement with better ease than most men who had two arms. He was a champion cradler, keeping pace with any one who cared to stage a contest with him.

Loss of Arm No Hindrance

Some of the old-timers love to tell of feats of strength he performed. A farmer by occupation, he plowed, sowed, reaped, pitched grain or did any other kind of work appertaining to farming. He operated a farm near what formerly was Erb station on the Morrisons Cove branch railroad. The only difference between his work and that of the average man with a full complement of arms, was that he did it just a shade more quickly than the other fellow could.

Soon school days came along. With what gusto little Elizabeth Shoeman and her juvenile class mates learned the a-b-abs, the old lady, with thoughts drifting down the years, delights to recall.

How many of you know what the a-b-abs were? Hands up. Here's how they went. In a high-pitched sing-song: B-a-ba; b e be; b i bi; b o bo; b u bu. No more than a consonant linked up with the vowels recited in rotation. Not a half bad phonetic system at that.

In no time at all the youngsters could sing the states and capitals. And how they could spell. By the time Elizabeth was in her early teens, she

could spell her way through McGuffey's speller. To miss a word bordered on the tragical.

She was one of the district champions at the night spelling bees. Under the instruction of George Smith, Samuel Benner, John Stoudnour, Louis Zimmerman, Asbury De Ford, Ralph Klepser and David Croft, teachers at the Curryville school, a pretty thorough grounding was given in the common school branches.

School Held at Home

The term was so short the pupils hadn't time to become tired of it. Perhaps that was the reason they made a more intensive effort. Then, too, there was so little outside distraction that the young people studied at home. For instance, the young Shoemans were lined up evening after evening while Pap pronounced words for them to spell. It soon became customary to put Elizabeth at the foot of the line, but invariably she trapped head.

There was no traipsing around evenings while the girls were young. When they went to any of the few secular gatherings father went along. Parents made it their business to know where their children were and the hour set for returning home brooked of no unseemly deviation.

Church services, Sunday school and singing school offered opportunity for religious instruction and social contact.

The singing schools at the old Diehl's Cross Roads Church of the Brethren were a community institution. Your~ folks from the local district, Hickory Bottom, Henrietta and Millerstown assembled together twice a week and did they make the rafters ring?

William Bridenthal, Levi H. Burget, John Diehl and Eli Glass twanged the pitch fork and beat the rhythm with a directing hand: Up, down, left, right.

Real Singing Those Days

The volume of melody they drew forth was worth hearing. That was real singing.

On the women's side of the church where the Kensinger sisters, Esther

and Elizabeth; the Shoeman girls, Amanda and Clara Bridenthal and Hannah and Elizabeth Wineland and Hannah Glass, sat, arose, strong and true, the soprano and alto parts. Over on the men's side where Samuel M. Shriver, Jonathan Wineland, James Dougherty, Frank Glass, D. H. C. Brumbaugh and David Smaltz, were grouped, the bass rolled and the tenors soared.

Even yet some of the younger residents can recall the accomplishments of various of these old-timers. In point of volume, harmony and full round tones, they could have shown the common run of alleged present day artists a trick or two.

At "Singin' " they practiced only sacred music. But going to the spelling bees and returning, they gave vent to their spirits in the rollicking strains of: "Yankee Doodle", "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree", "Rally Round the Flag", "Marching Through Georgia," "John Brown's Body" and "Old Uncle Ned."

Or when moonlight invited sentimental ideas, they indulged in "The Letter That He Longed For Never Came", "Spanish Cavalier", "Nelly Gray" and "Old Kentucky Home."

Walked Many Miles

They walked for miles. Mrs. Ake distinctly remembers one occasion when the Henrietta, the Millerstown, the Hickory Bottom and the Curryville crowds walked all the way to the "Pike" school house on the road leading from Roaring Spring to Woodbury, where David Croft conducted singing school.

For some of them that was a distance of seven miles. But that did not mean anything to those singing and walking enthusiasts. They enjoyed walking. Walking, as a means of locomotion, was in keeping with the simple, wholesome pleasures that broke the monotony of their hard-working lives.

They always walked together, the whole company, singing as they went. That helped the harmony and maybe to the more timorous among the girls, it was a means of protection. For in those days hosts lurked about. The

black dog of the Eshelman cemetery, the spectral white horse and his rider of Hickory Bottom, the "schwatza mon" of the barrens, and the jack o'lanterns which flickered through the night east of Curryville—all these were well authenticated "hants" that put the kibosh on solitary walking at night. Oh, of course, most of the young folks pretended to scoff at such old womanish superstitions, but there were others who would not have braved the spooks on a bet.

Along about 1872 the late Samuel Ferry of Martinsburg organized a union Sunday school at the Diehl's Cross Roads church. Sunday schools were new then. The first ones known to have been opened in the district were held in the "Gospel Shop" at Millerstown, and the Law school house near Curryville. Rev. Ferry was the first Cross Roads superintendent. Others who succeeded him in the order of service were: Joseph Haffly, Simon Snyder and Daniel Diehl.

Given Class at Age of 16

Mrs. Ake, although but 16 years of age, was chosen to teach a class. Her sister Mary also was assigned a class of girls.

Possibly for the first time in the history of the church, all English Testaments were used. Heretofore the Bibles and Testaments used by the Cross Roads congregation were printed in both English and German, in parallel columns, the English version being in the one column and the corresponding German being along side. Numbers of the young Pennsylvania Deitchers of their own initiative learned to read German out of these English-German Bibles.

In the early history of the church sermons were preached in either language. Elder Jacob Miller of Woodbury was accustomed to preach in German. Elder George W. Brumbaugh of Fredericksburg, stalwart preacher and one of the best singers ever known to the Cove, in the early years of his ministry, made the announcements in English first. Then for the benefit of the members of the

congregation, who did not understand English, he repeated them in German. At that time Pennsylvania Dutch was the mother tongue in every Dunkard or German Baptist home.

Church services were held at the Diehl's Cross Roads church every four weeks. The present writer well remembers Rev. John Replogle and others of the presiding ministers make the "meeting" announcements as follows: "There'll be public preaching at the Replogle house one week from today; at the Holsinger house two weeks from today; at the Snyder Cross Roads house three weeks from today and in four weeks here again at this place."

Several Ministers Preached

Frequently two or three ministers preached one after the other. It was customary then for the deacons to read the Scripture lesson. Making announcement of the Chapter from which the text was chosen, the presiding minister would call on one of the deacons to read the chapter. Not all of them were fluent or sonorous readers, but their efforts were marked by sincerity and conviction. The deacon invariably concluded with the remark: "So much is contained in this chapter I wish the blessing of God upon the same." There were no salaried ministers in the Church of the Brethren then. Mostly they were farmers who answered the call to the sacred office of their own spirit. While their sermons were not always polished, they lacked not in earnestness nor fearlessness. Their hearers were left in no doubt as to their meaning, nor were they led astray by scientific formulae or forays into higher criticism.

When two or three ministers followed each other, the congregation could settle down to a service that lasted from 10 o'clock until well after 12 o'clock noon. They all elaborated on the same text, their interpretation at times being distinctively in conflict and given with no little heated emphasis. Instances of that kind gave the audience opportunity

to choose the version which best suited their own ideas.

No Lesson Helps Then

Following the organization of the first Sunday school, the classes started at the beginning of the New Testament and studied straight through, taking a chapter each Sunday. The teachers had the pupils read the verses in class, asking such questions as occurred to them and explaining the more involved passages as best they could.

At a signal from the superintendent, the classes were dismissed, the entire school being assembled for review of the lesson by the superintendent and for general discussion. On occasion differences of opinion waxed somewhat acrimonious. Only the adults indulged in the discussions, as the younger element were presumed to be seen rather than to be heard.

Mature opinions, tempered by years of study and the manifold experiences of life, were the only ones worthy to be broached. While they may have spent a good deal of time and energy threshing out the letter of the law, yet the meat and substance of it was not overlooked.

To the modern scholar, this old-fashioned Sunday school, may have partaken of the aspect of a debating society, but who can gainsay the good which grew out of it?

Those old patriarchs sleep beneath the sod of the church yard, but their deeds and the principles their lives stood for, live after them to point the way to posterity.

Mr. and Mrs. Ake, in the enjoyment of a robust old age, retrace in memory, careers, which too, are a worthy example to all who would seek only that which is good.

HERALDINGS

If our lives do not coincide with our speech the world does not pay much attention to what we say.

The things of the least value often receive the most consideration.

A great crisis generally produces a great man qualified to cope with the situation.

OH! FOR THOSE YOUTHFUL DAYS

"Daddy, I want some money to buy a sled. And while I think of it, I'll need a bat and a ball."

How like home such a request sounds. But sixty or seventy years ago the boys of Morrisons Cove never thought of asking their fathers for money to buy apparatus needed in their sports or recreation. They made their own.

A hang-over from their frontiersman heritage when Cove dwellers were thrown on their own resources, the old men of today, when boys, carved their pleasures out of the materials at hand. All the play things they had were not only home-made, but made by themselves.

Looking back in retrospect on those glorious youthful days, James M. Woodcock of Martinsburg, feels that those by-gone times would take precedence on the score of happiness and satisfaction over the present, in spite of the luxury attendant on our own modern mode of living.

Business Before Pleasure

The first thing you notice about Mr. Woodcock is the twinkle in his eye. Nor does it belie his disposition. There's nothing he loves better than a joke. The first impression one gets on meeting him is of joviality, heartiness and expansiveness. And further acquaintance bears it out. But his geniality is not allowed to encroach on business. His motto is, "Business before pleasure."

Mr. Woodcock is the telephone man in Morrisons Cove. One of the organizers of the local system, he has served as president, secretary and treasurer, one or all of them, since its incorporation. Therefore, by association, when you think of the line, you call Mr. Woodcock to mind. They are one and inseparable.

Possibly the first recollection that comes to mind, when he lets it stray along the path of memory, has to do with school days. Born in the "Seven Day Corner," on a farm north of Salemville, seventy-five years ago, he went to the country school which was

near his home. Those were the boot-jack days.

Like all the other little boys in the neighborhood, he wore boots. And like all other little boys, he couldn't possibly walk around a puddle in the road, he just naturally had to walk right through it.

Hard to Get On and Off

After picking up a liberal application of mud, the cow hide in that foot gear became as hard and refractory as cement. What grunts, groans and exertion it took to pull those boots off. Experience had taught that the best way was to follow Dad's example, and resort to bootjack power. Bad as that was, it was no "patchin'," to the hard work that was required to get them on again the next morning. No need of setting up exercises after a tussle with a pair of stiff, shrunken boots.

Mr. Woodcock has a lively recollection of having "my back scientifically tanned" at frequent intervals. One of the chief articles of the school house equipment was a hickory pointer four or five feet long. This instrument had a twofold use. The teacher used it for its legitimate purpose of pointing out items of information on the beginners' chart, the maps and the blackboard, and when discipline required, he brought it down with tremendous force on refractory backs.

Those teachers made the scholars walk the chalk line. Especially was this true with reference to young Jimmy Woodcock during the terms when his older brothers, B. F. and W. I., taught the home school. They saw to it that no cause should be given for complaint on the score that their brother was being shown partiality. They kept him under the law with such strictness that he was afraid to make a false move.

On one memorable occasion, he with five other culprits, stayed out coasting after the teacher (not his brother) rang the bell for books. The boys ignored the bell. A second

urgent summons went by unheeded.

Made to Walk Around Stone

At length the teacher beckoned peremptorily with his hand. They decided it would be unhealthy to further tempt providence, and returned to the school house. No official notice was taken of their dereliction until dismissal time. They were ordered to remain. Without preamble, the teacher made them march around the ten plate stove which occupied the center of the floor space, ten times, after which he lined them up facing him.

Very respectfully they bade him a "Good evening, sir" in chorus. Turning right about face they were ordered to file out the door where the teacher had taken a stand with the "redoubtable" pointer upraised for action. As each shrinking wrongdoer passed through the door way, he received one mighty whack from the stick which almost knocked the breath out of them.

They left for home chastened in body, and with the idea in mind that disobedience was folly. Sometimes law breaking was penalized by a session with the axe and chopping block to provide fuel for the stove.

It was hard to decide which was more fun, coasting or sliding. The children had no skates, but they slid on the ice on their shoe soles, which was the next best thing. That was great sport so long as they forgot the reckonin^g which would have to be made when parental wrath was roused by worn soles.

How hard the pupils worked to prepare for the night spelling bees. Spelling was the criterion whereby scholarship was gauged. In the flickering light shed by the tallow candles stuck in wooden brackets fastened to the walls, stood valiant champions who could spell their way not only through McGuffey's spelling book, without missing a word, but through the small dictionaries then in use, as well.

Mr. Woodcock's sister, now Mrs. Annie McGraw of Des Moines, Ia., and Andy S. Snowberger, were the Salemville champions at that period. When Joseph Stayer, Robert McNam-

mar, or one of the other instructors, who was pronouncing the words, got down the "A" geography that signified the spelling book and dictionary jaw breakers had not sufficed to spell those two down and that brain twist-ers from Spain, China or Afghanistan would have to be requisitioned to give them their Waterloo.

"Kiss Ring" at Recess

An intermission was declared during which the young folks played Guess what? You'd never believe it, but it was "kiss ring". By reason of steady practice some of those young swains of long ago had reduced "schmootzin" to a fine art.

If it was good sledding weather, the spellers went home in sleds or sleighs. Jingle bells, was not merely a song then. No sir! It connoted one of the most enjoyable social diversions ever discovered. A crowd of gay young folks whisked smoothly along a highway leading through a snow-covered fairy land bathed in silvery moonlight, to the music of the rapid hoof beats of the spirited horses and the jingle of the bells! Ah, them wuz the days.

What loving care and hours of work the boys expended on fashioning their sports equipment. It took the leisure time of many evenings to make a good sled. Happy was the boy who was on especially good terms with the local blacksmith. His aid in putting on the runner a sole made from a discarded wagon tire, was a decided asset.

Mr. Woodcock shaped his bat from an ash or white pine stick, and his ball, a gummy, full of spring and bounce to its cracked and decrepit finish, was tediously pared out of a chunk of rubber retrieved from the pad of a wagon or buggy spring.

He shaped it with his jack knife, not the one he kept for trading stock, but the other one, the good one, and filed it smooth. The fellow that achieved the most perfect sphere was looked up to by his fellows as being of just a little finer mould than they. Wow! Did those balls sting when you caught them bare handed? No gloves were used then.

Woods Gave Boys An Appetite

Cooks, take notice. This is for your benefit. It is Mr. Woodcock's own, private recipe for roasting chicken. On days when he and two or three neighbor lads were sent to the ridge to chop wood, a fat hen usually disappeared mysteriously from the barn yard flock from one or the other of the boys' farm homes. Once it was a turkey.

Arriving at their destination, the fowl was killed. Head, feet and entrails were removed, but the feathers were left untouched. The inside of the carcass was washed and a liberal sprinkling of salt applied, after which process it was pressed into a compact mass and rolled in mud. When it was caked over to the depth of a couple of inches, the mud ball was put on top of a stone fire place the boys had built where it was left to bake for several hours. Of course, it had to be turned at intervals.

When adjudged to be done, the encasing mud was broken open. The feathers adhered to it, and there was the most savory mess of chicken known to man. Simmered in its own juices, it had a flavor no other method of cooking can rival. Try it and see for yourself, says Mr. Woodcock.

It fell to Mr. Woodcock's lot when he was a half grown boy to haul some of the produce to Altoona to market. He naturally was much elated at the responsibility and trust reposed in him and was determined not to betray it. His determination to make good once put him between the devil and the deep sea, so to speak. His father sent him to Altoona to sell a two-horse wagon load of apples. He set off on the long journey with a flourish. He'd show the folks at home the kind of salesman he was.

Was A Hucksters Paradise

After driving steadily all day, he arrived at the Catfish Inn where he sought lodging. This hostelry was a hucksters' paradise in those days. Here foregathered hucksters from all parts of Blair, Bedford and Huntingdon counties. Genial souls they were, who looked forward with lively an-

ticipation to fraternizing with old cronies and to eating the good victuals which were a specialty of the place. Some of them also had a vision of assuaging their thirst at the bar.

At any rate young Jimmy Woodcock put his horses in the stable, first getting the oats he had thriftily stored in the wagon for their provender, and hastened to mingle with the men, among whom he felt quite grown-up. Next day he experienced no difficulty in selling the Northern Spies and Ewatts he carried, but the Hoopsies were another story. The Hoopsy was a variety somewhat akin to the Ben Davis. After being buried all winter, it tasted good in the spring when the other apples were over, but in the fall of the year it was hard as a rock and almost as flavorless.

Try as he would Jimmy couldn't get rid of those Hoopsies. If he took them back home his father would scold and the boy would have to run the gauntlet of his older brothers' jeers. That was unthinkable.

He'd make one last desperate attempt. Approaching a German grocer on Fourth street, he tried the effect of horse drovers' practice. He expatiated on the virtues of the apples as a good keeper and their rare and enticing flavor when they came into season. On the spur of the moment, he gave them a name appropriate to their newly-found reputation. Well, his super salesmanship worked. He sold the lot. But he didn't feel happy about it. The method he had used left a sting which restrained him from ever repeating the offense. After the flight of sixty years, the plight of that juvenile huckster moves Mr. Woodcock to hearty laughter, but it was no laughing matter until long after it had happened.

One hot late summer day his load of merchandise consisted of eight barrels of sweet cider. Driver and horses alike were drooping from weariness from the long, grinding journey in the heat. But it affected the cider quite differently.

Hot Cider "Goes Off"

A report like a shot from a gun startled the boy almost from his seat.

A bung had popped out. That pesky cider had started to ferment. It was overflowing the barrel in streams. No sooner had the exasperated driver succeeded in getting the bung in again, when pop! there went another one. Mad clear through, saturated with cider and sweating at every pore, that was a sorry looking boy that finally delivered his load of wild-ly working cider.

It was quite in the nature of a community event when the Woodcocks got a sewing machine. It was the first one most of the neighborhood women had ever seen. The Oh's and ah's of those good ladies when they saw seams run up at machine speed, were commingled of consternation and pleasure. They probably heard, in imagination, the clank of another link as it fell from the chain shackling them to domestic drudgery.

After finishing his elementary schooling, Mr. Woodcock took a course for a few terms in the New Enterprise summer normal, following with a term or two at the Bedford normal school. Armed with his preliminary training, he taught school for three or four terms in South Woodbury township, taking charge of the Stayer and the Cowan schools. Dissuaded by his mother from pursuing his ambition to become a civil engineer, he turned his attention to the mercantile business, engaging in the manufacture of brooms at Waterside. This was in the fall of 1880. He later assumed the management of the woolen mill there.

He continued in this capacity until 1903 when the Morrisons Cove Telephone Company was organized. Prior to this development a single wire line had done service in the Cove. Extended from Johnstown to St. Clairsville, it connected that place with Martinsburg where it was switched on to the Bell Telephone lines leading to Altoona.

In the long stretch from St. Clairsville there were but ten subscribers. The phones in the Cove were as follows: New Enterprise, L. S. Buck; Loysburg, W. S. Aaron; Waterside,

James M. Woodcock; Woodbury, S. B. Fluke; Curry, William Nicodemus; Martinsburg, Courtney Sanders.

Cove Line Used After Flood

Following the Johnstown flood, the only communication by wire between Altoona and the stricken city of Johnstown, was maintained over this onehorse line. Needless to say the single strand was kept humming with the multiplicity of the urgent messages, it received through the switch in Sanders' drug store. During the time this line was in operation, the subscribers paid a royalty to the Bell system.

From the time of the inception of the Morrisons Cove Telephone company, Mr. Woodcock served as its secretary. During the last fourteen years of its existence he was both secretary and treasurer. In 1930 the line was sold to the United Telephone Company of Pennsylvania.

The old-fashioned school, in addition to prodigious records achieved in accuracy in spelling and arithmetic, shone with nearly as bright lustre with regards to penmanship. Many of us recall the artistry in the fine Spencerian hand affected by the experts. Such elaborate capitals, careful shadings and perfect symmetry of the graceful, running script has become a lost art in these hurrying, bustling days. Some of the boys practiced the arm movement, hour after hour, making linked circles until their handiwork was on a par with the steel engraving of the copy books.

Frank McGraw, a nephew of Mr. Woodcock, wrote such a beautiful hand that it won for him the position of chief actuary of the Bankers Life Insurance Company, at Des Moines, Ia. Prior to the typewriter age, a good pensman could command most any kind of a good paying position.

James Madison Woodcock is the son of the late Andrew J. Woodcock and Mary Bassler Woodcock, his wife. In addition to himself, they were the parents of the following children: Benjamin Franklin Woodcock (deceased); Atty. William Irvic Woodcock of Hollidaysburg; Abram B. (deceased); Mrs. Annie McGraw,

Des Moines, Ia.; Mrs. Ella B. Brumbaugh, Des Moines, Ia.; John C. Woodcock, Indianola, Ia., and Mrs. Alice B. Nobel (deceased).

Mr. Woodcock's first wife, the late Susan Nobel Woodcock, died in 1913. The following children were born to this union: William Irvin, an electrical engineer, of Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Marv B. Henry of Lakemont and Mrs. Ruth Stonerook, of Akron, Ohio. He also raised a nephew, John Franklin Nobel, who is employed as superintendent of a stone quarry at Blairsville, Pa., towards whom Mr. Woodcock feels the same affection as if he were his own son. The present Mrs. Woodcock was Miss Gertrude Stoner.

Being 75, just makes Mr. Woodcock a better business man. He is at his desk every day holding down the job as efficiently as ever. In fact, accumulated experience has added to his qualifications. Time's adding machine, which has checked up three-quarters of a century against him, has merely mellowed him and given his life a sweeter savor. He is a Republican by birth and inclination, standing by the ticket whatever adverse winds assail. An active member of the Church of God, he throws the weight of his influence behind every worthy project, be it civic or purely humanitarian.

HERALDINGS

We feel that a large part of his success was due to the fact that he was willing to sacrifice pleasure to work and duty.

The road to service never tempted him by offering detours.

"Truth crushed to earth" may rise again, but what a pity that it had to be crushed.

Revenge is a boomerang that returns to hit the one who throws it.

To the forces of nature we are no more than the smallest insect is to us.

Great thoughts are useless if no one puts them into action.

From the lowliest home he reached the highest position that our Nation can bestow

REMINISCENCES

By F. C. DODSON

Sometimes the crowd will lure me
With mirth and idle talk;
Sometimes the noise, confusion,
Will make my feet to walk
Away from sober thinking,
But to return again
And in my mind re-visit
The schoolhouse up the lane.

The roar of trains may beckon
As they go thund'ring by;
My glance will often linger
On airplanes in the sky.
Not long until I'm saying,
"If I could have my wish
I'd like to see the stream where
I used to swim and fish".

Without a cent of money
I've riches, wealth galore,
To hear the water ripple,
Note eddies 'long the shore.
A stroll into the woodland
E'er cheers this heart of mine;
It seems they're glad to see me—
Old hemlock and old pine.

The oak, the elm, the chestnut
Still standing staunch and true;
Was it so wicked, old beech,
To carve my name in you?
The date below reminds me
Each time I pass you by,
From childhood on to manhood
How swiftly years do fly.

So soon with you I'm parting,
For duty has its call;
But you are not forgotten
'Til lasting shadows fall.
Those dreams of early youthtime,
They stay with you and me
To keep and guide us safely,
While sailing on life's sea.

Some news that Barry had
Seemed to make the Senate sore,
And they fired him so that Barry
Wouldn't carry any more.

He split rails but united a divided
country.

WHAT A FAMILY BIBLE REVEALS

Souvenirs of the dead. Memoranda of the most significant of life's moments, treasured between the leaves of the family Bible. Records, letters, bits of dress fabrics, locks of hair, each laden with the fragrance of some sweet memory, what a story they have to tell and what intimate glimpses of the past they conjure!

While leafing through an old Bible belonging to S. Harlan Slick of Scratchtown, two miles south of Roaring Spring, the present writer gleaned a world of information, which ran the gamut from the pathetic to the amusing, but all of it intensely interesting as it was interpreted by the owner of the book.

The Bible, originally purchased by Samuel Hite, maternal grandfather of Mr. Slick, bears the date, 1820, on its title page. The family records inform that Samuel Hite was born in the year of Our Lord 1810 on Oct. 18, and departed this life June 12, 1876.

His wife, Mary Brallier Hite, was born in 1811 and died Feb. 22, 1876. Her name recalls a catastrophe which she told to her little grandson. The tragedy happened so long ago that it has almost passed from the memory of man, there being only vague recollection of it by those of the family connection who had intimation of it in their early youth.

Drowning Tragedy Recalled

Its retelling conveys a visualization of the Hoover dam at Woodbury. Two young ladies, aunts of Mrs. Mary Brallier Hite, in the zest of youthful joyousness and vitality, are boating. The little craft is accidentally overturned and the two girls are sucked under by the treacherous water. Their names have been forgotten, but they probably were the first of the series of victims claimed by the dam during its long history.

Here is a letter written in the middle 1850's to Miss Delilah Hite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hite and mother of Mr. Slick. The

writer is her cousin, Christianna Hite who resided at Poplar Run.

The conclusion is phrased in the formal style in vogue in that earlier and possibly more gracious period. Thus she tenders, "my dearest love and best respects", but she made apology that in the hurry and concentration incident to putting her thoughts on paper, she notices that she neglected to pay the proper attention to the rules of grammar. She asks for leniency towards "little letters and bad spelling".

During the course of the missive she coyly makes inquiry: "Have you seen Mr. Ickes? Is he still mad at me? Poor fellow! I don't care if he is. Boys are plenty".

Evidently the eternal feminine was the same then as now. A new girl in the neighborhood created a flurry of heart throbs among the boys. And woe to those who took the protestations of girls too seriously! The art of leading on by innocent deception must have been practiced then to good advantage. Verily, the female of the specie has not changed since the crinoline days of before the Civil War.

Soap Picture In Bible

Now here is something else that evokes a smile. It is the pictorial part of a soap wrapper. "Odoriferous Olive Soap", to be exact. Guaranteed to beautify the skin and floridly embellished with red roses and a mythological figure of one heralding the news of this rare article, it doubtless was considered a work of art. Pictures of any kind were scarce. Naturally one, which was at once brightly colored and which exuded a perfume fit for the gods to sniff, was indeed worthy to be laid away in the Bible for future pleasure.

Housewives made all the soap they used for cleaning purposes. As there were no commercial lyes, they were obliged to leach their own out of wood ashes. Combining the lye and copious quantities of fat they boiled a batch of soft soap in a big iron

kettle over an open fire. The resultant concoction was plenty strong enough to carry, not only one egg but a whole crate. It made the dirt fly, and colors as well. What it did to sensitive skin was just too bad to relate.

Families of average circumstances used castile soap for the skin. Cut in square cakes and unscented it made no bid to feminine fancy on the score of the artistic. It was just soap and nothing more.

The head liner among the keep sakes is a genuine find. It is a lottery ticket designed to raise money. Can you believe it?—to build a new church. It was the Presbyterian and Lutheran church at what is now Osterburg or in that vicinity. You will notice the name of the church is suggestive. The two denominations combined. For what reason is not immediately apparent, unless the two congregations had to combine because of financial reasons. We know that the present is not the only period in the history of the United States when money was tight.

Lottery Ticket In Sacred Book

At any rate the ticket bears the following inscription: Presbyterian and Lutheran Church Lottery, No. 1216.

This ticket will entitle the holder to such Prize as may be drawn to its Number, in a Lottery, the object of which is to finish the Presbyterian and Lutheran Church in St. Clairville Township, Bedford County, Pennsylvania. Subject to a deduction of twenty per Centum. Feb., 1827—Frederick Oster and John Weissel, Managers.

The managers must have been up against a hard proposition to dispose of the tickets, since the original date printed on the face of the ticket was 1823. The figure 7 was drawn through the 3, indicating that it had required four years to sell 1216 tickets.

It makes one laugh to have the evidence that those strait-laced old church members, who frowned even upon the Sunday school as an innovation smacking of too much wordliness

to be kindly tolerated by the strictly orthodox, would resort to a gambling device to raise funds for the building of the church edifice.

In due course the church was finished. Doubtless at a tremendous sacrifice of time, labor and money by the faithful workers. It was constructed of white pine logs, donated by the land owners among the membership. Mr. Slick's great-grandfather, George Hite (then spelled Height), gave the logs for the north end. Others contributed the necessary lumber for the remaining walls.

Built Under Difficulties

At length the construction was gotten under way. What faith, good will and high ideals were built into that rude structure, only those now know, who can appreciate the difficulties which attended the completion of such a project back in pioneer days when living was reduced to a struggle to secure the bare necessities of life.

The building was typical of frontier churches. The logs were hewed Daubed with mud, the walls were made sturdily weather-tight, their thickness shutting out the cold in winter and the heat of the sun in summer. The rough walls were white washed on the inside to dazzling whiteness.

A ten plate stove in the center of the room radiated warmth from the hugh billets of wood it consumed. The benches were made of broad white pine boards smoothly planed, with high straight backs which offered scant inducement to doze through the sermon. In fact, the emphasis with which those old circuit riders preached condemnation to evil doers and the force with which they pounded the desk with their fists, did not invite their congregations to unseemly slumber.

Yes, the ministers, who served those churches, were circuit riders. Faithful shepherds to their widely scattered flocks, poorly paid and subjected to severe hardships as they rode horse back from church to church, they certainly were inspired

by the divine purpose of their high calling.

Summer Sunday Schools

Sunday schools were not held throughout the year. They were closed at the coming of cold weather. Beginning, perhaps during the last part of April or the first of May, they continued until winter set in, probably being in session for six months in the year. In addition to the lessons there were singing and prayer. What funny looking hymn books the old cupboard contained which was nailed to the wall of the church. Mr. Slick now owns this identical cupboard.

Little brown books, without a symbol of musical notation in it. Not even a buck wheat note could be seen. The pages were printed solidly with a succession of hymns, consisting of line on line of print set in exceedingly small type. To guide the chorister, a note at the top informed that the piece should be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred", or some other universally known melody.

With no musical instrument and no music in sight, imagination palls at what the singing must have been like. But such an idea is all a mistake. When the leader twanged the pitch fork and subsequently raised the tune, the singing lacked neither vigor nor harmony. In every community there were music teachers who held singing schools for the benefit of the young people. Like the minstrels of old, these men kept alive the art of song.

The singing schools were not only valued social institutions, but they gave the students excellent training nothing fancy, but good, straight singing. Many of the old singing teachers had full resonant voices, which they used to an advantage that would lose nothing by comparison with more pretentious modern vocal efforts. There was no resorting to quavers or highfaluting technique. They just used the voices the Almighty gave them, au naturel.

Joseph Riddle was the song leader in the old Presbyterian-Lutheran church. He had a rich, melodious voice it was his delight to use in

divine worship. When he led off into those old long-meter rhythms, the entire congregation joined in. There was a dignity and spontaneity about the service that gave the impression of deep reverence. No lilting, galloping tunes were considered appropriate then to sacred use.

Neighborly Church People

Most of the members of the two congregations walked to church. Only the very well-to-do owned rock-away buggies or carriages. Those who lived at long distances rode horse back. Of course, distance did not mean a thing to the parishioners whether they walked or drove. But winter was the best time of all. They traveled by sled. Nearly every farmer owned one. He took his own family and picked up neighbors along the way until the sled resembled a community gathering. That was fun for the little folks, even though they were obliged to keep their inclinations to having fun very much under cover while going to church.

The church was served week about by preachers of either denomination. None of them stinted on the length of their sermons, an hour being considered gospel measure. Among the sects that had volunteer, unpaid local preachers, such as the Dunkards or Church of the Brethren, and the Mennonites, it was nothing unusual for two or three to speak at a single meeting. As each one felt he did not want to be outdone by his brethren of the cloth, the preaching made a long sitting for the congregation.

After a time the Presbyterians withdrew from the combination, giving place to the Reformed congregation. Thereafter it was known as was the Reformed-Lutheran church. The building was abandoned perhaps sixty years ago when it was sold to a private individual who tore it down.

Mr Slick resides on a farm. In fact, he does most of the work on two farms, in spite of the fact that he is climbing well up in the seventies. His daughters, Miss Mattie Taylor township school teacher, and Miss Rebecca, live at home. A son Ramey Slick, lives on a farm nearby. A

daughter of the latter, Eleanor, has spent most of her time at her grandfather's home until last fall when she enrolled as a student in the State

Teachers College at Shippensburg. His wife and a son, Lemon, are deceased.

"BUCK AND BERRY"

Austere, with military erectness, flowing white hair and Van Dyke beard lending him an air of statesman-like distinction, John W. Blake sits in the oldest house in Martinsburg.

His residence, old land mark that it is, was at one time comprised in the extensive real estate holdings of his late grandfather, the Rev. Burdine Blake, pioneer farmer and Methodist preacher of Morrisons Cove.

He leans on his old umbrella, which as walking cane as well as rain protection, is as indispensable an adjunct to his attire as his dust-colored sombrero. When he speaks, his voice has the resonance reminiscent of the stirring days of 1896 when Mr. Blake, noted political speaker, under the cognomen of "The Pennsylvania Blacksmith" stumped the country in the McKinley-Bryan campaign, hurling the bolts of his eloquence against the 16 to 1 silver monetary standard.

Now, so many years after politicians had buried the free silver issue, it pops up its head again. The western insurgents in Congress have resurrected it once more.

Will Not Take Platform

But John W. Blake will not take the speaking platform against it. Past 84 years of age, Father Time has drained too large a measure of his strength for that. Traces of the old vim and fire which marked his public delivery in the good old days when he was a power in Republican politics, are still present. The Blake vitality, an inheritance from that doughty expounder of the Gospel, Rev. Burdine Blake, is slow to yield to the exactions of age.

Rev. Burdine Blake (1800-1877), pioneer farmer, at one time owned

several hundred acres of land in and to the north and west of Martinsburg. Sensing the need of missionary work among the foremen working at the Peter Shoenberger iron banks at Rebecca Furnace, Henrietta, Ore Hill, Maria Furnace, Neff's Mill and Royer, he entered the ministry.

Daniel Bloom, a tanner, answering the call, also associated himself with Rev. Blake. The two of them, the farmer preacher and the tanner preacher, established mission points in the school houses at these various places and spread the Gospel under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Preached With Fist and Tongue

Physically a powerful man and blessed with a stentorian voice, Burdine Blake preached with fist and tongue. As proficient at quelling a riot as at exhorting, the iron workers, hard-boiled lot as many of them were, regarded him with profound respect.

Once two rowdies engaged in a hand-to-hand tussle while awaiting the arrival of Buck and Berry as the ore bank men were wont to call Rev. Blake and Rev. Bloom.

Dismounting from his horse, Mr. Blake grasped one of the combatants by the nape of the neck and the other by the back hair, forcibly prying them apart, and shook the fight out of them.

In instances when some unruly spirit was moved to unseemly outburst during divine service, it was nothing unusual for Burdine Blake to jump down from the pulpit and lay corrective hands on the recalcitrant. However, after the stalwart preacher's reputation for physical prowess became established, disorder in and

around the mission points became beautifully rare.

Known As Buck and Berry

Perhaps Buck and Berry were at their best at camp meetings in the grove which stood formerly along the Bloomfield road south of Martinsburg, between the state highway and the River Brethren church. Camp meetings lasted over a period of a week or ten days. Revivalists made the echoes ring with their calls to the unsaved to escape the hell fire which the power of wickedness had in store for them.

People came to the meetings from all parts of the Cove. Two horse wagon loads, hay wagons, rock-away buggies, spring wagons, Dearborn wagons, surreys, phaetons, covered wagons, all sorts of conveyances brought them. Some of the young sports displayed their right to membership in the order of young bloods by the grooming of their horses and the fancy harness which graced the animals.

The horses were curried and brushed until their coats shone like satin. Flowing tails were enhanced with red ribbon plaited in the upper part and tied in a flamboyant bow. Manes were crimped within an inch of their lives.

And harness! You never see anything like that now-a-days. Each young blade decorated his harness to suit his individual fancy. Some wonderful ensembles were evolved. Oiled, rubbed and polished, it was an esthetic study in fine leather. Martin-gales and hitching straps were resplendent in bone and celluloid rings. Hames, gig saddle and head bands were studded in filigree designs.

Came With Bells On

When Daniel Snowberger, moulding and foundry shop proprietor, drove his dapple greys into the camp meeting grounds, there was a tinkle of bells. Strings of bells attached to the head bands and the hames very musically heralded his approach. The unwritten code of driver's etiquette prescribed that the lines be held in one hand. Usually the hand was held well up at a graceful angle. There also was a proper way to flourish the whip.

A note of the bizarre added rather sensational features. Here is Ellick Weyant of Henrietta riding in on a bull. The Falknors of Millerstown plod by in an ox-driven wagon. But look! Here come cavalcade after cavalcade of riders. Boys and girls together make an imposing spectacle.

The ladies in long skirts that very nearly sweep the ground, tight bodices and with severe mannish hats, maintain graceful poise in side saddles. Their escorts it must be confessed, surreptitiously sink fancy spurs into their steeds, causing them to rear, plunge and curvet to show off to advantage the expert horsemanship of the riders.

Man Judged By Horse

A man's horse indicated his status in life. Fancy gait and evidences of blood in a horse advertised his owner to be a sport and a man of parts. That surely was an inspiring sight to see those companies of riders canter into the camp meeting.

How the singing rolled and shouts of the revivalists were punctuated by the cries of the converts who got religion. Verily Billy Sunday's saw dust trail does not differ in any essential particular from those old-time camp meetings, except that the setting is less picturesque.

Burdine Blake was one of the founders of the Methodist church in Martinsburg. His grandson, John W. Blake, owns the horse hair sofa or settee on which the ministers were accustomed to sit back of the reading desk in the old church.

It is quite an interesting curio because of its association with the early history of the edifice. Rev. Burdine Blake officiated at many services at which this old piece of furniture did duty.

Shaped Religious Life

The old exhorter exerted a vast influence for good in the Cove. He left an imprint on the religious life of this section which the exigencies of time cannot blot out. Surviving was a family of six sons and two daughters as follows: James, William S., Burdine, Jr., Mazey Anna Drew, Rebecca Jane Hamilton, Simon S.,

Thomas M. and Charles W. T. Blake.

None of the sons followed the ministry. Most of the boys actuated by love of the land, took Horace Greeley's advice and went west, locating in Illinois, Iowa and Michigan. James, father of John W. Blake, learned the blacksmith trade, which he followed all his life.

Burdine Blake came to Blair from Franklin county. The date of his migration is not known. But transcripts in the Recorder's office, of Blair county show that he bought land here as early as 1841. Titles to some of the land, go back to the ownership of John Broombaugh, who got possession by patent from the provincial government, dated 1792.

John W. Blake was born in the house in Martinsburg now owned and occupied by Mrs. Laura Campbell, widow of the late Lawrence Campbell, May 8, 1848. Following elementary training in the public school of the borough, he enrolled in the Juniata Collegiate Institute.

Founded in 1859, this school for young men enjoyed a prestige which attracted considerable patronage from the South. The roster of students bore the names of numerous young fellows from Maryland and Virginia. The school was growing and prospering to a degree which bade fair to develop Martinsburg into a college town, but the Civil war snuffed out its bright prospects.

Joins Army at 15

Mr. Blake enlisted in the army February 22, 1864, being at the time less than 16 years old. It was his second attempt to get into the service. Some months previous he had run away from home to enlist but the examining board refused him on account of his extreme youth. Determined to join his father, who was in the service, he tried a second time with the result that he was accepted.

Enlisting at Huntingdon, he was sent to Washington, via Harrisburg and Philadelphia, where he was assigned as a private to the 152nd Volunteers. Later he was transferred to Battery F of the 3rd Artillery. His good penmanship won him pro-

motion in a short time to a 2nd Lieutenantancy on the Adjutant's staff.

He was quartered with his company at Camp Distribution on the James River, Virginia. This company was made up of new recruits and deserters and others who had been reprimed by Lincoln for infractions of military discipline. A quirk of destiny gave the boy lieutenant the opportunity of seeing President Lincoln. This was at Fortress Monroe.

At various times during the last eighteen months of the war when eventual victory seemed certain to reward the North, Lincoln had made overtures for peace in the interest of saving unnecessary bloodshed. The Confederates rejected all proposals to end the war so long as a vestige of hope remained.

But in January of 1865 after Sherman's march through Georgia and Grant's gradual closing in on Richmond doomed the city to inevitable capture, Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, dispatched a letter to Lincoln in which he made request for peace negotiations.

Lincoln Goes South

Arrangements were entered into whereby Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward met with Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, Sen. Robert M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell, assistant secretary, the three peace emissaries of the Confederacy, in what history has designated as the Hampton Roads Conference.

The meeting, which was shrouded in absolute secrecy took place Feb. 3, 1865, on board the steamer, River Queen, anchored just off Hampton Roads.

In Lincoln's own words, "The conference ended without results". The Southerners hedged on every proposition offered. Especially on the subject of slavery did they prove themselves stubborn. Following a fruitless discussion Mr. Lincoln ended the argument by telling the Confederates the following story:

"A man out in Illinois, by the name of Case, undertook a few years ago to raise a very large herd of

hogs. It was a great trouble to feed them, and how to get around this was a puzzle to him. At length he hit on the plan of planting an immense field of potatoes, and, when they were sufficiently grown, he turned the whole herd into the field and let them have full swing, thus saving not only the labor of feeding the hogs but also that of digging the potatoes. Charmed with his sagacity, he stood one day leaning against the fence, counting his hogs, when a neighbor came along.

"Well, well," said he, "Mr. Case, this is all very fine. Your hogs are doing very well just now, but you know out here in Illinois the frost comes early, and the ground freezes for a foot deep. Then what you go to do?"

Root Hog or Die

This was a view of the matter which Mr. Case had not taken into account. Butchering time for hogs was way on in December or January! He scratched his head, and at length stammered: "Well, it may come pretty hard on their snouts, but I don't see but that it will be root, hog, or die."

During Lincoln's visit to Fortress Monroe, he reviewed the company of sixty men that manned the fort. Drawn up in double lines, the soldiers stood rigidly at attention while the Great Emancipator went down the row, shaking hands with each man. Mr. Blake says Lincoln looked well, in fact almost jubilant. He grasped each man's hand with a firm, hearty grip and as he did so, he said a "God bless you." He held his tall hat in his hand, but Mr. Blake has no recollection of his having on the grey shawl he was in the habit of wearing across the shoulders.

Desiring to see his father, Mr. Blake secured permission to go to City Point, Md., where Mr. James Blake, a member of the 84th Regiment Penna. Volunteers, was located. The reunion between the soldier father and the soldier son took place at mess time. The elder Mr. Blake was cooking supper when his boy arrived.

While they were eating, the Confederates opened fire. At intervals for months, a series of desperate attacks had been waged by both sides to gain possession of the Weldon railroad which was used to transport supplies to Richmond. Grant had issued orders to tear up all railways which could be of any benefit to the enemy.

Each Man Grabbed Gun

When the bugles sounded the call to arms, each man grabbed his gun and fought according to his own notions of warfare. All that night the battle raged. The next day was quiet, but the following night and day, the conflict ebbed and flowed across the Weldon railroad. Three times the Union forces were sent back in retreat. For as many times, they pushed the Johnny Rebs flying back across the track. A fourth and last time they were routed with such fierceness that they were compelled to surrender.

The victory won, the boys in blue proceeded to demolish the railroad. Tearing up the track, they heaped ties and rails onto a great mound and set fire to it. So explicit were their directions to wreak destruction on the railroad, that the soldiers even bent and twisted the rails around trees to unfit them for further use.

The Confederates were glad to lay down their arms. Mr. Blake says they expressed without exception the wish that the war was over. They wanted nothing other than to go home. Half-famished, they thankfully accepted food.

But with the horrors of the slaughter fresh in their minds there was no attempt on either side to fraternize together. Brotherly love had been burnt out in the fires of war.

Was Without A Command

Returning to Fortress Monroe, Lieutenant Blake discovered, he was a man without a command. During his absence, his company had been disbanded and assigned to other detachments. He was assigned to the Freedman's Bureau and stationed at Williamsburg, Va., remaining there until his discharge, Nov. 9, 1865.

By this time the Civil War was over. One of the greatest fratricidal conflicts ever waged had become history. With its conclusion, slavery had been wiped out and the Union had risen triumphant over the insidious heresy of secession.

The war over, James Blake and his sons, John W. and Burdine, resumed civilian life. John took up his father's trade of blacksmithing. Becoming interested in politics, John became noted as a campaign orator. Those were stirring occasions when the late J. D. Hicks and John W. Blake combined forces and from some improvised platform, decorated with bunting and illuminated with sputtering torches, held forth on the tenets of the Grand Old Party. Enthusiasm overflowed into cheers that made the welkin ring. They seem to have been the last of the old guard of campaign spell binders.

A candidate for the state legislature and for Congress, Mr. Blake always polled a large vote. He ran for the office of Mayor of Altoona in 1919, falling short of winning by a very narrow margin. His wife with whom he was united in marriage in June, 1873, was Miss Nancy Longenecker. The following children are living: Frank Blake and Mrs. Ralph Kyler of Altoona and Eugene Blake of California.

An old, old man, in an old, old house, both sturdy figures out of the long ago. John W. Blake can look back over a varied and very interesting past.

HERALDINGS

When the days are dark and gloomy, not only as regards the weather outside, how anxiously we watch the clock and long for the night to come. When tired of the worries and anxieties of life how gladly we lay our heads upon the pillow for the night's rest feeling confident that all will be better on the morrow. We look forward as if a new order of things is to be ushered in, and as if we are going to be different beings to what we are today.

Alas, often the next day is but a repetition of the day past, and we find ourselves practically the same selfish, grasping, never-satisfied mortals of the day before. What is the remedy? There is nothing of this world that can meet the needs of the soul. If you are looking for satisfaction in wealth, power, position, pleasure, or one or more of a hundred different things, I very much fear you are doomed to disappointment; they were never intended to take the place of things really worth while, therefore, never can You ask, "What then are the important things?" "And now abideth these three: Faith, Hope and Love".

Rebuffs you met; you looked for praise,
Because your best you did.
The tear that glistened in your eye
You by an effort hid.

A saddened heart you bore away,
To think it out alone—
But why repeat? For no doubt you
Have tried, have failed, have known.

Don't harshly judge, nor seek revenge;
This is the thought I'd stress,
This world may call you "failure"
while
The angels write "success."

What we do with our leisure time may mean more to us than what we do during working hours.

That we do not understand all of the Bible is a poor excuse for not living according to what we do understand.

Already they tell us that it is not too early to plan the garden we have in mind.

Some people talk as if beer will move the corner and then we can find prosperity.

Having failed so often ourselves we should have much sympathy for others.

They called him "Honest Abe;"
Improve it? Pray who can,
For being honest means
Play fair with God and man.

"OLD 97" BURIED IN SNOW

When the old timers declare, "The winters aint like they uster be. No patchin' now to the snows like what we had years ago", they're right. The weather records back them up.

For instance in 1888 following a winter of great extremes, the government weather bureau reports a fall of 16½ inches on March 12 with the mercury dropped to zero. That was the winter that a new disease swept the country, laying siege to a majority of the population.

The physicians gave it the descriptive name of grippé. The punsters and newspaper columnists perpetrated reams of jokes about grippé, but its victims found it to be anything but a laughing matter.

The real old-fashioned humdinger though was in 1895. In February of that year deep snows, accompanied by raging blizzards and zero temperatures, just about paralyzed traffic and all human activity as well. Driven by the winds until it was as hard as mortar and bearing a crust that withstood the weight of a two horse team and sled, snow covered the ground to a depth of many inches.

Fences Are Covered

Fences were obliterated and roadways were completely blotted out of sight. In fact, fences didn't mean a thing to the wayfarers because people walked and drove right over the top of them in many places.

The landscape presented the aspect of a sea lashed by storm, whose waves and billows, arrested at high point, were suddenly congealed into solid white.

On the evening of Feb. 18, agonized, ear-splitting blasts screeching through the air, signalled an S. O. S. of distress. Folks in the vicinity of Curryville cocked an ear to windward and said to one another, "Gosh, the evening train is stuck in the snow".

The men and boys scrambled out of bed, hustled into heavy clothes and boots, wrapped red mufflers around caps and necks, drew on warm knitted mittens, grabbed shovels and hastened to the rescue.

"Old 97" Buried In Snow

Sure enough, the 9 p. m. was stranded in the drifts at Bossler station on the Morrisons Cove branch, lying three quarters of a mile northwest of Curry. About all the relief expedition could see of the "old 97" was a column of smoke illuminated by the reflection of flames in the fire box, belching out of the smoke stack of the belabored engine. The drifts on either side were nearly as high as the train. And there that train remained for three days.

True to the tradition of the service, Engineer Davy Arthur and his crew stuck to their post. The rescue squad assisted the passengers to their homes or to back track to Martinsburg, but the railroaders stayed with the train. L. R. Kauffman, Roy Layman and other near-by residents provided the marooned crew with food and coal.

H. B. Stonerook, postmaster at Curryville, recalls that for the next succeeding three days, William Nicodemus, serving then as ticket agent at Curry station, wrote the following terse summary of the daily business for each of the three days the deadlock existed.

"Nothing to report. No business on account of snow, wind and drifts."

There were no railway telegraph or telephone lines then. With the train stalled, there was no communication with the offices in Altoona.

No Mail In—No Milk Out

Of course no mail came in and no milk could be transported. Joseph Corle, the faithful mail carrier, who daily drove his hack in from Loysburg no matter what the weather, also was snow bound. It was nothing unusual in severe weather to see him making his rounds when it was so cold that icicles were frozen to his whiskers, but the big snow was too much even for him.

At length, the railroad got a second engine through to furnish additional motive power for the train. By dint of shoveling and the efforts of the two engines, the train slowly

plowed its way onward as far as the Glass station located a mile or so west of Henrietta.

Here the locomotives struggled to such purpose that the foremost one was pushed clear off the track and as one might say was completely lost in the shuffle. The drifts at this point were so high that the only way they could be removed was by means of terraces or from a series of levels. The snow was cleared from a wide area at the top and from there to the right of way by descending steps.

Frank Glass and the late D. H. C. Brumbaugh acted as good Samaritans insofar as looking after the wants of the railroaders were concerned. After a day or two of strenuous effort, the derailed locomotive was put back on the track and the train eventually panted and heaved its way into Henrietta. Transportation was re-established and the mail and milk cans once more resumed schedule delivery.

Engineer Arthur, by the way, was killed in a wreck on the branch in October of 1895.

Big Force of Snow Shovelers

Postmaster H. B. Stonerook well recalls that on the Sunday following the big snow fall, a corps of at least a hundred men worked at shoveling the snow off the track of the stretch lying between Bossler station and his former home a quarter of a mile distant, which is now occupied by Harold Gochnour and family.

The only way they could even find the road bed was to sink a digging iron into the snow until the rails were located, then dig away until the track was uncovered. Had not these herculean measures been undertaken, the train might have been snow bound until the coming of warm weather.

One of our cyclic depressions was on in 1893. It could not be said that God pitied the poor that winter. On account of being financially "rebar-rased" as Andy Brown calls it, most of the farmers in the Cove burned wood. Those who had let their wood piles reach low ebb, were bad off when the record breaking snow fell.

To keep from freezing they had to resort to emergency relief. One man near Curryville was forced to burn up his chicken house for fuel. Others were obliged to cut down shade trees. The hardships entailed tested human fortitude to the limit.

The hard crust on the snow was a compensation. Strong enough to bear up even the weight of horses, it made walking easy. S. H. Slick of Scratchtown recalls that he walked from his home to Roaring Spring station, a distance of two miles, in 25 minutes. The snow presented a resilient surface which lent wings to the feet.

HERALDINGS

You cannot know everything well, so why not concentrate on some particular thing?

To him who in these days holds much real estate the tax collector speaks a various language.

Just because you can't do all the good you would like to do should not keep you from doing any.

Mother Nature may be rather strict but her laws have never been repealed nor amended.

The Civil War evidently did not boost the price of poultry; February 1863 Grandfather's account shows: To one turkey, 87½c.

To a great man we respectfully dedicate these humble efforts.

We wonder whether technocracy will help to put the "jig-saw" together.

The greatest temptations generally come from the least-expected sources.

True success in a small way is better than seeming success for a short time.

We often ridicule; and many a time we could not have done half so well ourselves.

Man sometimes makes opportunity; sometimes opportunity makes the man.

Hush, little groundhog,
Don't you cry;
You'll see your shadow
By and by.

When Pennies Grew To Dollars

"Tut, tut, tut! Sally Ann, what's things a-comin' to? Little Daniel asking for a fipney bit, all of six and a quarter cents, to spend for foolishness! The child must think money grows on trees. Here's the key to the black walnut safe. Give him a piece of a cake of maple sugar. Mebbe that will take stripped peppermint candy, lozengers and sich like stuff and nonsense out of his head. S'no use of him thinking hisself a rich man's son."

While poring over an account book of the late Samuel Shriver, great-grandfather of the present writer, kept over the period intervening between the years 1821 and 1877, the impression is created that pioneer living in the Cove was reduced to a strict accounting of little things. The theory of those old timers put rigidly into practice was, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves."

No spending money was given to the children. The first duty parents owed to their offspring was to teach them the value of thrift, self-reliance and industry. With them life was real, life was earnest and happiness consisted not in a wild scramble after pleasure, but in the well-being attendant on the consciousness that the fleeting hours were improved to the best of one's bodily and spiritual ability.

Looking back from the plane of comparative ease and luxury which we enjoy, we would call our forefathers penny pinchers. We wonder what they got out of their cramped, laborious existence. Well, for one thing, when one casts up the sum total after they laid aside the ledger of their lives, it is seen they had added up a large balance in their favor of land, peace of mind and the respect of their neighbors.

Samuel Shriver was born in York county, June 8, 1798. His mother, being a poor widow, made arrangements with relatives in Martinsburg by the name of Graybill for them to take Samuel while he was a mere

child and provide for him in return for what work he could do. In those days parents made no attempt to stave off the grim responsibilities of life until their children were grown. The boys looked forward eagerly to doing a man's work. Earning their living was a great adventure towards which they directed their childish feet with hope and ardor.

The lad, Samuel, learned the trade of carpentering and cabinet making. While the ledger he kept is concerned wholly with statements of work done and the price received therefor, yet these cut and dried items give one an illuminating insight into the manner of life among our Cove ancestors.

Samuel did not see his mother again until he was in his late teens. By then he not only had grown into a tall, broad-shouldered, powerfully built man, but he had established a lucrative business. Having made up his mind to visit his childhood's home, he sent no word nor made any preparations. He merely locked the door of his shop and started to walk over the Seven mountains to York county.

With long, steady strides he covered a surprising distance in a day. All his life, he preferred walking to any other mode of locomotion. Although he owned many horses during his lifetime, he never rode or drove them except in the performance of farm work. If he wanted to go any place, he walked, were his destination, Holidaysburg, Bedford or York.

He arrived at his mother's home at dusk one evening as she was cooking supper. Knocking on the door, he stepped into the kitchen and seated himself on a chair which stood somewhat in shadow. Busied about her preparations for the meal, the Widow Shriver, quite apparently was uneasy at the presence of the big, burly stranger, who so unceremoniously took possession of her kitchen. From time to time she darted alarmed glances at him. Neither spoke a word until Samuel removed his hat.

As the light from the tallow candle shone on his great shock of curly,

tawny hair, recognition came to the mother. Laying her hand on his head, she said: "Du bist der Samuel". (You are Samuel.) One can well believe that was a happy meeting, but as pioneer etiquette prescribed that an iron discipline be kept on any display of feeling, no exchange of sentiment was made between them.

The young bookkeeper started out with a flourish. Dipping his goose quill in an earthen jar of ink, and most likely rolling his tongue in his cheek, he made a fancy lay-out for an index. In spaces under the letters of the alphabet, which he had ornately capitalized, he wrote the names of his customers, setting opposite the number of the page on which the accounts of each could be found. As the years went on, adherence to this plan evidently became too tedious, as in the latter part of the book no regard is paid to the index.

Here appear the names of Amy, Brumbaugh, Bayer, Bloom, Banks, Bobb, Bingham, Burghart, Burget, Carter, Camerer, Dillinger, Duden, Emeigh, Estrik, Flicker, Fluck, Fisher, Grabill, Hoover, Hysung, Kinney, Leamon, Leidy, Metzker, Prough, Stoner, Swope, Shelly, Shiffler, Smith, Snyder, Tipper, Wilson, Wishart, Yon, Zimmerman and Zuck. You will note some of these names have disappeared from the directory of Cove residents.

Under date of July 1, 1822, we see the entry: 1 Day sowing plaster, 50c. Sowing plaster? Must be a misprint, is our first impression. But no, they did sow plaster in the old times. The plaster, however was a mixture of lime and fertilizer which customarily was broadcast over corn fields shortly after the plants had come through the ground.

The item "rocking cradle," evokes a smile. Why, everyone knows a cradle rocks. But wait, here is mention of a grain cradle. You see now how it is. When our great-grandfathers ordered a cradle, they had to distinguish between the baby's cradle and the implement which was used to cut the wheat and rye.

Rocking cradles appear quite frequently on the list. The usual price is

\$2.25 or \$2.50. Distressingly often the cradle entry in a few months or a year or so is followed by the item. Child's coffin, or 1 small coffin \$2.00 or \$2.50. We see an entry under the name of Abraham Stoner, debtor, Nov. 14, 1835, 1 small coffin, \$2.00. Abraham Stoner, you will recall, was one of the two original settlers of Martinsburg, Daniel Camerer having been the other one.

The old account book proves that infant mortality used to be far greater in the Cove than it is now. The family burial plots must have been dotted with the tiny mounds which marked the resting place of the babies. Whether due to improper feeding or to lack of medical attendance, the infant death rate was so high, that one is led to believe that it was a case of survival of the fittest when the young got safely through their first few years.

While the bald items in the book were not designed to set forth any sentiment, yet one can not help but sense the tragedy conveyed by such an entry as this: Charles Tipper, Dr. 1832, Nov. To rocking cradle, \$2.25. Dec., coffin for child, \$2.25.

We see that prices were low in 1825. Richard Wiser is credited with the following: 7½ lbs. of butter. 74c; 1 doz. eggs, 6c; 1 chicken cock, 10c. That must have been a pretty tough old rooster that was worth only a dime.

Nov., 1831, fore quarter of beef is listed at 114 lbs. for \$4.56 and hind quarter, 109 lbs. \$4.36. Plaster (for the land) \$1.00 per bushel. In 1827, we note payment of "3 years' road tax," \$1.20. In 1833, walnut boards were \$1.00 per hundred. Poplar boards in 1823 were listed at 420 ft. for \$3.38.

Here's an item that ran into money. July 18, 1832, Daniel Bloom, Dr., to 36 lights of sash and putting in glass, \$3.25. In 1834, Charles Bobb, Dr., to 1 plug tobacco, 6¼ cts.

Peter Longanecker in 1835 was a customer to the tune of 1 clock case, \$15.00 and the next year he ordered a wash machine (roller wash board) and a breakfast table, \$5.00. The roller wash boards passed out so long

ago, that it doubtful if any remain, but old ladies who used them many years ago claim they were less back-breaking than the present day zinc corrugated variety.

John Metzker must have gone to house keeping in 1822. We note he bought: Chest, \$5.50; sled, \$1.75; corner cupboard, \$18.00; table, 4.50; cutting box, \$1.75; doughtray, \$1.25.

Thomas Robinson bought a cupboard in 1832 for \$10.00 and a bureau for \$15.00. Jacob Druckamiller in 1841 received credit on $\frac{1}{2}$ bu. of corn ears, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.; To 2 boys, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ days' planting corn, 75 cts. Pork was high in 1849, as witness, 1 hog, 392 lbs. \$19.60.

Most of the credits are on farm produce or lumber and Spanish brown (paint). Those were the days of barter, money being scarce, although here we have: Feb. 8, 1827, Daniel Shelly, Cr., To cash, \$5.00. Nov. 11, To more cash \$1.37 $\frac{1}{2}$. The year before, Mr. Shelly had paid parts of his bills in 100 ft. of cherry boards, 75 cts.

In 1834, wheat was \$1.00 a bushel and in 1831, flax seed was 63 cents per bushel. Dining tables were priced at \$7.00; blue painted bedstead \$3.50; French bedstead, \$5.50; curtain bedstead, \$10.00; trundle bedstead \$2.00. The prices quoted are for the best bedsteads. Even if your great-grandmother was pretty "pernickety," she could provide her family of 11 or 14 with fancy beds, all for \$25 or \$30. If she was satisfied with the common run, she did not pay over \$3.50 for any of them. All she needed to set them up was a cord, one of her own home spun linen chaff ticks, filled with straw; a pair of pillows, filled with goose feathers which she plucked from the protesting geese herself, a sheet made from her own flax, a feather tick and one of her stock of pieced quilts. Setting up housekeeping was no gamble with big money then.

Pegging away in his little carpenter shop in the oldest land mark in Martinsburg, the house which now is the residence of John Blake, Samuel Shriver by candle light entered in his account book such items as these:

Conrad Dillinger, Dr.—Mending coffee mill 25 cts; making rolling pin, 25 cts.; painting pump, 25 cts. Abraham Stoner, 1831, filing saw, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. Peter Prough, Cr., 1832, By silver watch to be paid in furniture, to wit: Breakfast table, bedstead and doughtray in 4 weeks.

Dickering, bartering and keeping steadfastly at work, those flipney bits, two bits and the multiplicity of other small sums, mounted up until there was enough money locked up in the old swing board writing desk to make a payment on the farm he bought. It consisted of a tract of 200 acres located near Millerstown, which now embraces the Frank Brumbaugh, David Slagenweit, William Weber and Robert Smith homesteads.

No, those old-timers had not the Midas touch which turned everything they handled into gold. They had money because they didn't spend it. Their hunger for land and the desire to own it, coupled with ingrained habits of thrift handed down from generations of frugal German forebears, led them to save every penny until they could invest it into good, fertile acres. In due course of time, Samuel Shriver also bought the farm at Curryville now owned by Levi Sollenberger.

He had married Nancy Metzker, who bore him five sons and four daughters: Daniel, Levi, David, Isaac, Samuel, Annie Shriver Rhodes, Elizabeth Shriver Hoover; Christianne Shriver Kauffman and Rebecca Shriver, all of whom are dead.

Believed Age Deserved Rest

As advancing age slowed up his activity, he relinquished farming, renting the home farm to his sons, Levi and David. He practiced to the letter his theory that old age had earned repose and that his children should carry the responsibilities appertaining to their generation. The old folks of that day enjoyed their well-earned ease and the exercise of a rightful authority. They believed the surest way to make no-accounts out of their off-spring, was to try to make life easy for them. They believed the school of hard knocks turned out the best graduates.

We see entries such as these chalked up against his sons, Levi and David: Thrashing, $\frac{1}{4}$ day, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.; Hauling clover seed, $\frac{1}{4}$ day, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.; hauling 1-8 day, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts. Very scrupulously, receipts were acknowledged, indicating that the sons had forked over the cash.

Here's something that smacks of the long ago. Becky Shriver, To 1 day's harvesting, 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts. At once we conjure up pictures of the women folks in the harvest field. In tight-waisted blue calico dresses with full gathered skirts and big aprons, with heads swathed in huge slatted sun-bonnets, it was nothing unusual for women to work side by side with the men. Many of them boasted that in piling hay and pitching sheaves they were the equal of any man who wore hickory britches. Women still were looked upon by the lords of creation with the old world idea that laboring in the fields was their "bounden" duty.

Satisfied With Old Style Travel

When the Pennsylvania Railroad company surveyors set up their instruments to take the course for a right of way through the Shriver farms, the old man vainly tried to stem the tide of progress. We have the picture of the vigorous, large-statured old man, with shaggy white hair ruffled by the wind, standing with up-raised staff, threatening bodily violence to those who would despoil his land. But, like King Canute, who sought to command the sea to roll backward, Samuel Shriver found himself powerless to turn back the onward march of human achievement.

At stated times the cabinetmaker turned farmer, varied the monotony of his daily routine by going to the official meetings of the Blair County Poor board, of which body he was a member. When the time of the board meetings came around, he took his shepherd's crook staff, which he had fashioned out of a hickory limb and walked to Hollidaysburg. He covered the ground to such good effect that he made the round trip in a day. We don't know how long he traveled after darkness set in, but he called it

a day. He didn't travel on his thumb either. Through Martinsburg, Roaring Spring and over Catfish ridge, he steadily stepped off the miles, making the entire journey on foot.

Felt No Need of Luxuries

Yes, those carefully recorded entries as set forth in the account book, are in truth annals of simple, unassuming folks, who left behind them the spirit of conquerors. They accepted with courage and fortitude whatever gage to battle life threw them. Comforts were pared to the bone. Hard work and poor pay were no deprivations because, not having been used to anything else, they did not look for pads of down to break the impact of life's sharp thrusts.

Their pleasures were as strenuous as their daily work. Like the mail carrier who takes a walk on his day off, our forefathers engaged in "wrestling" matches, tree chopping contests or tests of strength and endurance when they sought recreation. Corn huskings, apple snitzings, log rollings and camp meetings seemed to fulfill their cravings for social contact.

Cards were abjured as the height of wickedness; dancing was in the same category. In fact, these were diversions to be abhorred as unreservedly as the black magic of those who were accused of being "hex" doctors. A story went the rounds of the experience of a coterie of young men who were accustomed to meet in an abandoned cabin in the barrens to play cards at night. While engaged in this forbidden pastime one particularly dark night, it was said an unbidden guest suddenly appeared in their midst.

To their horrified gaze a roosig mon (sooty man) took a stand behind one of the players. His fiendish visage and cloven feet left no doubt as to his identity. Needless to say, that game of cards broke up with an expeditiousness hitherto unknown. Thereafter that section of the barrens was a place to be avoided after nightfall.

Spooks Seemed Very Real

So certain were some of the more superstitious, of the malignity of the

spook of the barrens, that they could tell hair-raising stories of encounters of their own. The prize story of the lot that used to entertain the old-timers, went something like this: "A man, who had stayed out later than he had intended, and who, perhaps, had taken one social glass of cider too many, was obliged to return home by way of the haunted woodland. His conveyance was a spring wagon drawn by the family horse. The deeper he penetrated into the woods, the more frightened he became.

Pursued by assorted demons of his own imagining, he lashed his horse and sawed this way and that on the reins, until the poor beast knew not which way to turn. Responding to the frantic tugs on the bit, old Dobbin finally pulled between two trees where the spring wagon became hopelessly lodged. Leaving horse and wagon to their fate, the spook'berated man jumped off the wagon and took to his heels. Floundering through the underbrush, more by good luck than good judgment, he finally got out of the woods and to the refuge of home, sweet home.

Extricating himself from the shafts, the horse, too, drifted home. But the wagon was so completely lost that it wasn't found until some years later, when the wear and tear of the elements had reduced it to first class junk.

HERALDINGS

We can be a failure without even trying.

The Muscle Shoals project cost our government \$127,000,000. Now they are talking of giving it away; how is that for charity?

Sixty-six years ago Grandfather wrote the following prices; oats .70, corn 1.12, rye 1.25, wheat 3.10 and flour \$16.00 per barrel.

Seventy-seven years ago, March 23, 1856, was Easter Sunday; weather moderate with two feet of snow on the ground most of which fell in January. Grandfather's diary.

CHANGE OF MIND

(Written for The Herald)

In early youth I used to think
God followed all day long,
And found delight in spying out
When things I did were wrong.
In other words, it seemed to me,
(You'll note my knowledge small)
That he would try to trip me up,
And smiled to see me fall.

And then I read of how He came
To die upon the tree,
And save the sinners who would hear;
Might he, could He mean me?
His "Whosoever will may come"
It reached and covered all,
And there was thing we must do
But answer to the call.

So now, today He still is close
By faith and love to cheer;
When trials, sorrows hover round,
We feel His presence near—
And that to bless; a friendly Friend
Remaining ever true;
He hates the evil in your life,
But still is loving you.

And what a difference it makes
As on life's sea we sail,
To know He joys to see us win,
And sorrows when we fail.
We cannot comprehend it all,
Still finite mind may state,
We're glad ours is a God of love
And not a God of hate.

HERALDINGS

The greatest thing in the world,
is to have faith; the next greatest is,
to impart that faith to others.

Most of us have never traveled far
on the road to success because we
have no definite ideas as to just what
we want.

You have the satisfaction of know-
ing that you did your work well even
if the boss does not seem to notice
it.

Forging a check does not help
much in forging ahead.

The best we might do is prevented
by the fear that we can not do it.

A MODERN FABLE

The Lowly Ant and the High-flyer

By A FLEECE CREDITOR

Solomon said: look to the ant and study her ways.

By interpretation, that meant that it would be well for humans to emulate the ant in industry, frugality and thrift.

The Good Book says that God Almighty had dowered Solomon with a degree of wisdom, far transcending that given to the common run of mankind.

In the light of present day developments, it seems that Solomon was wrong. The ant and her ways no longer are a popular symbol in these United States of America.

We are treated to the spectacle of our government at Washington putting a premium on a man's living beyond his means. Volumes of sympathy and libraries of oratory have been spilled in Congress in the endeavor to alleviate the distress of the debtor.

Not one word is said nor a tithe of compassion wasted on the poor creditor.

This apparently is a depression which pinches the debtor only. The small creditor who lost his life-time savings, can stand it. He's only an ant anyway. That he probably will wind up in the poor house merely goes to show that the plodding type of humanity is not a good American citizen.

His fault has been misplaced confidence in the integrity of his fellow man.

He worked while others slept; saved while others spent; trudged on foot while others rode; stayed at home while others traveled and marched humbly at the tail end of the procession while others rode the band wagon.

His was not the ambition to boast in the market place. To win acclaim as a social, civic and religious leader. He had no desire to make a grand splurge.

He went along the even tenor of his way, cutting the pattern of his life according to the length of cloth at his disposal.

But he was burdened with that out-moded American ideal which made him independent enough to believe the delusion that he was master of his fate. He never got the idea in his head that the world, the government or his neighbors owed him a living.

He never had the optimism that it would rain tomorrow and then he would find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

If and when he contracted an obligation, he did so, in full awareness that the day of payment would surely come.

But he listened to the siren song of the butterfly. He lent his money to good Neighbor High-flyer.

High-flyer has gone into bankruptcy.

All the consolation Creditor Ant has as he looks out through the poor house window is: By their fleecings ye shall know them.

But his dearly bought knowledge came too late to help him.

Williamsburg Man Cowboy Once

Your first impression is that of placidity. At first sight you think here is a small town business man, whose daily routine is so linked up with the activities of his home community, that he never had any experience in a different environment. A man you instinctively trust, you feel he is the sort of person of whom you could ask either advice or a favor. His good judgment can be relied on in the matter of advice and his friends say he's never yet refused to do them a service.

But don't jump to the conclusion that 'Squire Charles A. Patterson, "Charley" for short—has had a career that always was restricted to the even tempo of life in Williamsburg. No sir, for he was a cow boy in the wild and woolly west when it was at its wildest and woolliest.

Way back in the early 80's when Mr. Patterson was a boy in his teens, his young imagination was fired by reading an article in the Philadelphia Times which described the heroic exploit of Captain James Gillette, the famous Texas Ranger. Detailed to bring in a Mexican murderer, who had escaped across the Rio Grande, Captain Gillette searched every covert that he thought could be used as a hiding place for the desperate fugitive.

Quite unexpectedly the iron-nerved ranger saw the Mexican in a desert trading post where he was standing among a group of friends. Without a moment's hesitation, Captain Gillette rode up to the outlaw, and seizing him by the nape of the neck, he lifted him off the ground and flung him over the pommel of his saddle. Putting spurs to his horse, the Texan galloped away with his captive before the friends of the latter could recover sufficient presence of mind to open fire or to start in pursuit.

Hoped to Meet Ranger

Himself, a descendant of Colonel William Patterson, an officer in the Continental army, who served under Washington, and of a long line of soldiers, as well, young Charley Pat-

erson earnestly hoped, as he went about his tasks on the farm where he was born (the Enoch Isenberg farm at Yellow Springs) that he might some day have the good fortune to meet this hero of his boyish dreams. Well, he not only met the Texas Ranger but became on terms of close friendship with him.

Another wish of an entirely different nature also was realized. Along about 1881, Charley Patterson heard Harry V. Carls, Civil War veteran of Altoona, tell in a speech made at a Lutheran Sunday school picnic held at Yellow Springs, about jerked beef. The story that the air was so rarefied and pure in parts of the far west that you could hang a carcass of beef outside without danger of its spoiling, so intrigued the boy, that he thought it was worth a trip to the west to prove it.

Becomes Cowboy

In 1885, when he was 19 years old, he set out to join his brother Frank, who lived on a ranch in Presidio county in the western part of Texas. And did young Charley ride the "lone prairies"? Well, he lived in a tent which was nine miles from any other human habitation and his days were spent in the saddle, keeping guard over a herd of 10,000 long-horn. For three months during which Frank was on a visit back in Pennsylvania, Charley got so lonesome to hear a human sound that he used to stand in front of his tent and yell at the top of his voice.

But don't worry, there were compensations. He got to be quite a handy roper and rider, and for real recreation he'd ride in to Marfa or Alpine to see what the local gun men were up to. Time after time, he stood by while some two-gun dead shot made the fellows dance to the patter of a fusilade of bullets aimed to mark circles about their feet. Card sharps, outlaws, lightning trigger artists who were so expert that they could hit their mark on the draw or while swinging the gun in circles, made any kind of gathering, exciting.

Outlaw Stabs Conductor

For instance, there was Sam Taylor, a bad hombre if ever there was one. He felt no more compunction about shooting down a man in cold blood than at bringing down a jack rabbit. Once while riding on a train from El Paso to San "Antone", Sam Taylor went wild. Yelling, "Whoop-pee" the while he brandished a knife, he terrorized the passengers so that the conductor tried to put him off the train. The conductor and the brakeman, between them, succeeding in forcing him to the platform preparatory to shoving him off.

With one lightning stroke of his knife, he cut the signal lantern out of the conductor's hand. Following that, the conductor ordered the brakeman to fetch a revolver. No sooner had the latter handed the weapon to the conductor than Sam stabbed the trainman in the neck, severing the jugular artery. As the conductor was falling to his death on the platform, he fired three shots at the outlaw. One bullet entered his forehead between the eyes and came out in front of the temple. Another went clear through the fellow's chest and the third entered his side.

A pal of Sam's, viewing the bloody remains, remarked, "Well, they're both dead." At that Sam opened his eyes and said, "You're a liar." Of course he embellished this statement with profanity. However, he recovered from his wounds only to make eventual material for the hangman's noose.

Proprietor Shows Nerve

'Squire Patterson likes to tell about the most outstanding instance of cool courage he ever saw back where men were men. A number of habitués of a frontier gambling saloon were having a quiet turn at Monte when the calm of a comparatively peaceful evening was broken into by a desperado who swaggered into the place with drawn gun. Naming a card, he threatened the dealer with instant death unless that particular card would be turned face up as the cards were dealt from the deck to the table. This being purely governed by chance, the dealer lost

his nerve to the extent that he threw the deck down, unable to go on with the game.

Seeing this the proprietor, a man named Anglin, stepped out from a back room and took the dealer's place. The gun man pointed his weapon straight at Anglin's forehead. Everyone in the room knew that if the right card did not turn up, the outlaw would pull the trigger. As calmly as though there wasn't a gun within ten miles of him, Anglin proceeded to deal the cards. You may believe that the atmosphere in that room was pretty tense as all eyes followed the rapidly falling cards. Improbable as it seems, the right card turned up.

Captain Jim Gillette had his own peculiar method of dealing with snoopers. On an occasion when he was dealing the cards at Monte, his opponent bent down his head in order to read the cards before they landed on the table. Enraged, Captain Jim leaped to the table with both feet and kicked the cheater on the forehead before the fellow could straighten up. The great, wide spaces certainly were no place for timorous tender feet.

'Squire Patterson got the worst scare of his life one night while he was in his tent reading the Philadelphia Times by lantern light. He knew there was no other human being within nine miles of him, consequently when he heard a sort of rattling outside the tent, he was convinced it must be a bear or some other animal dragging a chain.

As he stepped through the tent flap into the pitch-black darkness outside, he held both hands out before him as one instinctively does to ward off an unseen danger. Just then two clammy hands reached out from the dark and slipped between his hands. Mr. Patterson's breath stopped right there and remained suspended until a voice yelled out, "Hello!" The hands belonged to John Chambers, a wandering cowboy who had dropped in for a surprise visit.

Rattler Found Under Pillow

The time "Coon" Straws, a darky hand, who was employed on the ranch

during the latter part of Mr. Patterson's stay in Texas, found a giant rattler under "Marse Charley's" pillow, was exciting. For the space of a couple minutes, that particular ducky's complexion almost turned white. However, he picked up courage to swat the big reptile with a board before any harm was done.

Mr. Carls was right about the preserving qualities of that high altitude Texas air. Charley Patterson hung many a maverick carcass outside to keep for future use. There were no flies nor insects and it is true that the meat kept fresh indefinitely. Keeping meat was much easier than getting a drink of milk.

Back home on the farm at Yellow Springs, young Charley Patterson didn't care for milk. When he had access to rich, creamy milk contained in crocks cooling in the spring, he never even thought of taking a drink. But out in the high, dry air of Texas he found he had contracted a consuming thirst for milk. From the distance of 1800 miles or so those crocks of good, cold milk spurred his imagination with an overmastering urge. Well, here he was, set down among thousands of cows and never a drop of milk to drink.

Goes After Milk

At length he had an inspiration. Charging among the cattle, he selected a likely cow, lassoed her and hitched her up to a convenient post, with the cow bawling and lunging at him with her long horns like a veritable she demon. After he got her hobbled and tied, he milked her while she was sprawled on the ground. It's no wonder milk tasted good when it required such a desperate undertaking to get it. Mr. Patterson says, he never stopped to strain it, other than to strain it through his teeth. When you consider that freeholdies (Mexican beans) and flap jacks were the usual bill of fare a drink of milk was a pleasing variation.

We have mentioned before that Mr. Patterson's nearest neighbor lived nine miles away. He was Bill Doughtry, and his family. Bill was a typical, unsentimental, harsh-spoken westerner. On the rare occasions,

Mr. Patterson rode by, he was accustomed to make inquiry as to the condition of an ailing son. Bill, aiming a squirt of tobacco at a point in the middle distance, replied, "The onery critter is too contrary to die."

The ranch on which Mr. Patterson got his training in cow punching, roping, tying and riding herd, was owned by a General Griffith, of Keane, New Hampshire. It was owing to General Griffith's experiment that the native, scrawny long-horns were improved for beefing purposes. At a cost of \$500 apiece, he imported blooded Hereford bulls. The high grade beef cattle now raised in Texas are declared to be of the strain thus introduced in the south west.

Memory Lapse From Injury

Although Mr. Patterson rode some pretty frisky horses during the four years he worked on the range, he never suffered any serious falls but one. His specialty was roping and tying. A favorite pastime of the young cowboys was cutting an animal out of the herd, as a plunging collection of them was let out of the corral, by roping and hobbling it. While engaged in this exciting contest, Mr. Patterson was thrown over the head of his horse, striking his forehead on the ground with terrific force.

He jumped up, believing himself uninjured. He went through the usual routine, riding herd, eating, talking, and was not aware anything untoward had happened until George Page, one of his pals, asked him, "Wasn't that a pretty girl you ate supper with last night?" Well, Mr. Patterson had no slightest recollection of having seen a pretty girl. That convinced him something was wrong.

The other boys summarized the various happenings that had taken place during the day, not one of which Mr. Patterson could remember. For the first time he discovered that the blow on the head had completely knocked him out. For an entire day, he had gone through all his habitual motions, but his memory during that time had ceased to function. He had

been out on his feet for nearly twenty-four hours.

In spite of long hours of hard work and consuming loneliness, Charles A. Patterson felt the allure of the West very strongly. To him it really spelled opportunity and a fulfillment of his ideals, but an urgent message that he was needed at home put an end to his career in Texas.

Reluctantly he packed up, bade good-by to his comrades and set out on the return trip to his home in Pennsylvania.

Back home, he adjusted himself to the conditions of life in his native community as whole-heartedly and with as much enthusiasm as he had embraced the hardships and the thrills of the land which Horace Greely had recommended to ambitious young men as the field of their fortune.

He moved from the farm to Williamsburg in 1890, and soon was completely absorbed in the various activities of the borough. He has served at various times as postmaster, banker, school director, justice of the peace and has filled various other offices of public trust.

Community Needed Bank

It is amusing to hear him tell of the establishment of the Farmers and Merchants bank. When the Gardner-Morrow bank of Hollidaysburg crashed in 1896, it closed down the branch bank in Williamsburg, which operated as a subsidiary and which was the only banking institution in the borough. Left without a bank, the postmaster was inundated with requests to cash checks.

The postoffice funds being wholly inadequate to meet the demands, Mr. Patterson put up a proposition to some of the leading business men of the town that they organize a bank. The suggestion was carried out to such good effect that the Farmers bank, capital \$10,000, was chartered to open up for business March 7, 1898.

The board of directors was composed of Levi Sparr, John K. Loose, William H. Lower, Samuel E. Hetrick,

Charles A. Patterson, James W. Lang, Earl H. Rhule, Samuel S. Bottenfield and David Shelly. From that modest beginning the present Farmers and Merchants Bank, which serves the citizens of Williamsburg so admirably, expanded.

The bank was set up in the post-office, one side of the room being devoted to the paraphernalia of Uncle Sam's mail business and the other side to the bank. Mr. Patterson served as postmaster and cashier. You may well believe that he was kept stepping during the hours that the mail was being distributed and sundry customers presented checks or bank deposits.

History of Family

At the request of The Herald reporter, Mr. Patterson kindly consented to lend a genealogical history of his family entitled, "James Patterson of Conestoga Manor and His Descendants."

As one leafs over the pages of this record, the pictured faces, reproduced in many instances from oil paintings, and the stirring story of the descendants of James Patterson, the pre-Revolutionary Indian fighter, and of his grandson, Colonel William Patterson, an officer who served under Washington, it becomes apparent that this is a chronicle of a distinguished family. One which has contributed to our country a generous quota of statesmen, financiers, artists and gallant soldiers and sailors.

From this first Ulster-Scot, who settled just north of the boundary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, they have received a heritage as defender of the faith and of their native land. When his province of Pennsylvania was threatened by the invaders from Maryland during Cresap's War on the border, James Patterson interposed the mandate, "They shall not pass." In every crisis since then his descendants have sprung into the breach to repel the enemy with equal gallantry. Where danger threatens, there is sure to stand a Patterson.

In our own county we have outstanding evidence that in times of peace, the services rendered by the members of the Patterson clan are as worthy of merit in the conduct of civil enterprises. We need only look for confirmation to our president Judge, Marion D. Patterson, and to the business and professional men and the good neighbors in our local communities who bear the Patterson family name.

Acquired Tract From Penns

James Patterson settled on an estate acquired from Thomas Penn, proprietor of Pennsylvania, Nov. 21, 1734. To these two hundred acres situate in Lancaster county, on the east bank of the Susquehanna river, he gave the name of Conestoga Manor, derived from the Conestoga tribe of Indians.

He had scarcely become established here than one, Thomas Cresap, armed with a grant from Lord Baltimore, usurped the Patterson horse pasture on the opposite side of the river.

Following threats and petty annoyances, Cresap, shot a dozen of James Patterson's horses, eight of them within a mile of his (Cresap's) house. The owner of the beasts, satisfied himself that the shooting had been done by two of Cresap's benchmen.

In the dead of night on Nov. 26, 1732, Patterson with the constable and a small party of men, marched across the river, which was frozen solid, and entering the house of the miscreants, while the occupants were asleep, pulled them out of bed and, under fire from the father and friends of the prisoners, proceeded across to the east side of the river where they locked them up.

Then the war—Cresap's War—was on. Fighting and rioting between the border Chieftains and their men continued until Cresap was finally captured and incarcerated in the Philadelphia jail, thus leaving Patterson in command of the situation.

James Patterson's son, James II, settled at what is now Mifflintown,

Juniata county. Commissioned as a Captain of foot in the provincial forces raised to ward off the attacks of the French and the Indians, his military career was a busy one, his services being engaged in defense of a string of forts along the Juniata river, extending from Fort Lyttelton, thirty miles west of Chambers Mill (Chambersburg) to Fort Granville, Sunbury and Patterson's Fort near the site of Mexico.

The Indians had a wholesome respect for his prowess as a marksman. They called him "Big Shot" and his son William, who was an even more accurate sharp shooter, "Long Gun."

These men suffered incredible privations because of hunger and cold, but they successfully resisted successive attacks of the Indians, who tried desperately to wrest control of the Juniata Valley from the Scotch-Irish frontiersmen during Pontiac's War.

Service Under Washington

During the Revolutionary war Colonel William Patterson served under direct command of General George Washington and General Nathaniel Greene in the secret service division. A voluminous correspondence between the two great commanders of the Continental armies and Colonel Patterson, which is on file in the archives in the Congressional library at Washington, D. C., indicates that the Colonel's service in running a Horse Express, or messenger transport and in reconnoitering expeditions to determine the strength of the enemy, was productive in gleaning valuable information.

Owing to his marksmanship and honest dealing with friendly Indian tribes in the Juniata Valley, he had won the confidence and guileless admiration of his Redskin brothers. Consequently they looked to him to champion their cause when friction arose between them and the white settlers.

At the beginning of the year 1768 Frederick Stump, a German trader located on Middle Creek, and one John Ironcutter a man of similar ilk,

killed ten Indians in cold blood, without provocation.

If immediate redress were not made by the Colonists, this act would incite another destructive Indian war. The Governor of the province and the council at Philadelphia sent frantic messages to the chief magistrates of Cumberland county asking what would they do now and who would do it?

While the sheriff and the magistrates were hobnobbing together to work out a plan of procedure, a clatter of many hoofs was heard approaching the jail at Carlisle, which then was the county seat of all that part of Central Pennsylvania embraced in the original boundaries of Cumberland county.

Had Prisoners In Hand

Rushing out to see who was coming, the sheriff and his aides were confronted by a cavalcade of twenty young horsemen, headed by young Captain William Patterson. The riders delivered Stump and Ironcutter, whom they had gone out and captured while the officers of the law were trying to decide on a course of action.

It is plain to be seen why in after years General Washington should choose the dashing Colonel Patterson as his right hand man to ferret out secret information. He had proved himself to be a man of action and of consummate courage.

Young William Patterson, who was as skilled in the use of the pen as of the rifle sent the following "talk" to the chief of the tribe to whom the murdered Indians belonged:

"With a heart swelled with Grief. I have to inform you that Frederick Stump and John Ironcutter have unadvisedly murdered ten of our Friend Indians near Fort Augusta. The Inhabitants of Pennsylvania do disapprove of the said Stump and Ironcutter's conduct, and as proof thereof I have taken them prisoners, and will deliver them into the Custody of Officers that will keep them Ironed in Prison for Trial, and I make no doubt as many of them as are guilty will be condemned to die for the offence.

"Brothers: I being truly sensible of the Injury done you I only add these few words with my Heart's Wish, that you may not rashly let go the fast hold of our Chain of Friendship for the ill conduct of one of our bad men. Believe me, Brothers, we Englishmen continue the same love for you that hath usually subsisted between our Grandfathers and I desire you to call at Fort Augusta to trade with our People there for the necessities you stand in need of. I pledge you my word that no white man there shall molest any of you whilst you behave as friends. I shall not rest by Night or Day until I receive your Answer.

"Your Friend and Brother,

"W. Patterson."

Indians Make Reply

Following council with the leaders of his tribesmen, the chief sent a reply which is a notable example of the measured dignity and graphic imagery which characterized the speech of these children of nature on state occasions. Thus ran the answering "talk":—

"Loving Brother, I am glad to hear from you—I understand that you are very much grieved, that tears run from your eyes—With my blanket I wipe away those tears—If your heart be not at ease I will make it tranquil—Now shall I sit down again and smoke my pipe—I hold one end of the chain of friendship—if my brother let go the other end I will let my end fall, but not until then—Four of my blood have been murdered—Let Stump die—your people are good—Stump only possessed the evil spirit—Let then the people on Juniata remain at ease—Danger is not abroad—The Red Men are at rest.

"Your loving brother,

"Shawana Ben."

The quick action of William Patterson and his brave riders of the out-posts, in all probability averted a long drawn out, bloody war.

A review of the Patterson family tree discloses a list of so many names of famous personages that it looks like a directory of our early Ameri-

can celebrities. We find the Peales. Eliza Burd Patterson, great-great-granddaughter of James Patterson of Conestoga Manor, married Rubens Peale, son of Charles Wlison Peale, noted American artist, whose portrait of George Washington, is nearly as well known as the one made by Gilbert Stuart.

Further research reveals that Elizabeth Patterson, linked up with Colonel William Patterson through the family of the Colonel's first wife Isabella Galbraith, was married to Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, December 24, 1803.

We also find Margaret Shippen, daughter of Edward Shippen, mayor of Philadelphia, connected with the Pattersons through inter-marriage with the Burds, another leading Colonial family. Margaret Shippen holds a place in the spot light of American history because she became the wife of Benedict Arnold. It was from this wealthy and aristocratic Shippen family that Shippensburg derived its name.

House Burned for Nails

But perhaps the "fightingest" of the fighters in the Patterson clan was Benjamin Chambers, son-in-law of James Patterson, of Conestoga Manor, and founder of Chambersburg, who migrated to the wilds of what was then Cumberland county in 1742, and took up a grant of 522 acres of land surrounding Falling Spring. After building a log house, he laid out a town site, advertising the lots in Philadelphia. But somehow the Philadelphians could not be induced to part with good, hard money to buy a town lot out in the untrammelled wilderness.

Nothing daunted Mr. Chambers put up grist mills and went about establishing himself as a proprietor of large land holdings. He made the mistake of using nails in the building of his first house, nails being nearly as precious as gold on the far flung frontier. On returning from a trading trip one day, Mr. Chambers was confronted with the sight of a heap of

smoking ashes where his home had stood. During his absence some son of Belial had burned down his house to get the iron nails.

That did not stop Mr. Chambers. He built a new house, a larger and better one. In course of time he built a third house, a fine, large two-story stone mansion roofed with sheet lead. In fact the house was a veritable fortress. And well it had to be one because those thick walls were the only barrier that stood between the settlers and the Indian arrows during the French and Indian Wars.

Sends Plea For Help

The following letter written to the Cumberland County Committee of Defense in October of 1755, should be of peculiar interest to residents of Morrisons Cove, at that time known as the Great Cove.

"Gentlemen:

"If you intend to go to the assistance of your neighbors you need wait no longer for the certainty of the news. The Great Cove is destroyed. James Campbell left his company last night and went to the fort at Mr. Steel's Meeting House, and there saw some of inhabitants of the Great Cove who gave this account; that as they came over the Hill they saw their houses in flames. —There are but a hundred, and they are divided into two parts and there are two French among them. They are Delawares and Shawnese. The part that came against the Cove are under the command of Shingas the Delaware king.

"The people of the Cove that came off saw several men lying dead. They heard the murder shout and the firing of guns and saw the Indians going into their houses before they left sight of the Cove. I have sent express to Marsh Creek at the same time I send this, so I expect there will be a good company there this day; and as there are but 100 of the enemy I think it is in our power, if God permit, to put them to flight if you turn out well from your parts.

"I understand that the west set-

tlement is designed to go if they can get any assistance to repel them. All in haste from

"Your humble servant,
"Benjamin Chambers."

Gruesome Appeal Made

Urgent pleas for assistance made to the Assembly, being ignored the endangered pioneers hit upon a dramatic method of arousing the lawmakers to action. John Potter, High Sheriff of Cumberland county gathered together the mangled corpses of the settlers that most recently had been murdered by the Indian raiders, and loading them on a wagon, hauled them to Philadelphia. Arrived at the State House, he laid his gruesome burden at the feet of the startled legislators. They voted immediately to send the colonists at Chambers Mills, guns and ammunition.

Descendants of the founders of Harrisburg, Shippensburg, Chambersburg and Mifflintown, Indian traders and officers of the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars, we see that the Pattersons are Americans of the first water.

Charles Atlee Patterson, son of James Harris and Annie Elizabeth Keller Patterson, was born June 8, 1866. He was united in marriage to Charlotte Christine Weisgerber. Surviving children are Emmeline Christine, wife of Oakley Havens, of Williamsburg; Katharine Naomi, wife of Rev. Herbert Plank Beam, of Gettysburg; Charles Weisgerber Patterson and George James Patterson, of Williamsburg.

CHEER UP

By F. C. DODSON

Let's stop repining,
The sun is shining,
The silver lining
Shows through the cloud.
New life inject now,
Have more respect now,
Let's stand erect now
With head unbowed.

Old fears, old failing

No more assailing,
Now stop the wailing
The tide has turned.
The birds are singing,
Joy bells are ringing
The glad news bringing,
"The lesson's learned."

Then cease your weeping,
Arouse from sleeping,
A new day's creeping,
A light's ahead.
The folks are banking,
The gold is clanking,
And I am frank in—
"The past is dead."

'Tis yet to bury,
But if we hurry,
And quit all worry,
Our faith not pawn;
The dark will brighten,
The dim will lighten,
We'll end the night in
A rosy dawn.

TO YOU, MY FRIENDS

By F. C. DODSON

If I resolve to do my best,
And think of pure and good —
Of things that make a life worth
while,
As daily each one should;
No matter where I seem to start
Before I've thought it through,
My mind gets on a well-worn track,
And then I think of you.

On gloomy days I would recall
Days when the sun shone bright,
Instead of fog and clouds and rain
I fain would see the light;
So then I think of happy times
Of skies serene and blue,
And drift away from useless care
For mem'ry brings me you.

I wonder if when all is o'er,
And I must say "good-by"
If you who showed me how to live,
Will prove your faith still nigh;
And as I launch on unknown seas,
I'll ask no other crew
Than He who guided that my life
Might here be touched by you.

Progress Since Panic of 1893

"My, oh my, papa, what's the country acoming to? Here's butter selling at 10 cents a pound and eggs at 8 cents a dozen. I wonder what's to become of us farmers. With all our hard slaving day after day, we don't have enough money to buy our clothes. If something doesn't soon happen, we'll all be going to rack and ruin. Why doesn't the government do something about it?"

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? But this sad plaint was made in 1893. They didn't call it a depression then. The general public hadn't acquired the cultural polish which sugar-coated hard times with high-faluting names.

They called the financial collapse of '93 a panic. Work was scarce, money had almost passed out of circulation and a mighty anvil chorus went up from the chronic pessimists that happy days would never come again.

Reuben B. Long, lumberman and farmer of Blue Knob, (Rube, to his friends) quotes from an account book which he kept during 1895 when the financial clouds were lifting a little, prices which might be taken from the market reports today, Eggs, 8c; butter, 10c; beef and pork, 5c a pound; oats, 25c; corn, 5c; wages for farm hands by the day, 50c, 75c and \$1.25 for special work such as cradling.

Wheat and Rye Kept Up

The only bright spots in the market were wheat and rye, which maintained a price of 75, 80 and \$1.00 per bushel. Mr. Long that year bought a team of horses, with harness thrown in, for \$49. With this team he hauled lumber at a stipend of \$3.00 per day. Out of this, he boarded himself and provided the feed for his horses.

Well, the country survived that ordeal and forgot all about it in its race for the dollar via the Get-Rich-by-Speculating route. But if you leaf the records back to the Nineties you will realize that the drop from prosperity to the bottom was not from a very dizzy height. Our mode of life

was so much simpler than it is today.

Take our farmers here in the Cove. They had not yielded to high pressure salesmanship to buy everything, from a new fangled player piano to a steam engine. Buying on installments of a dollar down and putting it down for the rest of your natural life time, hadn't become the favorite household pastime. They still had maxims about thrift in the copy books at school, even such old-timers as, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

No electricity, no automobiles, no radio, no movies, no tractors, why there wasn't much a person could spend money on, unless it was paying off the mortgage on the farm. Lots of people were so saving that they even saved matches.

How Matches Were Saved

Remember how you used to twist strips of newspaper into thin tubes and stick them in the tin holder on the wall along side the chimney to use as lamp lighters? A farmer that didn't keep a supply of pine knots on the wood pile to split up for kindling the fire was downright shiftless. Coal oil cost money. You didn't waste it for the purpose of starting fire.

Well, it has been truthfully said that the luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next. Come to think of it, the gay nineties, as the ultra rich have dubbed them, were still embraced in the straw bed tick era. At least that was the case in the rural districts. Do you remember he old four-poster you slept in, with a cord criss-crossed around wooden knobs, on which that famous chaff tick reposed?

Every spring house cleaning, you emptied the tick, laundered it, and filled it up with clean straw. Rye straw, cut fine on the hand cutter was preferred. The present writer recalls an amusing remark made by a little neighbor girl who was watching with fascinated interest, the quick bite of the keen knife as it was pushed through the straw. In the eager hope

that she might be allowed to wield the flashing blade, she broached the proposition by saying, "Sixty years ago when I was a boy, I used to cut straw like that."

Bedmaking Was Hard Work

That was no downy couch on which you would nightly repose. Rather, you burrowed down into the crackling straw, your slightest movement drawing a protesting squeak from the rope. When Grandpaw got bedded down into a hollow in the chaff tick times when he had lumbago, it took the pulling power of the whole family to heave him upright. Making the beds when those ticks had to be turned, shaken and plumped up, was a task involving real manual labor. But sleep was none the less restful, for all that.

Every now and then a Cove farm house boasted of spring roller window shades. But for the most part the sun was shut out from the rain-how rag carpet on the parlor floor by paper blinds which were fastened to the window frame with carpet tacks. They were embellished with scroll designs on the side turned towards the admiring world. A clothes pin was kept on the sill, to hold the shade in place when you rolled it up. It was quite a trick to roll it symmetrically, one which eluded the capabilities of a mere amateur.

Cane seated chairs, a couple of rockers, decked with cushions and tidies, a stand on which stood the pride of the home, a wide shaded parlor lamp, and with the family Bible and a plush covered photograph album reclining on a shelf set in the lower part, and a red plush "sofy" comprised the furnishings of the parlor, which was the bright, particular glory of our home. It was never used except on beau nights and for very special occasions.

Attesting to the popularity of the marriageable daughters in the home there was a friendship ladder or a spinning wheel, gay with bow knots of vari-colored ribbons, flaunting to the appreciative eye tokens of a wide circle of affectionate friends.

Annual Coat of Whitewash

Except for the guest room, most

of the bed rooms were bare as to floors and walls and ceilings still were subjected to an annual coating of whitewash. Certainly the expense incurred for furniture was no bid to the sheriff to call around.

Our rural population had not been educated to think that a superfluity of possessions was the requisite for happiness. Satisfaction in life was not dependent on things. Such as a piano and an upholstered parlor suite. In those far-off, simple days, they still believed that virtue and hard work were their own rewards. They even ordered their scale of living on the principle, "If you haven't the money to pay for it, do without."

A piano was a symbol of wealth, far beyond what people in average circumstances could afford. The musically inclined had cottage organs. Those whose poverty precluded an organ, resorted to jew's harps, a mouth organ or a fiddle. The frontiersmen's code that hard work and the strenuous life developed strength of character and that necessity was the mother of invention as well as the moulder of the finer attributes of human nature which serve to lift men above the limits of a rigorous environment, was still adhered to.

This idea even applied to the schools. Fine buildings and a multiplicity of equipment were not adjudged fundamental elements in the acquiring of an elementary education. In spite of the Spartan simplicity of the little one-room school house, the pupils learned to read, write cipher and imbibe a little grammar, history, geography and civil government on the side. And strange to say, from these hopelessly back number schools came many of the statesmen, educators and great figures, both men and women, of America.

Hardships Developed Character

Yes, the general public of the Nineties still clung to the outmoded belief that making the path of progress too easy for the young deprived them of the spur which impelled them to make the most of their capabilities.

So the boys and girls walked to school, clumping through the mud

and slush with their heavy cow hide shoes and boots, and to many of them the little old school was a source of fun and even cultural advantages. Not having been trained to demand this, that and the other thing, they were not aware that they were missing any of the blessings of life.

The seamy side of life wasn't always uppermost. Don't think for a moment that laughter and the capacity for enjoyment is confined to the present generation alone. Don't you remember the picnics, hay wagon outings, parties, sleighing and the buggy rides?

The papas of the present generation took their sweethearts buggy riding. If you were to ask them, they might tell you that they were not one-arm drivers either. Why, they could wrap the lines around the whip socket and the horse would jog along without guidance. And if you don't believe there were small town belles and Beau Brummels in the Nineties, look for proof in the old family album. Look at the frizzled bangs, the leg o' mutton sleeves, the tapering waists of the ladies.

Mustache Cup Days

And as for the men, where now would you see such height of celluloid collar, such heaviness of gold watch chain draped over expanse of manly vest, such roll of hair above the brow and such ripple and flow of mustache? Them were the mustache cup days.

No question about it the niceties and comforts of life were not ignored in the Nineties, but yet the scale of living was maintained on such an uncomplicated level that the descent from prosperity to panic was not nearly so great as it is today.

John Q. Commonman was not surrounded by luxury when the financial cyclone of 1893 hit him. He has climbed up since then.

The "dough boys" say they need the dough.

Ingratitude is a common fault, and many a parent's heart has been saddened by it.

HE IS RISEN

You can find no news to equal
This redemption's plan the sequel;
And with Easter anthems swelling
'Tis the tidings worth the telling
"He is risen."

Then you'll tell to all around you
How His love has sought and found
you,
If your heart with love is glowing
From the fact that you are knowing.
"He is risen."

He will all our burden carry,
If in prayers and faith we tarry;
If sometimes the way grows weary
This the thought to make us cheery,
"He is risen."

"It is finished", hear Him crying,
He's victorious tho' He's dying;
There is nothing that can sever
From His love abiding ever,
"He is risen."

O'er the landscape darkness drifted,
And the temple vail was rifted.
He to Joseph's tomb was taken,
And it seemed He died forsaken,
"He is risen."

Stone and seal and soldiers guarding
Offered not the least retarding,
To His coming forth most glorious
Over sin and death victorious,
"He is risen."

HERALDINGS

It is estimated that we use only 10% of our talents and energy in useful work.

If the "Big Stick" drops it may knock off some of the big salaries.

After a machine is started it requires less current to keep it running; thus a busy man will do a thing more readily than one who has plenty of time.

One great worry is how to get money; another is what to do with it after you have it.

ANCIENT PUMP STILL IN FORCE

Up, down, up, down, gurgle, plash! With the regular pulsations of a heart beating, rhythmically unceasingly, the old pump has been working since 1814. Its motive power, the limpid water which gushes from the spring nestled at the foot of yonder hill, the pump seems as timeless as the eternal waters which operate it.

When you walk over the brink of the ravine and view the ancient water system which is still in force on the McAllister farm, overlooking the village of Royer, along the Piney Creek road, a couple of miles south of Williamsburg, you step back into another century. The water pump, which plunges up and down so tirelessly, was installed 119 years ago by Daniel Royer, iron master and founder of Springfield Furnace. He imported a mechanic from Waynesboro, Franklin county, who made and set up the pump. Little did that humble workman realize that he was building for the ages.

It gives you a feeling of awe when you think of the time that has elapsed and the changes which have been wrought during the long years the pump has been manipulated by the swirling waters.

Scene Has Not Changed

The natural setting is the same as it was in 1814. Gnarled old walnut trees still pit their waning strength against the merciless onslaught of rending storms. Clumps of sumac and the moss grown stones which arch the spring, are now as they were in that distant day.

But the little log house which stood at the head of the spring is gone. It was occupied by a pioneer family named Young. Each night when they had climbed up the outside ladder to their sleeping quarters on the loft, they pulled the ladder up after them for fear that the wolves would attack them. Wolves and house both have disappeared so long ago, that their memory is almost lost in the mists of time.

Yes, you look at the old pump and you are made to think that it represents a pretty accurate approximation of perpetual motion. When it first started working in 1814, the War of 1812 was going on. Great Britain was planning to give her errant daughter, the United States of America, a good spanking and then yank her back under her motherly wing.

Pump Saw Stirring Times

The Red Coats thought they saw victory just around the corner. They set fire to Washington that year and succeeded in burning the White House down to its stone walls, which resisted the flames. So sudden was their march on the Capitol city that President James Madison and his wife, the sprightly, Dolly Madison, were hard put to it to make their escape. It is said Mrs. Madison cut the portrait of George Washington, which now hangs in the Red Room at the White House out of its frame, and taking up some of the silverware in the capacious folds of her apron, she made desperate haste to escape the vanguard of the British army which was almost at her heels.

This same year of 1814, Francis Scott Key, on seeing the United States flag fluttering triumphantly above the battle smoke which rose from the bombardment of Baltimore, as the first glimmer of dawn streaked the sky, was inspired to write, "The Star-Spangled Banner". Verily since then much water has flowed through the conduit leading to the water wheel which mans the pump, and under the little foot bridge which spans the stream.

Wheel Works Tirelessly

The water from one of the springs which flow from the bottom of the ravine on the McAllister place, is carried by a wooden trough or conduit which stands on trestles at a height of several feet above the ground. The water falls from this height on a water wheel, causing it to revolve. The revolutions of the wheel work the

plungers of the pump up and down.

So great is the pressure generated by the pump that it forces the water through pipes up the hill to supply not only the large McAllister country house, but five or six other houses and barns as well. During all these years the pump has run continuously except for brief intervals when it had to be stopped to make repairs. But those times have been few and far between.

From time to time the wood work has rotted, but the original metal parts are still doing duty. The cost of operation certainly would delight the heart of the most radical economist. It runs at a cost of 25 cents a year.

Do I hear you ask, "What's the quarter for?" That's for the cost of grease and candle wicking for packing. One hundred nineteen years at 25 cents a year. Count it up for yourself, and you'll agree the operating costs is as close to nothing as we handily can get.

What tales that old pump could tell if it could talk. What heroic episodes it could relate about the iron industry when Springfield Furnace turned out the best grade of pig iron in the country. That was charcoal iron. They don't make it any more. New processes have displaced it.

It was used for gun barrels and artillery. After the railways knit together the metropolitan cities with bands of steel, it also was used for car wheels. During the Mexican and the Civil war, the United States government placed large orders with the operators of Springfield Furnace for iron to turn into guns and cannon.

Furnaces Started by Royer

Although Daniel Royer started the furnaces at Springfield in 1813, he did not supervise them in person. Turning the management over to his son Samuel, he returned to his home in Franklin county. Samuel Royer and John Royer, his brother, operated them until 1842. That year they retired from active duties, turning the management over to Archibald McAllister, son-in-law of Samuel Royer, who retained the supervision until the furnaces were abandoned.

It may be interesting to note that they were abandoned not, as we should suppose, because the ore had petered out. That was not the case. The reason was that the expense of manufacturing charcoal pig iron was so great, when compared with the Erie Shore and other products, that it could not compete.

While the furnaces were in full blast, the name "Springfield" was dropped in favor of "Royer", named for the founder. The post office, which is one of the oldest in Central Pennsylvania, was so frequently confused with other Springfields that the postal authorities were glad to accede to the request of the inhabitants of the village to have the name changed.

How Henrietta Was Named

Speaking of names, The Herald reporter learned for the first time the detailed story of how Henrietta got its name. It also was a bustling iron center, laboring at that time under the unromantic name of Leather Cracker. Some waggish stories as to the origin of the name, added nothing to the flavor of it.

On an occasion when C. Y. Townsend, president of the Cambria Iron company, and Mr. McAllister were discussing the matter, the former remarked, "Leather Cracker is such an ugly name. Let's change it. Why not name it for your wife?"

"No, name it for your wife," replied Mr. Allister.

"By the way, what is your wife's name?" then asked Mr. Townsend.

"Henrietta," was the answer, "And your wife's name?"

"Henrietta," laughingly, Mr. Townsend replied.

And so Leather Cracker became Henrietta.

It would make this article too long to dip back into the hey-day of Royer, when a hustling lad by the name of Charles M. Schwab rode in from Williamsburg every day with the mail for Royer relayed from Williamsburg, stowed away in his saddle bags. Nor will space permit us to reconstruct the scenes when the sky was lit

up with the illumination from the furnaces at Royer and from the myriad charcoal pits which dotted the overhanging mountain side; when hundreds of men and forty mules struggled to turn out the daily allotment of glowing pigs, which were heaped up in huge stacks awaiting shipment over the little tram road by mule power to Mines, thence by gravity to Williamsburg.

That fascinating task shall be deferred until a later time when the last member of the Cove iron dynasty, remaining in the beautiful McAllister home, has promised to furnish data and explain the furnace operations so that the present generation may visualize the grandeur of the days when the northern part of the Cove seethed with the cauldrons of molten iron.

Barter System Preceded Banks

"There's nothing unprecedented about a bank holiday in the Cove," observed 'Squire John H. Nicodemus of Martinsburg in talking of the recent money crisis. "I distinctly remember when we did not have any bank in the Cove," he added.

No bank! Well, that startled the reporter for a breathless couple of seconds. Was there really a time when people got along without banks? However did they do it?

'Squire Nicodemus leaned back in his office chair and proceeded to elucidate the system of bankless financial operations. And a more enthallying interesting story the present writer never listened to.

The task of translating it into a newspaper article in a form that will retain the sparkle and entertaining quality of the recital as it was given by this grand, old man, is beyond her power.

Past 93 years of age, one listens and marvels at the keen mental perception and the sound judgment of this remarkable nonagenarian whose faculties age has augmented instead of dimmed.

Time Turned Backward

We assumed a relaxed position and, carried along by the old 'Squire's story, we are projected backward into the Cove of the long ago.

Can you imagine a time when the man with money to invest went begging his friends to borrow it from him? Have you tried the experiment

of attempting to raise a loan during the present bank stringency?

Well, the picture of a man hunting up somebody to give money to, convinces us that yes, there is a Santa Claus. Then when the transaction was completed, all the security demanded, was the debtor's note. Neither was that note entered as a judgment. To enter a note was to impugn a man's honesty.

"Business," continued the 'Squire, "was based wholly on confidence. A man's word was his bond. The people were industrious and thrifty. They were just emerging from the period when the farm supplied all their necessities except coffee and sugar.

"The drummer, the huckster and buying on the installment plan were unknown. Wheat was the only money crop. The other products raised by the farmer were bartered at the store. When you come to rock bottom very little money was needed.

Eggs Traded For Calico

"The women made a weekly trip to Thatcher's, McFadden's or one of the other stores in Martinsburg, bringing in a market basket full of eggs and butter which they bartered for sugar, coffee, molasses, calico or poplin.

"The merchant's equipment to take care of the financial end of his business was a desk, an account book, a change bag and a pocket book. Not enough money passed hands to have

warranted the use of a cash register or safe.

"At stated times, weekly, or oftener, he bargained with some of his customers to haul the accumulation of produce from his ware house to Williamsburg or Stonerstown. For this service he paid in merchandise.

"There was no Altoona, no local market to absorb the surplus raised on the farms. Williamsburg and Stonerstown were the only near outlets for trade. Williamsburg, because it was a shipping point on the old Pennsylvania canal, and Stonerstown, because it was the distributing center for the Broad Top coke and coal operations.

April 1 Was Settlement Day

"Twice a year the merchants of the district went to Philadelphia to lay in new stocks of goods. The first of April was the general settlement day. Farms were bought and sold in the spring so that the hand money could be paid and the deed recorded on the First of April.

"Flittings were made on that date. It was the beginning of the fiscal year for every farmer in Morrison's Cove. Naturally then, every merchant made a point of having a new stock of goods laid in for the First of April.

"That was a gala time for the ladies. They came to the stores in droves. You'd think they had to see every bolt of goods on the shelves. And such bargaining you never heard. Bartering and bargaining went together.

"A woman that didn't 'jew' down the storekeeper considered herself unworthy to look after the interests of her family. The women 'jewed' to get the outside cent for their produce and then tried to 'jew' the merchant down from the asking price. It must be confessed that the merchants in self-defense resorted to raising prices to the more notorious of these veteran bargainiers."

The Farmers' New Year

"Squire, will you please explain why the First of April was the financial big day in the Cove, the farmers' New Year, so to speak?" was the question asked.

"I can explain that best through the medium of my own personal experience and recollection. Incidentally, the explanation also involves the reasons for my saying that business in the old days was based on confidence.

"My father, John Nicodemus, on May 18, 1818, bought from his father, Conrad Nicodemus, the 250 acre tract of land, which since then has been known as the Klepser Mill property. He paid \$6,000, on the terms of \$1,000 down and an annual payment of \$200 or \$250.

"Long before the obligation had been paid off, some of the neighbors advised father to build a grist mill. Father demurred, because he still was in debt for the farm. 'Don't let that stop you,' they said, 'We'll give you the money.'

"Without further preamble they put up the money and father built the mill. There were already six or seven mills along Clover Creek—the Rhodes mill on the present Frank Shriver place; the Brumbaugh mill at Fredericksburg; Sorrick's at Larke and others.

Stored Wheat at Mill

"In those times, the farmers thrashed their wheat during the winter. As they got a quantity thrashed out they hauled it to the mill. In time the mill was filled to the roof; even the barn floor was stacked with it. As fast as he could grind it, the miller filled barrels with flour. The barrels, by the way, were made by George Steele of Marklesburg.

"The wheat and flour were hauled to the warehouse of Jimmy Johnson, the commission merchant at Williamsburg, who in turn, shipped it over the canal to Kirkpatrick's, the clearing house, at Philadelphia.

"Now, when the farmers wanted and such quantities of flour and their money so they could make a payment on the farm on April 1st, or to pay off a note, father notified Jimmie Johnson and Jimmie wrote to Kirkpatrick's, representing that such wheat had been shipped to them, or were awaiting shipment, and that so much money was desired in payment.

Kirkpatrick's sent a draft in payment.

"Here's where the banks figured. The draft was drawn on a bank in Hollidaysburg. Father cashed the draft, distributed the money and that started the ball rolling for the annual April 1st legal transactions."

Little Scrip Used Here

Referring to scrip, 'Squire Nicodemus said he had no recollection that it had ever been used to any extent in the Cove. The various banks issued bank notes in lieu of money. This paper is sometimes called scrip.

There was no government guarantee back of it. It was just what the name indicates, notes issued by the bank and secured only by the assets of the bank. When the bank backing them, failed, the bank notes were just so much paper and nothing more.

When the 'Squire, in company with other local boys, went to the Civil War, they had bank notes issued by a Hollidaysburg bank which had "busted up," as the saying is. They tried passing them on the residents of Harrisburg, some of whom were gullible enough to mistake them for real money.

It does not necessarily follow that everybody was sixteen-carat, simon-pure honest in the good old days. The crooks were spotted and their credit was nil.

But the frugal man, who worked hard, exercised good judgment and showed himself ambitious to "make his pile" as modern parlance has it, and who had a reputation for honesty, was considered a gilt-edged risk. It was this type of man whom investors wanted on the red side of their ledgers.

Now, this is a side issue, but one about which The Herald reporter has sought information of many old folks. Not until the question was put to 'Squire Nicodemus was the matter satisfactorily explained.

Reason For Basements

This is the question: "Why did all the old colonial houses have basements?"

Quick as a flash, the 'Squire an-

swered: "For convenience and economy".

Convenience? Well, that part of it didn't register. Because if anything more in the nature of a woman killer than a basement house, has been invented, the present writer would like to know what it is.

But it really was convenient. Every basement had a wide fireplace. In the fire place hung two huge copper kettles. Now, we have it. Here's where our forefathers did the butchering, boiled apple butter, boiled soap. The basement was a butcher shop, Pennsylvania salve and soap factory and laundry.

Usually a spring flowed through the cellar adjoining. In fact in the old Nicodemus house the spring kept right on flowing through the basement. You dipped up the water right at the fire place. It doesn't take an efficiency expert to tell us how convenient that was.

Chalked up on the side of economy was the fact that the basement saved the expense of an outside kitchen and wash house.

The Squire Asks Question

Then the 'Squire asked one. Have you ever seen anyone chop up sausage meat with knives?

That was a new one. The writer's personal experience does not antedate the meat grinder. She naturally inferred there had always been meat grinders.

The 'Squire went on painting a word picture of the old-time basement, work shop and laboratory which transmuted the products of the farm into the necessities of life.

An essential piece of equipment was a long bench or table topped with a heavy oak board or a large chopping block. On butchering day, the sausage choppers took a cleaver in each hand. Good, hefty cleavers they were, too, made by Christ Burket in his blacksmith shop where the River Brethren church now is, on the state highway, leading to Roaring Spring, south of Martinsburg.

Standing at the chopping table or block, the cutters started to drive the cleavers through the meat. There

was a rhythmic tune to it. If it sounded, chop, chop, chop, the wielder of the cleavers declared himself to the world as a poor workman. But when the cleavers sang a song of chippety, chippety, chippety! that proclaimed a man who could do his stuff.

Those old pioneers had no mechanical lard presses either. They squeezed the fat out of the cracklings by using ladles. The cracklings were put up into a ladle perforated with holes. Another was fitted on top of them.

Women Did Their Share

The women in the family (for this

operation was allotted to the women) squeezed the lard out by pressing the long handles together.

Looking back to those days, we realize we have traveled far. Far from the simple mode of life, which drew the necessities which sustained it, from the farm. Far from the independence which attended those whose busy hands transmuted the raw products grown on their own land into the basic human needs—food, shelter and clothing. And farther still from the trust and confidence in our fellow man which considered his word as good security as his bond.

Spanish Milled Dollar Is Used

A recent biography of General Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," as he was christened by the Tennessee riflemen in his command at the battle of New Orleans, gives a curious account of the funeral of the general's father.

Having died rather suddenly at his frontier home in the wilderness of South Carolina, a group of neighbors volunteered to transport the body on a sled to the nearest settlement where it could be given the rites of Christian burial. It was cold, raw, typically March weather in the year of 1767. The party stopped at the homes of various relatives enroute, at each of which the back woodsmen pallbearers assuaged the weariness incident to drawing the deceased for miles over the rough trail, by copious draughts of corn whiskey.

Pallbearers Lose Corpse

All went well until the assemblage had gathered at the grave side to perform the melancholy duty of burial. Then it was discovered everybody was present but the corpse. The pall bearers had lost the body on the bank of the last stream they had forded. Owing to the exhilarating efforts of the hard liquor, they had not been aware of the mishap. They retrieved the body in due course and interred it with no lack of respect.

Incidentally, the information was given by the author that owing to the difficulty of getting their corn crop to market, the settlers west of the Appalachian mountains, made whiskey out of it. There was a still in nearly every home. In fact liquor was so popular that it was used for money. The settlers were not stingy with it, insofar as their personal use was concerned. They were almost as generous with their neighbors, apparently, as they were with themselves.

While reading this bit of pioneer data, The Herald Reporter wondered whether our ancestors in the Cove were equally given to home brew. We know that numbers of distilleries were put in operation, but owing to the strong religious convictions of the earliest settlers, one is led to assume that they were not the hard drinking, hard swearing type with whom Andy Jackson's lot was cast.

We know gun toting, duelling, horse racing, cock fighting and gambling were not practiced by the Dunkard, Presbyterian, Lutheran, and the adherents of the other faiths, who settled the Cove. Hence it seems compatible with their ideals to believe that drinking was held in similar disrepute by these God-fearing people. However, owing to the facility with which whiskey could be marketed,

distilling doubtless was an important industry.

Whiskey Well Ripened

The old-timers used to elaborate on the invigorating properties of the liquor of their day. It was pure and apparently was not released until it was aged in the wood sufficiently to evaporate the fusel oil. Some of them contended that in the event a man drank enough to become intoxicated, it was a gentlemanly drunk, rather than a hog drunk.

Be that as it may, there were no restrictions on the sale by law and the liquor jug in many Cove homes, was as common as the water cask. It was set in a grain shock at harvest time. The householder measured out drinks to the workmen in his fields at intervals throughout the day. It flowed freely at flittings, sales and serenades, but the decree of custom that a man keep within the limits of sobriety, was not often overstepped.

It might be said that the German settlers came with a grape vine in one hand and a wine keg in the other. In accordance with old country usage, they drank wine about the same as we drink coffee. With them wine was not so much the cup that cheers as it was the medium for inviting social good fellowship. They were quick, however, to adopt the customs of their neighbors. Wine, except as a tonic in case of sickness, was not in general use as a beverage. Of course, Pap was in the habit of taking a little schnopps at bedtime.

Nor can the colonists be blamed for wanting to bring with them to their new home some souvenir of the old. It is hard for us to realize the wrench it must have caused our forebears to leave the fatherland for the wilderness of the New World, which had to be wrested from savages and wild beasts.

Changing Lands a Serious Event

We can picture them going to church for the last time; standing by the tombs of their dead for the last time; walking up the winding hillside path to feast their eyes on some well-loved view for the last time; going the rounds of the barn and patting old Ned and the faithful bossy for

the last time. Turning to cast a last look at the old homestead and bidding goodby to friends and neighbors for the last time. For when these wayfarers bade their dear ones goodby, it was forever. They knew that when they sailed westward, it was never to return to homeland scenes.

America was the land of a new deal. They gave up all that was dear to them not in the spirit of adventure, but in the hope of securing freedom of worship and economic betterment. Naturally their first reaction on setting foot on New World soil, was not to set up high jinks.

Their first thought, following the establishment of their homes, was the building of a church. Coincidentally, they laid the foundation stone for a school house. The honor of the first free school in Blair County belongs to Williamsburg.

Jacob Ake, a farmer, laid out the town of Williamsburg, which originally was named Aketown, in honor of the founder. At a later period the town was given its present name after William, oldest son of Jacob Ake. The latter owned a large farm on the north side of the Juniata river, a part of which is now occupied by the Robeson extension.

He also secured a warrant for the tract embracing the site of Williamsburg. Laying out 120 town lots, he offered them at \$50 a piece. There was no dearth of prospective buyers but few that had the requisite purchase price. Mr. Ake resorted to the expedient of exacting a ground rent, a legal procedure then much in vogue to relieve scarcity of hard cash.

He sold most of the lots subject to a yearly rental of one silver Spanish milled dollar or its equivalent value, "as long as grass grows and water flows." The dollar a year approximated the interest on \$16 2-3 at the rate of 6 percent. That agreement has been in force since 1794 and, as grass is still growing and water flowing, the owners of the Jacob Ake plot of lots in Williamsburg are still paying a dollar a year to one of his descendants.

The present recipient is Mrs. Anna Bell McKeage, of Cherry Tree, Pa.

The only exceptions are A. J. Detwiler, who has secured a release agreement, and the P. R. R. Co. which owns the two lots on which the railway station stands.

The Spanish milled dollar has fluctuated in value. During the Civil war it was appraised at \$1.75. During the World War it fell to 65 cents.

Paid Expense of Schools

Jacob Ake's zeal for education was so great that he built and equipped a school at his own expense. Most likely it was a crude log, muddaubed structure, with large stone fire place and a window or two having greased paper lights in lieu of glass. Rough slab seats fastened lengthwise along the side walls, with the soft side up, an official desk, a master and a stout birch, were the equipment. Dillworth's spelling book, the Bible and a 'rithmetic likely were the text books. Here the boys and girls were taught to read, write, cipher and spell with perhaps some history and geography thrown in for good measure.

Truants needed to keep a wary eye out, for Mr. Ake was accustomed to make a daily call at the school house to see whether all were present. When absentees were reported, without legitimate excuse, he went out after them and scutched them off to school, using his staff as a persuader. What those reluctant scholars thought of old man Ake, is best left to the imagination. But the value to posterity of Mr. Ake's practicable efforts at establishing elementary education in Blair county, is beyond calculation.

Records compiled by County Superintendent T. S. Davis, set forth that a school was opened in a private house at Henrietta as early as 1795. The earliest teachers mentioned are John Diltz, William Loose and George Glass. A public school was in existence at East Sharpsburg in 1800. John Fisher was the first teacher of

whom we have note. At about the same time a school was opened near where Roaring Spring now is, with a Mr. Roach as the teacher.

Doubtless schools in the Bedford county area of the Cove, were in operation prior to those mentioned above, as settlement in this section antedated that of the northern part of the valley.

At any rate, such data as we have is sufficient to establish the fact that the education of their children, was of first consequence to our forefathers, secondary only to their will to instill proper religious training.

HOBBIES

(Written for The Herald)

Some people like to sit and fish
From morning until night;
When evening comes they've nothing
caught,
Perhaps had not a bite.
If they enjoy it, well and good,
There's naught I have to say,
For hobbies work with diff'rent folks
In quite a diff'rent way.

Some like to tinker round with flow-
ers,
And beautify the home;
While others with their cars for miles
Will o'er the country roam.
I'm neutral still, not my affair,
If you burn up the gas
Or live among the budding plants,
Thus time with pleasure pass.

The man that gets my goat is he
Who can't see any fun,
Or use, except in doing what
He'd rather then have done.
He likes to run, you like to read;
The two will not team well.
Let him select the route and rate,
And you the book and dell.

A hobby is a worth while thing,
For when our work is through
We'll put the saddle on his back,
And speed to worlds so new.
So trot them out, they've often shown
The course we should be takin'.
And tho' we start them out in jest,
They may bring home the bacon.

Terrors Of Flood Brought To Mind

Rain, driving sheets of water, falling incessantly, shut out the sun and enveloped the world in oozy sogginess for five days and nights. The residents of Morrisons Cove looked eagerly for a break in the clouds, only to have their hopes blighted. Streams overflowed, flooding the low lands along their banks, cellars in many homes filled with water, everything was soaked to the saturation point.

Bedraggled and uncomfortable, longing for sunshine, the people however felt no uneasiness. On account of its elevation and ample drainage, they knew there need be no fear of high waters in the good, old Cove. It would quit raining in a day or two, and basking in the bright sunlight, the rainy days and their unpleasantness would soon be forgotten.

Then flashing over the single strand of the Cove Telephone company wire, which had withstood the washouts; by newspaper and by courier, came the news of the Johnstown flood. Shocked and horrified by the magnitude of the disaster which had overtaken their neighboring city on Friday, May 31, 1889, the Cove was gripped with an excitement which electrified every man, woman and child as perhaps no other single catastrophe ever has done.

Cove Shocked By News

The word came that five thousand lives had been claimed by the raging torrent which swept down the gorge in which a large part of the doomed city stood. The breastworks of the dam at South Fork had broken, thus releasing the mad force which raced to encompass the destruction of the thousands of hapless victims who had inhabited the towns and villages lying in the path of death.

The story of the death a few weeks ago of Johnny Baker, the Paul Revere of the holocaust, brought to mind to the middleaged and older folks, recollections of that terrible time. At breakneck speed, Mr. Baker rode horse back, momentarily imperilled by the swelling tide which had been loosed by the breach in the dam, giv-

ing the alarm as he galloped on.

But high waters were no novelty in Johnstown. The streets had been flooded before when Stony Creek or the Little Conemaugh river had broken bounds. As the people retreated to the second story of their homes, they sensed no danger. Rather they joked with one another and some of the men and boys amused themselves shooting at the rats which scuttled out of their burrows seeking to escape the lapping waves as they rose higher and higher.

Doubtless many of the marooned townspeople talked to one another as they leaned from upper story windows about the splendors of the Memorial Day celebration which had taken place the day before. The parade, containing large contingents of brilliantly accoutred military and fraternal organizations, and with a plentiful sprinkling of bands to inject harmony and set the rhythm of the marching, had been, perhaps, the most spectacular exhibition of the kind ever staged in the city. While waiting for the waters to subside, it furnished a likely subject for reminiscence.

Tragedy Sweeps Over Victims

Suddenly a wall of water bore down upon its unsuspecting prey. It is not the intention of the present writer to attempt to describe that appalling sight. It beggared description. Eye witnesses were stupefied by the power of destruction wielded by volumes of water bent on encompassing the ruin of everything in its course. Nothing could stop it; nothing could turn it aside. It was an implacable, swirling, swooping instrument of death.

Helpless bodies were mangled, beaten and torn by logs, trees, parts of buildings and other wreckage which writhed, twisted and tossed on the water. Many were dashed against the mountainous sides of the narrow valley until they were reduced to battered masses of flesh so impregnated with sand and mud, that they were scarcely recognizable as human.

Miraculous escapes, strange and curious phenomena, made the disaster a jumble of the improbable and the inexplicable. The wiping out of a happy, prosperous city aroused a wave of sympathy which found practicable outlet in hastily organized relief efforts.

The Sunday following, the Court House bell at Hollidaysburg rang nearly all day. It was ringing at once a dirge for the multitude of dead and a summons for help for the survivors. The late Patrick H. Walls, of Altoona, coal operator and confidential agent for Judge John Dean, made an impassioned speech to an assemblage of county capital citizens, from the porch of the Court House, in which he stressed the urgent need of food and clothing for those who had escaped the scourge of the waters.

Relief Movement Started

In the afternoon a mass meeting was held in the court room at which Judge Dean and various prominent public men of the county told of the horrors of the flood, which had not only destroyed the greater part of the city, but by reason of washouts along the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad and the highways, had isolated it, thereby cutting it off from supplies necessary for the sustenance of the refugees.

Soon the people of Hollidaysburg had assembled large quantities of supplies at various receiving stations, to be added to by wagon loads which were hauled in from all sections of Blair county. Covered huckster wagons and other vehicles of all descriptions hastily were impressed into service to relay the goods to Johnstown.

Confusion reigned supreme. Everybody was doing his utmost to get the relief fleet under way, with the result that haste bred a vast amount of wasted energy. It was a great occasion for the urchins of the town, who, not realizing the sad import of all the hustle and bustle, pushed themselves into the center of activity so that they were underfoot and considerable of a nuisance.

At length the first wagon loads were started off, with the late Judge

Martin G. Bell, Captain John Law and Attorney W. I. Woodcock, leading the vanguard. Captain Law was so moved by the awful plight of the ruined city that he stayed for six months, devoting his whole time and efforts to volunteer rescue work. Judge Bell, then in command of Co. C. of the National Guards, was assigned to military duty with his company for a period of three weeks. Colonel Jacob Higgins, well known to the older residents of the county, stated that although he had seen extensive service in both the Mexican and the Civil Wars, he had come in contact with nothing in his war experience to compare with the horror and destructiveness of the flood.

Cove People Lose Lives

Before the people of Morrisons Cove had had time to recover from the stupefaction induced by the news of the flood, word came that Mrs. Harry Aaron and her daughter Flora of Loysburg had been drowned. This tragedy brought the disaster close to the heart of every resident of the Cove. Mrs. Aaron, who had been Nannie Furry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Furry, of New Enterprise, and her husband, were members of old and honored families. Because of her family connection, as well as for her own charming personality, Mrs. Aaron was widely and affectionately known.

She and her young daughter were visiting the family of her sister, Mrs. Rhinehart Replogle. Mr. and Mrs. Replogle were the parents of J. Leonard Replogle, Bethlehem Steel company executive. The Replogle family and their guests had sought safety from the rising water by ascending to the second floor of their dwelling house. Receiving warning of the inundation which was sweeping down the defile following the breaking of the dam, Mr. Replogle in the nick of time laid a plank or ladder across to a nearby building which offered greater security against the force of the flood. Over this hastily improvised bridge, he and those in the house with him escaped.

That is, all escaped but Mrs. Aaron and Flora. In their haste and bewild-

erment, none of the family noticed that Mrs. Aaron and the girl had not joined them. Perhaps overcome at the imminence of death, they resigned themselves to their fate. At any rate the maelstrom had swallowed them up before anyone could go back to rescue them. They were found in each others arms, kneeling at their bedside, where evidently they had knelt at prayer while the others were answering the call to escape.

The bodies were brought to Loysburg where a double funeral service was held at the Methodist Episcopal church, in the presence of a great concourse of people. They were buried in the cemetery nearby.

Family Wiped Out

As if this were not a sufficiently tragic connection which linked Morrisons Cove with the flood, a message was received that Rev. Alonzo P. Diller, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal church, his wife and two little children were drowned, thus wiping out the entire family. Mrs. Diller was a daughter of D. D. Morrell, manager of the Cambria Iron Company's operations at Henrietta.

When the first vague news of the flood trickled through to this section, Mr. Morrell tried desperately to get into communication with the stricken city in order to find out the fate of the Diller family. While he tried every means he could contrive to get in touch with some one who could give him definite information, his small son, Daniel R., rode horseback all over the central part of the Cove, in the hope that he might encounter someone who had received direct news about the extent of the disaster.

Fearing the worst, Mr. Morrell, hitched a team of horses to a buggy and started on the journey to Johnstown. He put his steadiest and most knowing horse, an old white, road-wise carriage animal, in the lead. And it was well that he did. After night fell, it was so pitch dark that Mr. Morrell was unable to see anything. He had to trust wholly to the horse sense of his lead beast. He chose the route by way of Dry Run and Portage. Frequently the horses would

come to a dead halt, with the white one hanging back and refusing to budge. On investigating when this happened, Mr. Morrell was sure to find the road over flowed. The horse would not attempt a crossing until it was given the command direct from its master.

In spite of the many handicaps to be overcome, Mr. Morrell eventually reached Johnstown, but could get no information as to the fate of the Diller family. Their names, not appearing among the list of survivors, it was assumed that they had perished.

Led by what we of today would call a hunch, the bishop of the diocese whose concern for the rector and his family was deeply felt insisted that the rescue squad dig underneath the steeple of the demolished St. Mark's church. There the bodies were discovered, lying close together. Those who knew the Morrell family sincerely shared in their sorrow.

Since last week's issue of The Herald, the reporter received a communication from Miss Nellie Morrell, of Hollidaysburg, daughter of the late D. D. Morrell, superintendent of the Cambria Iron Company operations at Henrietta, relative to the finding of the bodies of her sister, Mrs. Alonzo Diller, the latter's husband, and their two children, the entire family having been victims of the Johnstown flood.

The bodies of Rev. and Mrs. Diller, their two children and their maid were carried a distance of two and one-half squares and deposited in the garden of the former home of D. J. Morrell, a cousin of D. D. Morrell. After the death of D. J. Morrell, who had been general manager of the Cambria Iron Company, the residence had been converted into a conservatory of music. The teachers in the school performed a noble service in caring for the survivors who had found refuge in the building. Some of the unfortunate refugees were without sufficient clothing, the teachers providing for he lack by making shirts, socks and other apparel out of blankets.

Many belongings of the Dillers were retrieved, among them being a

chest of silver, clothing and some furniture. Most pathetic souvenir of all, was a little trunk in which carefully folded away were some of the baby garments which had been worn by Mrs. Diller and Miss Morrell during their infancy.

High Water At Harrisburg

Among the other Cove residents to whom the high waters brought anxious moments were William H. Ake, his little daughter Mollie, Christ Mock from Martinsburg and George Potter from Waterside. Mr. Ake and the little girl were returning by railroad from the Eastern Shore of Maryland where he had gone to close business affairs incident to selling a farm there, which he had owned. Joined at Harrisburg by the other two men, the party was forced to ferry across the Susquehanna river on account of the railroad bridge having been damaged by the flood.

They planned to row across the river in the same boat, but the oarsman demurred. The eddies and the swiftness of the current made the crossing too dangerous for a heavily laden craft. At length Mr. Ake decided that he and Mollie would spend the night in Harrisburg.

It was well he did so, because Mr. Mock and Mr. Potter had a perilous experience. Time after time the boat was so tossed about that it nearly filled with water, necessitating constant bailing. Had Mr. Ake and his daughter gone with them, the boat undoubtedly would have sunk.

The stark pathos of the days following the catastrophe were relieved by incidents that bordered on the comical.

Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Curryville, recall that Professor William Beery, at that time teacher of music at Juniata College, was conducting singing school alternately at the Replogle Church of the Brethren at Woodbury and at the Diehl's Cross Roads church, east of Curryville. He was a guest of Rev. and Mrs. Miller, having been assigned to a sleeping room on the first floor of their home on Hickory Bottom.

"Prophet Room" Leaked

This room was so frequently oc-

cupied by visiting ministers, that the Miller family dubbed it the prophet room, a joke which they laughingly shared with the friends they entertained. The night before the Johnstown flood, the rain beat so hard against the side of the house that it leaked in above one of the windows in such streams that Professor Beery was driven out of the prophet room. He was obliged to rouse Rev. Miller to find him dry sleeping quarters. The driving force of the rain was so great that it had trickled through a crack in the weather boarding that was never before known to be there.

Professor A. Brown Miller, of Cleveland, Ohio, son of Rev. and Mrs. Miller, was then a little chap, just able to talk well. When he made the discovery the next morning that a prize brood of brown leghorn chicks had been drowned while cuddled under the mother hen's wings, he came running into the house direfully exclaiming, "Mother, mother, the blowhorn chickens are all dead."

James Gromiller, prominent Hollidaysburg retired business man, who as the genial host of the United States hotel was familiarly known to the traveling public, as well as to the county at large, had an experience that made an indelible impression on his mind, one which served as a comedy high relief against the heart rending scenes of the flood.

He and Sol Showalter, one of the Cove clan of Showalters, started for Johnstown the Tuesday following the deluge. They made the trip by horse and buggy. Up in the mountains the horse was seized with colic. In a short time it fell to the ground, so bloated that it seemed to be at the point of bursting.

Well, Mr. Gromiller set out in search of a veterinarian, stumbling on foot over two miles of rough, muddy roads. Returning with the horse doctor, he witnessed, what to him was an astounding spectacle, a sort of resurrection so to speak. The veterinarian thrust a scalpel into the flank of the animal, releasing the air which sizzled out like an exhaust from an engine. To Mr. Gromiller's amazement, the old nag taking a new lease

on life, got up and jogged on to Johnstown as though nothing had happened.

Clover Creek On Rampage

During the heavy rainfall, Clover Creek went on such a rampage that all the mill dams along its course were washed away. The dams at Henrietta and Klepser's broke, letting loose a volume of water which soon swept the retaining walls of the others away.

Joseph Crissman, of Martinsburg, Landis Kauffman, John Kauffman and John S. Burket, the latter three deceased, took advantage of the breaking of the dams to go fishing. The biggest catch they made was Landis Kauffman. Wading into the water, the current carried them beyond their depth. They all were able to swim but Mr. Kauffman. They saved him from drowning by holding him up with the net.

A curly haired boy at Cove Forge, who was immensely proud of his new cedar boat, put it to good use. A party of quarry men, working in Schmucker's hollow, were marooned by the Juniata river, which had spread out a couple of field breadths. The youthful boatman going to the rescue, rowed them across, skillfully avoiding the treacherous currents. The boy was "Fritz" Plummer, now deputy register and recorder of Blair county.

For several days following the flood, railway traffic could be carried westward only as far as Lilly, the track having been damaged between that point and Johnstown. Until railway communication was restored, the highways from all directions, were crowded with travelers bound for the ruined city.

Moved by curiosity, sheer morbidity or by the desire to help, people came from far and wide. They rode in buggies, spring wagons, carriages, anything that was on wheels. Some rode on horseback with a bag of provender for the horse slung behind them. Many walked. Some had the forethought to provide themselves with food, while others set off without money or scrap of anything to eat, trusting to a bountiful provid-

ence to provide. These folks were a detriment for the reason that they drew upon supplies that, until the railroads could operate, were all too inadequate to feed the needy flood sufferers. The great influx of visitors sadly impeded the progress of the relief work.

Sightseers Aid Relief

To the credit of the generality of the people who rushed in, the majority, although they may have come primarily to see the awful sights, remained to do their utmost to serve. But as jackals drawn by the scent of prey, there was a large number of ghouls whose sole purpose was gain. They stripped the dead bodies of money and valuables and in many instances robbed the houses that remained standing of furniture and silverware. Knowing that a man carrying a coffin had unquestioned right of way, some of these unspeakably vile creatures used a coffin as a ruse to shield their nefarious purpose. Instead of a corpse they thus carried their loot.

It would not have been surprising if the survivors all had lost their reason. Mrs. Newton Peoples, of Juniata, mother of Thomas G. Peoples, Register and Recorder of Blair county, was an eye witness of the flood. The Peoples family lived at South Fork, which was outside the danger zone. She saw the dead and the living on roofs, planks, wreckage of all kinds as they were hurled to destruction by dashing against the debris which had jammed mountain high against the Johnstown bridge. Had this obstruction given way, the casualties would have been infinitely less. As it was it acted as a barrier which backed up the water and held the wreckage. Then too fire broke out, adding its power of desolation to the scene.

Mrs. Peoples observed that while some of the poor victims sang, shrieked or prayed, most of them seemed completely dazed. It is to be hoped that having passed the extremity of terror, nature gave to these poor souls the merciful anaesthesia of unconsciousness.

Phoenix-like, Johnstown has risen:

from her ruins, a greater and a grander city. If human ingenuity can prevent it, there will never be a repetition of the flood. Never can its horror be erased so long as a single survivor remains. The cemetery at Westmont with its row upon row of marble headstones denoting the hundreds of unknown dead and the multiplicity of tombs of those identified,

will offer to posterity the most graphic record that could be written of the horrors of the Johnstown flood.

Most likely many Cove residents recollect interesting incidents connected with the flood. Perhaps some of them may feel disposed to write something about them for The Herald.

COUPLE ENJOY HONEYMOON

Eighty-six? Naturally you conclude that she has discovered some secret formula of perpetual youth. But when you hear the lilt in her voice and her infectious laugh, you know it is no secret at all. Irrepressible humor keeps her young. She gets a joyousness out of life that keeps the sunny side up in the fabric of her daily weaving.

Yet having lived so long, you know she has had sorrow. Her husband and her two sons have gone into the Great Beyond, leaving her alone. But she does not indulge her grief. There are too many lively topics for this sprightly old lady to talk about for her to elaborate on misfortunes.

Long, long ago, when she was a little girl in school, she and her little playmates would tell one another's fate by counting off the buttons on their dresses. You know how it goes: Butcher, candle-stick maker; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief; rag man, bag man, sailor, king. Always this high spirited little girl would cry, "Mine is doctor. I am going to marry a doctor when I grow up."

And she did. When she was twenty-one, she married Dr. James F. Arnold, well known pharmacist and practicing physician of Williamsburg. Roxanna Ake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs J. Snyder Ake, and grand niece of Jacob Ake, the founder of Williamsburg, was married to Dr. Arnold November 3, 1868, at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Honeymoon On Canal

Why did they have the ceremony at that unearthly hour? Because Mrs.

Arnold must have her joke, her explanation is: "If you want your man, you must take him while he is in the notion". As a matter of fact, that hour was chosen in order that they could make the packet boat, leaving shortly thereafter, on which they went on their honeymoon trip to Thompsontown.

Looking at this handsome old lady, one can well believe that she was a lovely bride as she stood in her orchid satin gown with gracefully pleated and festooned skirt draped over wide gutta percha hoops, beside the young doctor. Dr. William Gwin, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church of Williamsburg, tied the knot. Mrs. Arnold used to tell him that he had made a good job of it, too.

Gaily the young couple set out for the canal wharf which was located just above the site of the present Pennsylvania Railway station. Advised in advance that the bridal pair was to board his boat that morning, the captain had had his craft scrubbed and polished in a style to do fitting honor to the very special occasion.

While the old Pennsylvania canal was in operation, one packet boat for passenger service made a daily trip from Hollidaysburg to Huntingdon, leaving Williamsburg soon after 4 o'clock in the morning.

Dr. and Mrs. Arnold changed boats at Huntingdon, continuing the journey from that place on to Thompsontown. In its hey-day as a canal port, Thompsontown was quite a place. It prided itself on being up-to-

the-minute and at the forefront to adopt progressive ideas. The newly-weds visited among relatives of Dr. Arnold. Mrs. Arnold is sure that the leading product of Juniata county at that time was turkey. Everywhere they went they were entertained to a round of turkey dinners. She wonders that they didn't perish of indigestion.

There were several physicians in Dr. Arnold's relationship, among them Dr. Grubb, who was well known beyond the boundaries of his county as an infallible diagnostician. Mrs. Arnold tells of a remarkable incident which evidenced his capability in this direction. Afflicted with an incurable disease, Dr. Grubb calmly studied its progress. During its last stages he looked searchingly at his eyes in a mirror. Turning away, he remarked that he would not last beyond a certain date. Strange to relate he died at the very time he had specified.

Settle In Williamsburg

After their return to Williamsburg, Dr. and Mrs. Arnold stayed at the bride's home until they took house-keeping in a house on Second street, between Liberty and Spring streets, which burned down some years since.

Now, that we have the bride so happily married and settled in her own home, we will turn back and commence at the beginning of the story.

Roxanna Ake was born May 14, 1847. If you are a history student that date will have an association of ideas for you. You will recall that it marked the last stages of the Mexican War. Therefore it was quite fitting that she should have been born on Palo Alto farm, which was the name her father, J. Snyder Ake, had given to his farm home. Worth Ake, a brother of Mrs. Arnold, now lives on this tract of land.

Her uncle, Henry Ake, selected the new comer's name. He chose Roxanna, the Pearl of the East, the name of the Bactrian princess, who was the wife of Alexander the Great. The pagan origin of the name offended the uncompromising Methodist scruples of one of the baby's aunts, who, disdaining the full name, insisted on calling her Anna. That, in her

estimation had the stamp of Christian orthodoxy.

At any rate, the baby thrived and, in no time at all, grew into a bounding, rollicking bundle of vitality and good humor. She avers that she was "raised on bake oven bread, washed in lye soap and lighted on her way by tallow candles and fat lamps". That is to say, these forms of illumination were in order until beau time came around. A brand new innovation in the shape of a coal oil lamp was installed in the parlor as a "beau catcher", so to speak.

Much Progress In Her Time

Born near the close of the Mexican War, Mrs. Arnold has lived through the Civil, the Spanish-American and the World Wars. That spans a vast extent of United States and world history. Computing progress in terms of illumination, she has seen the tallow candle, fat lamp, kerosene lamp and the gas light, give place to electricity.

Expressed in terms of transportation, she has seen the canal yield to the railroad, the railroad nosed out by the automobile and, foreshadowed by the government airfield and the ever increasing flock of aeroplanes which wing their way in the sky lane above Williamsburg, she has lived to see the birth of an era which may be dedicated to the superiority of the aeroplane over the automobile.

At four years of age, Roxanna started to school. Each morning her father lifted her up to the saddle behind her brother and away they went horse-back riding to school. Usually they had a sack of dried cherries or some other offering from the home larder, which her mother wished delivered to some neighbor in town.

The Ake family must have been quick to adopt any novelty that promised to add variety to the winter bill-of-fare. For instance, at the time when many folks living in the Cove, called tomatoes love apples and raised them merely as a garden ornament, Mrs. Arnold's mother canned them. The process, as compared to present day methods, was pretty tedious.

Mrs. Ake used tin cans without lids.

After cooking them and putting them in the cans, she sent Roxy and Worth driving in to town to Mr. Fluke, the tinner, to have him cut lids out of sheet tin after which he soldered them to the cans. When the cans were thus tightly sealed, the children took them back home for storage in the cellar against the time some winter day when they would be brought up for table use.

Roxy wasn't above playing occasional tricks on teacher. One, which appeals to her memory as having been particularly ridiculous, has to do with her taking a turkey leg to school. Taking a bite herself, she passed it on down the line, each of her classmates taking a bite behind the safety of their desks. The desks by the way were box-like, fitted with a hinged lid which could be lifted. It is safe to say that the desks were made the repositories of other things besides books and a slate with pencil attached by a string, which made up the pupils' equipment on the road to learning.

Time speeds on. Mother has let a tuck or two out of Roxy's wide skirts. She is twelve years old. Here is a daguerrotvne of a pretty, wide-eyed girl, who as a token that she has reached the estate of young ladyhood, is wearing her first pair of lace mitts. She sits very solemn and erect, with her hands spread straight out in front, for fear that the camera might miss those wonderful mitts

Attend Williamsburg Academy

A few years later she was sent to school at the Williamsburg academy. These exclusive private institutions of learning, which functioned in nearly every town in the Cove, offered a course similar to our present high school curriculum, except that Latin and the higher mathematics were specialized, while little attention was paid to the sciences.

Instructors whom Mrs. Arnold recalls were two Professors Stewart, brothers, and Professor Rollins. Discipline was rigid and any breach of etiquette or social deportment was severely censured. It was unthinkable that young ladies should arrange their hair, powder their noses, or even

look in a mirror in the presence of others.

A schoolmate of Mrs. Arnold's came in late one morning. Breathless with haste and flustered, the girl tidied her hair after she had taken her seat. Waiting until she had finished, Professor Stewart reprimanded her by remarking: "That was a very interesting demonstration. Hereafter you will make your toilette at home". The girl was embarrassed to tears.

None of the boys would have thought of departing from the code of gentlemen, which positively banned language in the presence of ladies which might offend their sensibilities. Mrs. Arnold recalls an instance of one of the boys controverting a statement she made to two other girls, whereby he gave it a somewhat off-color twist in the meaning. The young ladies evidenced their resentment by turning their backs and walking off with high heads. Greatly chagrined, the young man apologized, later sending a formal note of regret to Mrs. Arnold.

As an illustration of the way the fathers of the earlier generations instructed their sons, Mrs. Arnold told that when William Ake, after whom Williamsburg was named, became twenty-one years of age, his father, Jacob Ake founder of Williamsburg, took him to the door of their home and said: William, you are twenty-one years old today. Look around you. Your fortune will be what you make it."

When J. Snyder Ake, Mrs. Arnold's father, attained his majority, his father, Joseph Ake, gave him some money to take a trip on the canal. Returning, the young man complained that the money was counterfeit. His father replied: "Yes, my son, the money was counterfeit. Use your eyes."

Those were the days when the city chap liked to show off his superiority while visiting his "dumb" country cousins. A young Philadelphian of this time, visiting at the home of Jane Davis, a friend of J. Snyder Ake, gave an example of his smartness. Noticing that the candle required snuffing, he asked Jane for the snuffer by saying: "Please extend to me

that insignificant digest until I defalcate this nocturnal solemnity." After Jane got through telling him what she thought, he was convinced he hadn't made much of a hit with his high-priced words.

Much Travel Despite Slowness

Considering the slowness and discomfort of the modes of transportation in those days there was a surprising amount of travel. Trips were made to Philadelphia or Pittsburgh by either the canal or over the old Huntingdon-Indian turnpike. Inns were conveniently numerous along the highway. Everyone stopping along the road was greeted with the salutation, "How d'ye do. Where are you from?"

An uncle of Mrs. Arnold, who frequently drove from Williamsburg to Pittsburgh, was accustomed to answer such friendly curiosity with, "Philadelphia." Once this occasioned him one of life's embarrassing moments. Obligated to take shelter at a place during a snow storm he gave the City of Brotherly Love as his place of residence when to his discomfiture, he was hailed by a party who wanted to know how the home folks were in Williamsburg.

Replying to the question as to what amusements the young folks of her day resorted to, Mrs. Arnold said the most entertaining diversions were the school exhibitions. Of course, there were picnics and sledding parties. She never played cards or danced. She enjoyed going to the weekly Bible class at the minister's and she well remembers the camp meetings which were held in the grove on the Ake farm, which stood just north of where the Orphans' Home is now. Food must have been provided for or brought by the visitors, because a series of caves had been dug in the grove in which provisions were stored.

Of course, the postoffice was a sort of community center. Everyone went for mail when the stage coach brought it in at 11 o'clock each forenoon. The stage left with the outgoing mail at 4 o'clock in the morning for Hollidaysburg, and another left later for Huntingdon. There was

dearth of postoffice, since there was one each at Yellow Springs, Shafferville, Water Street and Alexandria. Mrs. Arnold recalls that William A. Fluke was the postmaster at Williamsburg and Joe Slonaker and John McGunigal were hack drivers.

Matches were introduced while she was growing up. Before that her fathers was called on once in a while to ride in to town after a "spark" when the fire had gone out. Her first pair of "gum" boots were such a curiosity that all her little pals at school insisted on trying them on. They were perhaps the very first pair of rubber foot wear to appear in Williamsburg.

Scenes And Times Changed

Well, all that was long, long ago. In this changing world, but little is left of the town she knew in her youth. Old friends, old land marks are gone. The last packet boat made its farewell trip in 1873. As the first railway locomotive steamed in to Williamsburg, the last boat floated down the canal, passing out of local ken forever. Wharves, ware houses have long since disappeared. But in the chambers of memory time does not blot out the loved scenes of yester year.

Mrs. Arnold, who lives with her niece, Mrs. Chalmer Stone, at 101 High street, is surrounded by fine old family heirlooms. The beautiful cherry bedroom suite, polished in its natural oil to a mellowed, soft lustre, has been in the Ake family two hundred years. In perfect preservation, it is so old, its history is lost. A long, green settee is equally as old.

One of her most highly prized possessions is a lavishly decorated cabbas (pronounced cabba) or sewing cabinet. It was given her by her Uncle Henry. Contained in it, is his card of presentation on which he wrote: Bought this Box in the fall of 1850 as a Present to my dear little niece Roxanna as a memento

H. L. AKE.

Dr. Arnold died in October of 1905. The sons, Percy and Harry also have passed away. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Arnold may be granted many more happy years of life.

Cove Farmer Is Dilling Ancestor

Washington Crossing the Delaware! There is not a true American whose heart does not respond to the drama of that cold and blustery Christmas night which marks the victory at Trenton.

And well it may. For it was the turning point of the Revolution.

The cause of the Colonists had reached such low ebb that it was perilously close to being lost. Only the indomitable will of Washington, coupled with a magnetism which held his subordinates in the circle of his influence, making his wish their law, kept that ragged, unpaid little army together.

You'll remember how, as children in school, we thrilled to the strategy which won it. The Red Coats, secure in the belief that Providence was on their side, insofar that the Colonial army would be forestalled in any attempt to cross the river both by reason of the floating ice and the lack of boats, proceeded to celebrate Christmas in Philadelphia. The contrast afforded by the plenty and the comfort they enjoyed as they feasted and merrily pursued the social round, to the hunger and privation of the Revolutionists, throws the seeming hopelessness of the struggle in high relief.

At any rate, the British and their Hessian mercenaries were in mellow mood. They were having a grand and glorious time until the guns of the enemy reverberated on their astonished ears. Washington's surprise attack won him not only a notable victory, but much needed supplies.

Prisoner Becomes Good Citizen

Among the thousand prisoners the Colonials captured, most of whom were Hessians, was Casper Dilling. When we learn that Casper Dilling was the ancestor of all the Dillings in Morrisons Cove and the whole United States, our interest in the Battle of Trenton takes on new and familiar significance. When we know that one of the Cove pioneers fought

under Washington, it brings the Revolutionary War into our family circle, so to speak.

According to tradition, there are two versions as to the manner by which Mr. Dilling was transferred to the American military service. One story has it that he deserted the British and made his escape to the enemy ranks. Pursued by the Red Coats, he took refuge behind a wine cask. Hot on his trail, the soldiers delegated to find him, came up to the cask. Giving it a kick, one of them remarked to his companion, "Well, the little Dutchman couldn't possibly hide behind that."

The other story, as it is told by some of the descendants of the gallant Hessian, relates that following the capture of his prisoners, General Washington assigned half the number to service in the Colonial army and freed the others on condition that they would settle on government lands on what was then the western frontier. They availed themselves of the opportunities thus offered and in course of time became staunch American citizens.

While their advent furnished good sturdy stock to the amalgamation of peoples and blood which has made the United States a racial melting pot, it is asserted that they, unwittingly brought with them the Hessian fly, which has become such a destructive wheat pest in this country. This insect was transported with supplies sent for the soldiers' use.

As a reward for loyal service, Casper Dilling was promised a grant of land in a location of his own choosing. Eventually he drifted to the Conococheague Creek district and from there pushed westward, crossing Tussey mountain. The valley spread out before him, as he first surveyed what is now Morrisons Cove, must have looked good to him. A fair prospect indeed, it must have been, as it lay beneath him, in all the glory of its pristine aspect.

Settles In Morrisons Cove

Most likely he thought to himself, "This is a good land. Here will I abide henceforth." Here was home; here was freedom; a new start in life and a new deal. From bondage to a king who sold his services as cannon fodder to the highest bidder, to the estate of an independent land owner, was a transition that must have seemed too good to be true. Doubtless the little German, who hoped to be a good American felt as if he was living out one of those fairy tales in which the literature of the Vaterland so richly abounds.

His grant of land consisted of 600 acres, now comprising the Gilbert Dilling farm owned by Homer Bechtel, the Elvin Baker, Harvey Ebersole, the Clav Bank farms and part of the W. H. C. Brumbaugh heirs tract in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. Here he built a log house near where the present Gilbert Dilling residence stands. Barn, blacksmith shop, log pig and hen pens soon followed. In the meantime he had married. As the years passed twelve children, six sons and six daughters, were born into the family. As they all but two lived to maturity, married and, presumably had large families of their own, you will realize that the Dillings are a numerous clan. They have followed the westward trend of emigration until today there are Dillings in every state between Pennsylvania and the Golden Gate. Farmers, professional and business men, the descendants of the Revolutionary soldier, are responsible citizens wherever they reside.

However, before this happy state of affairs could come into being, Casper Dilling had to conquer the wild. The land had to be cleared, seeded, cultivated and stocked with cattle, sheep and hogs. That new land must be made to yield all the necessities of life: Food from the soil, clothing from the sheep and flax and, in the little blacksmith shop, with its all too meagre supply of precious imported iron, tools and horse shoes must be beaten into shape. Unceasing tasks, coupled with constant vigilance to

protect himself and family from the Indians, his sheep from the wolves and his swine from the bears which infested the surrounding forest, was his lot.

You'd never guess how he got his flour. The big farm was self-sufficient and self-sustaining except that there was no equipment to grind the grain into flour. When a grist of flour was needed he and his neighbors loaded the sacks of grain on pack horses and trekked over the mountain to Conococheague.

Traditions Of Grandparents

Abner Dilling a well known farmer of Piney Creek and descendant of Casper Dilling, related to The Herald reported, that he often heard his grandmother tell, when he was a little codger, that the pioneer settlers followed an elk trail across Tussey mountain to go to Conococheague to mill. This trail, all vestige of which is gone long since, began at the foot of the mountain just east of Fredericksburg close to where the present highway is, but its course veered to the south-east from that point.

Those were fascinating stories the old grandmother told. Sagas of Indian raids and encounters with wild beasts.

While at work in that primitive smithy on the Dilling farm, a group of men was surprised by a war party of Indians. The whites, taken unawares, were at the mercy of the savages. They looked for nothing other than immediate butchery at their hands. However, by signs and the few words at their command, the Indians made known to their captives that if the latter would make the raiders tomahawks, their lives would be spared. Under the watchful eyes of the savages, the smiths forged the weapons. Receiving them the Red Skins departed, having made no attempt at further molestation.

Of course, these accounts are tradition. But when one considers how much of the history of the race has been preserved by tradition, it must be given due credit insofar that it has salvaged from obscurity, some of the most interesting and colorful incidents of the past. Certainly the

young of the generations could have experienced no more attractive method of gaining knowledge than to get it by word of mouth as they sat at the feet of their elders. It seems a pity that the hurry and scramble of the present times has put the pleasant family groups and leisurely discussion of other days and other ways out of the picture of home life.

Wolf at the Door Was Real

Wolves were the bane of existence to Casper Dilling and his contemporaries. The howl of the wolf, the high, long-drawn out wail of the wild cat and "painter" (panther), were commonplace sounds on pioneer nights. The wolf cry was an alarm that roused the early settler out of his bed. The beasts roved in packs, seeking prey. None was more to their liking than the tender flesh of the sheep which were an absolute essential to frontier existence. The sheep meant mutton as well as next winter's overcoat. The farmer defended his flock to the limit of his patience, endurance and ingenuity, matching human intelligence against the animal cunning of one of the slyest of the marauders of the night.

So sly were these animals, that it seldom was possible to shoot them. They seemed to sense when a man was lying in wait for them. Experience had taught the Colonists that the best way to exterminate them was by trapping. Eventually their numbers were decimated until the last wolf was caught.

Abner Dilling well remembers hearing his grandmother tell about the last black wolf in the Cove. You all are familiar with the famous painting, "The Lone Wolf." It depicts a wolf standing in the snow, defying the twinkling lights in the distance, which mark the scattered homes, habitations of his natural enemy, who is driving the creature of the wild to his last stand.

Equally lonely must have been the last black wolf of Morrisons Cove. He was not known to fraternize with his next of kin, his red brethren. Solitary and alone, he slunk through

the woods, seemingly taking an unholy delight in carrying off the lambs from the settlers flocks. He had become so adept at evading the efforts of the men in the community to get him, that they despaired of ever being able to effect his capture. Guns, traps, nothing they could contrive, availed to lay him low. He out-witted them at every turn. So keen was the contest between them and the beast, that every man and boy was on his mettle to capture the black demon.

At length, one of them, and who that nameless hero was probably never will be revealed, learned by vigilant watching that Black Wolf was in the habit of stepping on a certain stone as he crossed a rivulet which flowed through the original Casper Dilling tract. Skilfully concealing a trap under the stone, the wolf at long last was caught. Wolf, captor, stone and even the stream are gone. Strange to say, the stream disappeared at the time the iron ore was mined at Rebecca Furnace. Excavations were made at the foot of the mountain nearby which deflected the course of the stream so that it sank from sight on the western side of the mountain, only to emerge on the other side.

"Du Lieber, pap, get up and get your gun quick. There's a pig squealing. I'll bet that nitznootzick bear has got it. Mebbe this time you'll have his hide for a lap robe. Might as well quit raising hogs for the bears to eat."

You'd never believe there was a time when bears were so plentiful in the Cove that they were an ever present menace to pigs and sheep. But in our endeavor to picturize the Cove as it was in Casper Dilling's time and for a generation or more succeeding him, it is necessary to bring the bears into the foreground of frontier life.

Henry B. Stonerook, postmaster at Curryville, well remembers the pig pen on the farm of his grandfather, Christopher Stonerook, which was built of logs to protect the swine from the bears, who ambled down from the den on Tussey's mountain south

east of where Henrietta now is, and snatched a pig every chance they got. Hogs could be raised only at the price of everlasting vigilance. The bear den on the mountain still can be plainly identified.

Those hardy old pioneers did not particularly enjoy a long continued downpour of rain. They never could be too sure that the thatched roofs would be water proof. Thatched roofs? Certainly. The first settlers thatched their buildings with straw. Shingles were not evolved until a later period during which the necessary machinery had been incorporated into the equipment of saw mills in the community. It is really remarkable how weather tight those straw roofs were. Scarcely any one is living in the Cove today who is versed in the art of laying and tying the straw on the rafters so that it will resist storms and turn water.

You can imagine what a cozy harboring place a thatch would be today for rats and mice. Old timers declare that the rat is a comparatively recent acquisition. This destructive rodent was virtually unknown here in Casper Dilling's life time.

Ancestors Were Resourceful

Should it occur to you to wonder what those self-reliant colonists, isolated in a community cut off from the rest of the world, did for coffee, the information is offered that they grew coffee in their gardens. No, not Java coffee. But for generations after Casper Dilling had been laid to rest, his descendants still grew a plant, which served as an excellent substitute for coffee.

It is a favorite theme of ambitious authors to visualize existence of their leading characters, whom they cast for shipwreck on a desert island. Makeshifts resorted to by our resourceful ancestors would make a story just as interesting, were they given a scribe capable of setting forth the manner by which they circumvented their limitations.

We have advanced with them to the stage where we see cleared, stump strewn fields, cut out of the enveloping forests and dotted with log cabins and stables, thatched with straw. A

blacksmith shop and a distillery are in operation. Tired of the long trail to Conococheague Creek to have their flour ground, the settlers decided to put up a grist mill of their own, an undertaking far superseding any they have heretofore attempted.

Build First Mill In Cove

Gathering together all the horses readily obtainable they set out for Loysburg Gap to quarry huge stones of granite formation. These weigh tons apiece. Following their excavation, they must be laboriously chiseled and chipped into an upper and a lower grinding stone. Rigged to a water wheel, revolved by the current of Clover Creek, in due time the first rude burr grist mill is brought into being. Now, the community is as independent from the rest of the world as if it indeed were on a desert island, far removed from other human habitation.

What about sugar, you ask? How did they sweeten that home grown coffee substitute? Since that was before the fad for reducing was adopted, they used sweetening. They put palatableness above a concave waist line. They used chickory and burnt molasses to flavor the coffee.

According to the census of Bedford county, compiled in 1840, as it is reproduced in I. Daniel Rupp's history of Adams, Bedford, Dauphin, Franklin and Perry Counties, published in 1846, to which the reporter had access, through the kindness of Abner Dilling, there were 3,207 lbs. of sugar produced in Bedford county. This included maple sugar and sugar made from sorghum corn. Of course you will remember that Blair county was not organized until 1846.

Listed among the other manufactures which long since have been abandoned, are hats and caps, valued at \$3,200; 22 tanneries, with an output of 6,546 sides of sole leather and 4,847 upper; 9 distilleries, total manufacture, 40,600 gallons; powder mill, 4,000 lbs.; 12 potteries, with an estimated output of \$5,350 worth.

Samuel Stonerook Operated Kiln

Pottery kilns did a flourishing business in our early history. Again giving Henry B. Stonerook as authority,

we shall try to visualize one of these primitive plants. Mr. Stonerook well remembers a kiln operated by his uncle, Samuel Stonerook, just south of what was called Stonerook's Hill near Henrietta. After the clay was dug, it was ground until it was finely pulverized. Mixed with water to make mud of the proper consistency, the potter slapped the required quantity on a turning lathe which was worked by means of a foot pedal. Thus molded into shape, the potter stuck his thumb near the upper edge to score the rim as the lathe revolved. With another couple of rapid motions, he modeled lumps of mud on the sides for handles, and presto! there was a crock, jar, bowl or pitcher. These vessels of mud were stood on the floor by the kiln shack until they were dried, ready for baking in the oven. Salt was thrown on the pottery to give it a glaze.

All this was a fascinating operation to Mr. Stonerook when he was a boy. It looked to him and his pals like a kind of glorified mud pie factory. Frequently they tried their luck at making crocks, but the clay would never be tractable in their hands. All they made was mud and nothing else. As a climax, they usually engaged in a mud throwing battle, which acted as a detriment to clothing and their mothers' patience.

While the scope of this article does not admit of a sufficiently detailed description to convey much idea of the way our earliest manufactures were made, the references will serve to give the reader an appreciation of the ingenuity and resourcefulness of our forefathers. Their conquest of the wilderness was epic. So adequately did they cope with the primitive that in the space of a single generation, their rude cabins began to give place to the spacious colonial houses of brick and of stone, which still are the pride of our country side. If we could imagine ourselves in their situation, I fear our achievements would fall far short of measuring up to their record.

Story Of First Dilling

We have tried to give a bird's eye view of the Cove as it was in Casper

Dilling's life time. Now, we shall turn our attention to him. C. B. Dilling of 618-4th Avenue, Altoona, Pa., who is so well informed on the genealogy of the Dillings, that he can trace the lineage of each descendant back to the Revolutionary founder of the American Dillings, kindly gave the present writer the following data relative to his ancestor of four generations removed.

In the first place Mr. Dilling believes that Casper Dilling did not desert the Red Coats at Philadelphia, but at Baltimore. He does not have the documentary testimony descriptive of his service in the American army, but the fact that he received a grant of 600 acres of land, is proof of such service. As a matter of fact there were three Hessian soldiers who were given land grants in the Cove. Besides Mr. Dilling, there were John Daley and a man named Ditch, presumably Abraham Ditch, although the reporter was unable to verify his first name. You will readily see that a large percentage of our citizens are eligible to membership in the Daughters and the Sons of the American Revolution, through descent from these heroic pioneers.

Casper Dilling was born Feb. 25, 1759, near Hessen, Germany. At the time of the Battle of Trenton, therefore, he was two months under his 18th anniversary. He married Christina Puterbaugh, born in Franklin county Jan. 19, 1767, the year of their marriage probably being 1786 or thereabout.

As was indicated in the foregoing, the bridegroom was a little man. His bride was an unusually large woman, who bequeathed to many of her descendants the large stature and great physical strength for which the Dillings are justly noted.

Raise Large Family

There were twelve children born to this union of whom two died in infancy. The surviving ten grew to maturity. They were: George, born March 8, 1788; Casper, born Dec. 4, 1788; John, born March 11, 1791; Conrad, born April 12, 1793; Catharine, wife of Henry Daley, born Jan. 27, 1795; Jacob, born April 14, 1797;

Henry, born October 24, 1799; Elizabeth, wife of Matthew Shields; Christina, wife of Henry Fisher, born Dec. 9, 1803; Susanna, wife of Solomon Casner.

Casper Dilling was a Catholic, but since his wife was Protestant, the children, as well as the succeeding generations, have been members of various of the Protestant denominations. Owing to dissension then existing between the adherents of the two faiths, there was some controversy as to where Casper Dilling's body should be laid, following his decease.

The body was buried in the old cemetery at Rebecca Furnace, but the exact spot is not definitely known. In those days, native lime stone was customarily used for gravestones. As it readily yields to erosion, the inscriptions have long since been erased.

Although his earthly resting place may not be exactly known, the example of courage, resourcefulness and upright character Casper Dilling has left to posterity, is a greater claim to distinction than any monument of marble or granite possibly could be.

HONAS UND BEVY

Jeck, doo undt de Nance hetta sulla nooner un Washington gwest un der Inauguration. Ich kon iche saugha so en wish lidte es tsumma gwest waer doe, hov ich my lepdawk in my laevas tsidte nuch net gseana. Es waer lidte doe foon oll iver de gons weldt, undt Jeck so shaeny wipe slidte undt hoach heet oof de menner era kep, de Bevy hut wella es ich anse foon selly hoachy heet awe doo set, auver ich hop net wella so en hoot waera wella, undt so hov ich my auldter kop gwora. Ich undt de Bevy sin in anse foon de pictures gnoomma waera, undt mier hen en wish foon-na mit hame gabrucht, undt won doo undt de Nance en mole tsu unser blotz koomma deen weller mier de pictures wisa, undt saena ep doo unse finna kenna oof anse foon de pictures, mier hen iver soondawk gablivva in Washington, es hut en dale lidte mich gnoomma fer en bredicher, ennyhow, ich undt de Bevy waera un fersomning gwest in der Capitol, doe deen sie bredicha, undt singa yusht wie sie deen doe dahame, auver olygabut doot en wipemench off shtae, undt awefonga grisha undt en yocht mocha yusht es wie de wildtkotza olse gmocht hen wie ich undt de Bevy nuch yoong waera, drouse im bush, undt de lidte es in dem kar-rich kaera denka des iss goot singes, well ich kon mich net so glauva mocha.

Well ennyhow mier hen en gooty tsidte kot, undt es hut nemondt awe glust es won aer der Rooseveldt sheesa wet, ich denk sitter es ich der Bresident gsæna hop, undt ean haera shwetsa, hut aer mae frindt es aer kot hut der tsidte es aer der Hoover gabutta hut un der Election, undt ich hop tsu de Bevy gsaukt es oll de lidte setta tsu sime bookle shtae, undt grisha fer ean, undt sie hut gmaendt es sell waer yoosht wos der Gifford tsu era gsaukt hut, undt aer hut tsu era gmaendt es aer waer der gons tsidte fer ean gwest, ich wase net ep sel wore iss utter net, auver won der Rooseveldt olles doot es aer dadte gliche, denk ich es soch wort besser sie gli, mier sin hame koomma um soondawk nocht undt hen de oyer gsoocht ep mier tsu bet gonga sin, es waer yoe shoon holver tswie oor wie mier in der house koomma sin, de Bevy kon besser faura nochts es im dawk, sie maendt es net so feel kaars im gong sin nochts, undt es hut net so feel kals es mier watcha deen nochts.

Freeyore iss bol doe now, ollymole es ich shriva doo koompts naecher freeyore es es waer der letsht mole, undt ich hop yusht ouse gfoonna es mier greagha witter ni-ey nuchbera den airsht opbril, ich wase net we feel ni-ey lidte es doe tseagha deen, undt ich wase net nuch ep sie shwotz utter wise sin, ep sie aurum utter

riche sin, ep sie fechta utter net, de Bevy saukt es mier missa nix enocht foon-na nemma won sie net shaeny lidte sin, undt biss mier ouse finna missa mier yoosht waerdta undt har-richa, undt wincha, es doot mich dinga es ich daedt glichha won en dale recht shaeny madte es glhcha donza en dale foon-na waer, auver de Bevy het gaern es net tsu feel madte mit-na koomma deen, sie denkt olse nuch es ich bin tsu nar-rish de madte noach, auver ich lase Olse im shrift es mier setta unser nuchbera leava, undt ich sauk de Bevy olse es mier setta de shrift mae laesa undt fullya, auver wos denksht doo Jeck, es de Bevy mier olse saugha doot, won ich so eppas saugha doo, sie maendt es es hut net im shrift es en auldt mon narrish sie st waerra iver shaeny madte, sie hut gmaendt der shrift hut onner soch es ich net so feel enocht nemma doo es de shaeny madte, undt ich kendt sie net wisa ennichwoo in der shrift woo mier laesa kenna ennich eppas weagha shaeny madte, ferlicht bin ich narrish, ich denk es shier oll de lidte es auldt waera koomma so, denksht net Jeck?

Well es iss boll tsidte witter es ich oof hare shriva, ich haer de Bevy ins house rie koomma, sie waer niver gwest hidte de nuchbera psoocha hidte undt sie helfa retty mocha tseagha, sie glicht helfa tseagha auver ich gliche net so goot lidte helfa aweck tsu tseagha, won mier net wissa waer nie tseagha doot. auver de Bevy maendt es ich bin tsu foul tsu helfa, undt ich luss sie yusht so shwetsa, wos onishter kon ich doo? ? Es koompt now en kaar der lane nooner geagha unser house, ferlicht sin sie de lidte woo do haer tseagha deen den freeyore, undt now sin sie doe undt es hut ferhoftich tswie shaeny madte es foon de kaar koomma, undt now will ich oof haera. Farrewell.

HONAS UNDT BEVY.

YOU HAVE NOT FAILED

By F. C. DODSON

At eventide we often pause,
Back o'er the day we scan
And think perhaps how useless it
Has been as moments ran.
So little progress do we make,
Of none we're still afraid;
The day, I'm sure was not all lost,
If sometime you have prayed.

Today, a fraction of your life,
Must add unto the whole,
And one by one our deeds must mount
As each year takes its toll.
So ere you close your eyes tonight,
And think of what you've done,
Remember that you have not failed
If you have helped someone.

If you have said a tender word,
Performed a kindly deed,
The fruitage sure has been worth
while
For love has been the seed.
Do not despair, He understands,
And guards with watchful eye;
Good deeds and prayers are acts of
love,
And love can never die.

HERALDINGS

Items from grandfather's diary:

May 10, 1857—Season very backward; no appearance of leaves in the woods; farmers not done sowing oats, and no corn planted. Feed scarce and high; potatoes \$1.25 per bushel.

May 20, 1857—Knob white with snow.

May 31, 1857—Whit Sunday; fine growing weather, but corn not up.

Hard times just setting in; rye, \$1.00 per bushel, corn the same price, oats .75, and flour \$9.50 per barrel. If when he first met failure,

Each one had said, "I quit,
I've tried my best, and lost out,
What is the use of it?"

Where then would be our progress

If we got just a try?

One unsuccessful effort

Does not disqualify.

Little Sallie' Took Interest In Gypsies

How would you like to pass a Gypsy camp every morning on your way to school? I am afraid the teacher would have to chalk up a good many tardy marks against you, because there would be so many unusual things to see that the temptation to linger would be irresistible. These strange wanderers of the by-roads of the earth preserve habits and customs of living which excite the curiosity of grown-ups, let alone that of a school girl whose mind is eagerly receptive to new impressions.

That Gypsy camp is one of the most clearly etched recollections from the store house of the past, garnered throughout the long life of Mrs. Sarah Stonerook of Martinsburg. She is past 86, her birth date being September 11, 1846. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Snyder lived just south of Curryville on the farm now owned by W. N. Keith and on which he and his wife and his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Bechtel, live.

The environs of Curryville looked very different then. Much of that smooth, fertile acreage, with its abundant productivity gives but little indication that in the memory of some who are still living those fine farms have been reclaimed from the forest. Timber lands known as the "grubby" covered a large portion of the land now comprising the Scott Fluke, I. F. Zook, Rev. L. B. Hoover, I. G. Kauffman, A. B. Miller and Harry Gahagan farms. The grubby was closely covered with scrub oak, jack pine and a dense undergrowth that was almost impassable.

Immediately south west of where Curryville now stands was a tract of larger, more desirable timber. In the field now adjoining the homes of Vernon Stayer and Mrs. Esther Stayer, a colliery was in operation. Above the tree tops hung clouds of smoke which constantly issued from this flourishing industry, which burned charcoal to supply the ore furnaces at Bloomfield.

Gypsies Stay All Winter

Huge wagons or coal beds drawn by a string of eight or ten mules or horses awaited their turns to take on loads of smouldering charcoal. This was an interesting sight, but to young "Sallie" Snyder it was not half so interesting as the Gypsy camp. The encampment was right along the road, close to the colliery. They stayed for an entire winter. Mrs. Stonerook says they pitched four large schooner wagon shaped tents in the form of a quadrangle, with the doorways or entrances facing an open space in the center.

In this common center they kept a roaring fire burning continuously. This was the cook fire and the only means of heating the tent dwellings. It always was a mystery to the girl, who stopped on her way to school to take a peek at the encampment, how those fabric tents escaped becoming ignited from the sparks which spluttered upward in a gay, undulating dance in the air.

While this was so long ago that Mrs. Stonerook does not clearly remember what the Gypsies looked like, she retains a vivid impression of many horses being tethered to the trees. She has a distinct recollection also of brightly colored, rich looking finery that the women hung out on the bushes on wash days. Handsome materials, decorated with embroidery and laces, never failed to intrigue the feminine fancy of the juvenile Sallie. The Gypsies seemed to be well supplied with money. They bought their necessities, the farmers thereabouts making few complaints of petty thefts.

Fortune Telling Popular

Of course, there were fortune tellers among them. People came from far and near to cross the sooth-sayer's palm with money in exchange for a reading of the future. The Snyder family was not much interested in having their fortunes told, the idea not being in accord with their religious convictions. However, one of the fortune tellers, who frequently made

friendly calls on the family, looking at Baby Cyrus playing on the floor, predicted another child would come into the family. Little Cyrus clung to his title of baby for seven years. The Gypsy's prophecy was almost forgotten, when, sure enough, along came a new arrival just as the fortune teller had foretold. The new comer was named Minnie. She is Mrs. Minnie Smith of Martinsburg. She is the youngest of eight. The full roster of the Snyder's is: Sarah Stonerook, Elizabeth Carper, deceased, late of Curryville; David R. Snyder, of Curryville; Essie Robinson, deceased, late of Iowa; William Snyder, of Nebraska; a girl who died in infancy; Cyrus Snyder, deceased, late of Wyoming, and Mrs. Minnie Smith.

The Gypsies are a proud race, guarding their peculiar tribal rites and customs jealously from the outside world. Therefore it was a mark of high esteem when a messenger from the camp arrived to ask a special service of Mrs. Snyder. Following her arrival at the Gypsy headquarters, a baby was born to the fortune teller whom Mrs. Snyder had befriended. Dr. Fred Bloom of Martinsburg had been called in. Both he and Mrs. Snyder received the shock of their lives when one of the tribeswomen plunged the infant into a tub of ice cold water as its first acquaintance with the rigors of a cruel world.

No warm water, not even woolen blankets were permitted the new little Gypsy. But it thrived and got along as well or better than children who are given a more comfortable reception. It is no wonder the Gypsies are a hardy race, considering their start in life. They are good examples of the theory of the survival of the fittest.

Water Supply Scarce

There was a well on the Snyder farm, hand dug, and equipped with a windlass, as were all the wells at that time. Since Mr. Snyder kept a herd of nine or ten cows and perhaps as many more young cattle, it was entirely too laborious to draw up sufficient water for them to drink. That would be almost an endless task. A much easier way was to have Sallie

drive the live stock to the pond on the Isaac Burket (now A. B. Miller) farm, which lay just across the road from Christley Smaltz's.

As soon as the cattle were let loose, with blat and snort, they flung up their tails and away they ran, scattering all through that wild and woolly grubby. Such a heart-rendering time as little Sallie had to collect them in a bunch. Running breathlessly to get one out-law in line, one or two others would be sure to gallop off in the opposite direction. Tired over-heated and crying, she was only too glad to go in to Granny Smaltz's to rest and to listen to the tchick, tchick of sympathy the good old lady consoled her with. Well she knew what hard work it was to drive cantankerous cattle so far through the woods. Mrs. Smaltz had a hard time to keep the family drinking pail filled. She went to Daniel Diehl's well, nearly half a mile away, and carried a bucket full home on her head. She did not mind it greatly, as she could walk as briskly with a two-and-a-half or three gallon pail of water on her head as when she had no burden to bear.

Father Snyder was inclined to scold when Sallie, bringing the cattle home, was worked up almost into hysterics. He maintained she was just trying to shirk. So Mrs. Snyder insisted that he try it. Well, Dad did. Just once. That was enough for him. After that there was never a word said when his daughter came home with her hot little face streaked with tears. The Snyder's even drove their cows to water in winter when it was so cold the ice had to be broken on the pond. In fact, the pond was a community watering place, as nearly all the farmers in the neighborhood watered their cattle at it.

Busy Time For Little Girls

There was other work for the little girl to do in summer time. She had to rake hay and carry sheaves during haying and harvesting. But that was fun. While the men hauled the loaded wagons to the barn, she could slip off to the grubby and eat strawberries, raspberries or dewberries. Berries of all kinds grew in the woods in such

abundance that it seemed as if the supply never could be exhausted.

One day something happened that gave the little Sallie a sense of terror of the grubby for long years afterward. She had been raking the hay together, following after the men, and retrieving what had been missed. While the men were unloading the hay in the barn, she went for strawberries. It was hot. The berries tasted cool and refreshing. They were so good that she was getting away with quite a lot of them. Suddenly, a big, rough-looking man, rose up from behind a clump of bushes and said, "Little girl, if you give me a kiss, I'll give you some money."

Frightened nearly out of her wits, she ran for home as fast as she could. Children in those days were well trained. They would not have thought of making up to a stranger who accosted them. After these many years Mrs. Stonerook still can feel the panic of fear which possessed that little girl of long ago.

Time sped along and shortly the Snyder girls were grown to young ladyhood. They were old enough to participate in neighborhood social gatherings and to walk home from meeting with the beaux that lined up at the church door on the women's side of the house, and asked for the privilege of seeing the girls home.

Sallie and Lizzie frequently went to the Eschleman Church of the Brethren. It was one of the oldest churches in the Cove. It was used as a house of worship until 1874 or thereabouts when it was abandoned as a church house and converted into a dwelling. The final chapter in its career was its destruction by fire, which broke out while it still was being used as a private home. Mrs. Stonerook well remembers the simplicity of the services conducted by the pious farmers who had answered the call to preach. Among them were Revs. John Eschleman, John Holsinger, Samuel Moore, Leonard Furry and John Replogle.

When the weather was warm, it was customary for the ministers, as they took their places behind the long plain deal desk, which, by the way,

the less consecrated attendants referred to as a "counter", to shed their coats. Very solemnly they removed their coats, hanging them on nails driven in the wall back of the pulpit for that purpose. They hung their broad-rimmed hats over their coats, then in shirt sleeves and home knit galluses, they were in good shape to deliver their sermons. Their delivery lacked not for force. They turned on the full volume of their voices and had no hesitancy to pound the "counter" vigorously in emphasis of some telling point. However much their sermons may have lacked college-bred gloss and finish, they came straight from the heart and were consistently carried out in the lives of the preachers.

Boys Were Tricky

Some of the young men of the neighborhood, among whom was Daniel Snowberger, the grandfather of the present writer, played a trick on one of these good, old ministers, which must have caused him a moment's deep consternation. The minister always rode a little bay horse when he came to meeting at the Eschleman church. One dark night as he rode his mount down the tree-lined lane to the main road, doubtless lost in cogitation on the sermon he had just preached, he discovered his nag refused to budge when he came to the highway. It had paced down the lane as willingly as usual but it balked on turning out from the lane. Patting it on the neck to encourage it, the preacher sensed something was wrong. Running his hand to its head, he discovered the animal had sprouted a pair of horns just like the ones he had described the devil as wearing.

Dismounting to investigate, he soon found out that those mischievous boys had taken the saddle off his horse and had put it on a pet steer. The steer was used to traveling up and down the lane past the church but it was constitutionally opposed to going any farther.

It was in the graveyard adjoining the Eschleman church that the spook dog was seen. Numerous stories were told of the mysterious black dog which suddenly appeared to the wayfarer

passing the graveyard at dusk and, trotting along at his side for a short distance, would disappear before his eyes as suddenly as the apparition had come. There was the big, black dog in plain view and like a flash it had ceased to exist.

Woe betide the hapless victim on whom the dog tried to fawn. If it jumped up on its hind legs and tried to lay its paws on its victim's shoulders so that its breath would fan his face, it was a sure sign of death. As proof, the story was told of a young lady on whom the dog had fawned and who told of having felt its hot breath on her face. She was at a stile waiting for a girl friend to join her to go to this very church, when the dog appeared. She was so terrified that she died shortly afterward.

Little Rest For Women

The women folks on the farm hadn't much time to indulge in social pastimes. It was an old saying among them: "Man's work's from sun to sun; women's work is never done." That terse description was not much overdrawn. Beside the house work, which included spinning, sewing by hand and knitting the family stockings, mittens, galluses, hoods and hug-me-tights, and bringing up those old-fashioned, full-sized families, they worked in the fields.

Pinning their long, wide skirts around the waist and tucking the tail in the apron band behind, the women worked side by side with the men in the fields, wielding the sickle, raking grain, pulling flax, picking up potatoes and husking corn. Mrs. Stonerook remembers one of the hired girls in the Snyder home, Mary Dively, of Claysburg, who preferred field work to household tasks. She challenged any man to beat her at sickling, raking or binding sheaves. Beside a manual labor, there was the added attraction of higher wages. A woman working by the week usually was paid a dollar, but for day labor in the field she got anywhere from 66½ cents to \$1.00. If it wasn't harvest time, there were always stones to pick, and more stones to pick.

You are going pretty far into the has-been when you talk about cutting

off the grain with a sickle. Why, that implement goes back to Bible times. A cradle, which was considered a vast improvement, can scarcely be found outside a museum. But Mrs. Stonerook recalls when men and women cut the harvest with sickles and raked it together with hand rakes. That is a far cry to the modern binder, or better yet, the combination reaping and threshing outfits which operate on the western prairies.

With all that work to do, women weren't concerned much about their political rights or down-trodden condition. They were even too busy to study out grounds for divorce. Those old farmers had no fear of their wives' thoughts straying to forbidden pastures. Their presumption was that the busier a woman was, the less mischievous, and more contented she would be.

Sallie Becomes a Bride

October 13, 1870 was an auspicious day in Sallie's life, because that was her wedding day. Her bridegroom was Jacob Stonerook, son of John and Polly Stonerook of Potter Creek. The happy young couple drove to New Enterprise to have Preacher Samuel Moore tie the knot. To their dismay, they learned that he was away marrying another young pair and would not be back for several hours. The only thing to do was to sit down and wait. Noticing that the young bridegroom was somewhat impatient and ill at ease, as has been the way with bridegrooms from time immemorial, Mrs. Moore lent him one of her pipes. In the good lady's younger years it was fashionable for women to smoke just as it is now. She had contracted the habit which clung to her through life. Therefore she and Mr. Stonerook very agreeably broke the tedium of waiting by enjoying a smoke together.

The newly-weds went to house-keeping on the farm at the southern end of Hipple's Cave. One hot day while Mr. Stonerook was plowing the field adjoining the cave, he was taken with a sudden impulse to explore this subterranean curiosity. He had never been in it before, but had heard stories of the pipe organ formation of stalagmites and stalactites which join-

ed to form a great row similar to the pipes of an organ. When one hit a pipe with a rock, it gave forth a musical sound. Consequently men and boys, who ventured into the cavern thoughtlessly destroyed a creation which took centuries to produce, and the like of which perhaps can be found no where else.

Goes Through Cave In Dark

Lighting a pine knot for a torch, Mr. Stonerook entered the cave. He had gone only a short distance until the strong current of air blew out his light. Believing it to be as easy to keep straight ahead as to try to find his way back along the route he had come, he felt his way forward in that stygian darkness. Crawling along on hands and knees, with the cold water from the roof trickling down his neck, he made his way over the slippery ledge of rocks, in imminent danger of falling into the stream which had eaten this passage through the bowels of the earth. After what seemed an eternity, he saw the faint glimmer of light ahead and soon dragged himself through the narrow aperture at the southern end of the cave, to safety. Before the passages connecting the larger chambers were enlarged, getting through the cave, was a dangerous feat. Performing it without a light made it infinitely more precarious.

Mr. Stonerook bought the farm in Curryville now owned by Andrew G. Kauffman, and moved there in 1878. He continued to operate the farm until his death in 1917. During the later years of his life he erected the commodious bank barn and the handsome dwelling house which add very materially to the good appearance of the village.

As Mrs. Stonerook will tell you, she was always a home body, having no outside interests. What an attractive home it was, her friends well remember. The latch string was out, the visitor was made aware of a whole-hearted welcome. A happy, congenial atmosphere pervaded it. Good cheer, good fun and good times awaited within, as the present writer can testify from happy experience. Mr. Stonerook had a pungent wit and an

apt turn of phrase that evoked roars of laughter from the youngest guest to the oldest. While they lived in Curryville, "going to Stonerook's" was a popular pastime. The neighborliness and friendship found there were very precious.

Mrs. Stonerook and her daughter Ora moved to their present home in Martinsburg in 1919. While her health is not of the best, yet she retains the bright, good humor which has always characterized her through her long and exceptionally hard-working life.

Besides her daughter Ora, she has two sons, Ira C. Stonerook of Cleveland, Ohio, who is superintendent of mails in that city, and Simon S. Stonerook, of Altoona, superintendent of mail in the Altoona postoffice.

MOTHER'S DAY

By F C. DODSON

Each mother, 'tis to thee—
Blessing wh'er you be,
Proving the same;
We need thy tender care,
We need thy earnest prayer,
That we our cross may bear
Worthy thy name.

This day we set aside,
That we may think with pride
How that great love,
Shone forth and still does shine,
Straight from your heart to mine—
Fond mem'ries e'er shall twine
While here we rove.

Let praise to thee arise,
Thy love and sacrifice
Make us to know,
Though this is Mother's Day,
Naught that we do or say
Can in small part repay
All that we owe.

Our mothers' God, our plea,
Help us to speak out free,
Not just with flowers;
To her who gave us birth,
All things that life is worth—
Dearest of all the earth,
Mothers of ours.

Early History Never Recorded

Doubtless many of The Herald readers had the same reaction to the study of elementary American history in school that the present writer felt. All the interesting events happened some place far from home. The New England states and the Ohio River valley figured in our pioneer epoch as domains of high adventure. Blair county was not so much as mentioned in the text. Therefore to the average child mind, it was presumed not to have had any history worth recording.

Even the adult fails to realize that the conquest of any savage country is an heroic undertaking, which tries men's courage and fortitude to the limit. Nation making is no job for weaklings. Subduing nature in the rough is a sustained adventure.

Beautiful Morrisons Cove was won at a price, too, of blood and sacrifice. We are the descendants of a hardy race. Although of humble origin, they were masters of circumstances. They have handed down to us a proud heritage of independence, self-respect and the spirit to overcome life's obstacles. They have taught us not to sit down with idly folded hands waiting for the apple of fortune to fall into our laps. Their creed was the diginty of work.

Colonists Would Not Fight

As early as 1755, scattered families of German Baptists or Dunkards, in sympathy with Penn's doctrine of peace, settled in the Cove land for which, the Indians contended, no payment had been made. Being opposed to bloodshed many of these colonists fell victims to the atrocities of Chief Shingas when he raided the valley, without so much as lifting a hand in their own defense. Making no resistance, they gave themselves up to the slaughter with the prayer on their lips: "God's will be done".

Instead of according them honor as martyrs to their convictions, the more war-like colonists at Chambersburg to whom the Cove survivors fled for protection, felt resentful. They asserted that each man was in duty

bound to defend himself. As time went on, other settlers of like faith kept pouring in. Family tradition has it that there were instances when members of the sect had personal encounters with the marauders in which they proved to be more than a match for the savages. Such lapses from grace, however, were not made public.

The courageous exploit of Jacob Neff of Neff's Mill (Roaring Spring) is an exception to the general policy of silence practiced by these people, who were averse to taking outsiders very deeply into their confidence. Neff's duel with two Indians, whom he shot because he was a shade quicker on the trigger, is so well known that it has become embodied in the folk lore of the Cove.

Men willing to die for their religious scruples were not cowards. They were well qualified to subdue the wilderness. Wild beasts and incredible hardships had no terrors for them. Nor did the ever present menace of attack by wandering bands of Red Skins deter them.

Stories then current of the tortures inflicted by the Indians were not exactly reassuring as bedtime anecdotes. The bodies of victims of Shingas' massacre gave evidence of fiendish cruelty. An old woman, 93 years old, it was said, had had her breast torn off and a stake run through her body. An escaped captive belonging to an adjacent settlement, told of having seen a white woman bound to a stake while her Indian captors held hot irons to her body, burning the skin off piece by piece until a merciful death finally released her.

Naturally with stories like that fresh in their minds and with a like fate hanging over their heads, going out at night was not a glamorous experience. Being out in a back field in broad day light, where the surrounding woods might harbor the enemy, was equally as hazardous to their peace of mind.

Bedford Prominent In History

To become acquainted with some

of the most momentous high lights in early American history, one need go no farther away from home than Bedford. From data compiled in Rupp's History, which Abner Dilling of Piney Creek kindly lent to the present writer, one learns that the staid old capital of our sister county to the south of us, played a stellar role in the stirring drama of the American Revolution.

For instance, did you know that for a time Bedford was the seat of our national government?

That was in October of 1794.

The date at once suggests the Whiskey Rebellion. You will recall that the farmers of western Pennsylvania, incensed at the federal tax of four cents a gallon on whiskey, staged a tax dodging game on a grand scale. They refused to pay. Without further ado President Washington called the United States military forces to subdue the insurrectionists by power of arms.

Troops, between six and seven thousand strong, assembled at Bedford, with Washington himself at their head. Writing his general orders while stationed there, he used the heading: "United States, Bedford, Oct. 20. 1794". Therefore for a few days, the eyes of the new Republic were turned to Bedford as the most important place in the Union.

As soon as General Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry) of Virginia arrived, Washington put him in charge of the troops. It is a fact worth remembering that that was the last time a president of the United States took personal command of the federal army in the field.

The army was no motley rag-tag, either. A contemporary writer reports that Pennsylvania redeemed her reputation for loyalty by putting all her crack regiments in the field. There were Captain Lyman's regulars, well disciplined and in handsome regimentals; Captain Chun's artillery, Taylor's riflemen, Graham's volunteers, the Philadelphia Horse and McPherson's Blues, all in spic and span uniforms, with brightly polished accoutrements and proud of the precision with which they execu-

ted the manual of arms.

It was an inspiring sight, declares another contemporary reporter, to see the encampment. Tents were spread out over the commons, stretching away to the foot of the mountain. At night when the fires were lit, it gave old Bedford a display of illumination truly resplendent.

It is quite possible that the distillers in the Cove may have gone over to Bedford to take a look at the panorama of Washington's he-man army. If they did so, they must have concluded that they were engaged in a hazardous occupation for various of the stills in our valley were abandoned at that time, never to be operated again.

So far as we know there was no disposition on the part of the whiskey manufacturers in this section to evade the tax. Our forefathers had a wholesome respect for the law. Not so much from fear, as because obedience was a tenet of their faith.

Here is another one. Where did the first British fort fall into American hands?

No, guess again. It was not at Boston, Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, or any where else on the widely published New England front. Again, the answer is Bedford.

During the French and Indian Wars, citizens of the Conococheague section protested strenuously against the trade in fire arms and munitions of war which certain unscrupulous whites carried on with the Indians, thereby furnishing them with the means used in their efforts to exterminate the settlers.

Colonists Defend Themselves

As the provincial authorities were too indifferent to put a stop to this menace to the safety of the frontier, the colonists in Bedford county took the law in their own hands.

Colonel James Smith organized a company of men who, disguising themselves by blacking their faces, waylaid the traders on the Sideling Hill trail. Beating them and confiscating their goods, the black boys warned the traders it would be extremely unhealthy to repeat the offense.

This was before the Boston Tea Party, at which the Americans who threw the British tea in the harbor, were dressed as Indians. Colonel Smith's band was perhaps the first instance of the Ku Klux Klan movement in America. Instead of "white caps" acting as vigilantes for the public good, this early experiment was by "black faces". They played their part to such good effect that it would not exaggerate the case to credit them with saving the Bedford and Blair county settlements for extinction.

In 1769, there was another outbreak of this nefarious trade with the vengeful Indians. Again the black boys, on their own initiative, made reprisal by maltreating the traders and destroying quantities of arms and ammunition. Considering this an unlawful pre-empting of power, the British imprisoned a number of the black boys in the fort at Bedford, keeping them in irons. Colonel Smith resolved to rescue them.

Assembling a party of 18 men in the Sideling Hill district, he started to march toward Bedford. The little force bivouacked for the night at Juniata Crossings. Lighting the cook fires, they made all preparations to camp there until the next morning. Instead they set out secretly for Bedford. Leaving their fires burning, there was every evidence, should any inquiring observer be lurking in the vicinity, that the tired men were peacefully snoring.

Under cover of the darkness and in the concealment provided by the trees and underbrush along the banks of the Juniata river, the black boys stole to within a hundred yards or so of the gateway of the fort. A spy, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, returned at day break with the information that the gate was open and that the three sentries on guard had stacked their guns while they were tossing off their morning's dram.

Creeping up in an enveloping fog, Colonel Smith and his party took the Red Coats so completely by surprise that they captured the fort, almost without the exchange of a shot. In his own account of the skirmish, Colonel Smith wrote: "This, I believe, was the

first British fort in America that was taken by what they called American rebels".

Of course, the rebels withdrew as soon as they had rescued their comrades. But had this action taken place in Massachusetts, where the history scribes seemed to be on hand to chronicle everything that happened, it would have been printed in our school text books, but since it occurred right on our door-step, so to speak, where historians were absent, or less alert, the majority of us know nothing about it.

Major Andre Kept at Carlisle

Did you know that Major Andre, the celebrated British spy, who was captured along the Hudson river while he was engaged in negotiating with Benedict Arnold for the handing over of Crown Point to the English, was kept under surveillance at Carlisle, Pa., while awaiting the verdict of the military court? He was there for several months prior to his execution. He and a companion, Despard, had a pair of valuable fire arms, of which they were very proud. Fearing that the muskets might fall into the possession of the "d—ed rebels", as Andre dubbed the Colonials, the captives put the arms out of commission.

The data touched on in the foregoing paragraphs, although necessarily given in extremely condensed form, should acquaint our folks with the fact that the Cove and adjacent territory are rich in historical associations. It is hoped that the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Patriotic Order Sons of America, Veterans associations, and kindred organizations, may take up the enterprise of having tablets or markers erected, to enlighten the general public as to our colonial background.

The enthusiastic response of the thousands who were present at the ceremonies incident to the re-burial of the remains of Captain Phillips' martyred scouts, which took place at Fishers Summit, May 28, proved beyond doubt, that the people resident in these communities would appreciate such a movement.

Veteran Teacher Has Part In Project

So many expressions of appreciation of Professor E. S. Kagarise and his work in behalf of the youth of the Cove throughout 40 years of teaching in the public schools, have been offered, that it would seem that nothing remains to be said. At the banquet given in his honor by former students, June 9, in the Memorial Park pavilion, Martinsburg, his service, affability, thoroughness, discipline, insight, understanding and influence, were stressed in after dinner speeches which were inspired by sincere gratitude and admiration.

Yet the field has not been covered; the theme is by no means exhausted. To those hundreds of boys and girls who went to his summer normal, Professor Kagarise spelled opportunity. There were 1700 of them enrolled during the summers from 1894 to 1914. Of course, this was but one phase of his professional activities, but it is that with which the present writer is most familiar because of having been under his instruction during the summers from 1901 to 1907, inclusive.

Opportunity! That is the elusive, highly desirable harbinger of good fortune which knocks on your door but once—and that once usually when you are not at home. You might not at first thought recognize that it would take the form of this kindly, scholarly, poised, rotund school man. But back in the good old normal school days, that was how fate dealt a lucky card from the deck of chance.

Boon To Rural Students

Especially was this true of the country boys and girls. There were no high schools. If books appealed to them and college was denied because of shortage of cash, all they could do was go to the one room, ungraded home school until they were 21 when the law automatically heaved them out.

Then along came Prof. Kagarise with his normal school. Six dollars down for eight weeks of solid drill and concentrated effort. Vistas were

opened; a broader conception of the cultural side of life was held before the inquiring mind and the opportunity to prepare for a job—for earning money—was offered.

Those were the days when we used to debate at Friday afternoon literary society in the country school about the relative merits of city and country life. The country "jake" had the feeling that the city fellows looked down on him. He suffered from an inferiority complex when the smart city folks came around. Naturally, when the question for debate came up, he pulled valiantly for his own side—the farm and his beloved rural community.

Some of the country boys and girls felt pretty much constrained when they clumped up the steps of the Martinsburg High school building, their heavy-soled shoes coming down with thumps that re-echoed like the crack of doom as they made their first appearance at summer normal. But the sympathetic understanding which radiated from "Prof." Kagarise soon made them feel at home. The town students and the strangeness of the surroundings, in no time at all were accepted as pleasant new experiences.

The man behind the desk was a prober of souls. He was not satisfied until he could diagnose the pupil's capabilities. He led him to find himself, to stand on his own feet and to make the effort to develop to the full the germ of talent or ability which the teacher had discovered.

Education Held Deep Meaning

School quickly swung into full operation as soon as enrollment was completed. Then commenced study, drill and recitation. Oh, how he drilled! He illustrated and explained, in the meantime drawing out unexpected flashes of perception that only Prof's intuition knew the learner had. You certainly got knowledge if you had anything to get it with. He made it plain that "book larnin" was not education.

Books are not an end in them-

selves, merely accessories—a means to attain an education. Education, as defined by Professor Kagarise, is the ultimate development of human capabilities, in point of character, a satisfactory kind of life work and acquisition of culture which tints the every days things in your experience with brighter colors. In short, it is the achievement of happiness in life.

How well we students of 1903 remember the launching of the project to found the University of Southern Pennsylvania. Ah! how our imagination was stirred. A building of Hummelstown brown sand stone was to grow out of the enthusiasm of the community. It was to crown the hill on the A. A. Cowan farm west of Martinsburg Junction. A fullfledged university curriculum was to be offered. Spreading trees, sequestered walks and athletic fields were to occupy that noble campus. We visioned a lake across the railroad just south of the "Y" on which we would float in canoes on summer evenings. We saw ourselves in those halls of learning with the means at our disposal for fostering our individual ambitions.

Yes, that was a fair prospect. We felt as elated as Mahomet would have, had the mountain come to him at his bidding. Dr. E. J. Gwinn and Professor B. B. Hyatt came to start off the proceedings. They, with Professor Kagarise, composed the faculty. Things moved with a bang. Students came in from far and near. The three instructors had plenty to do that summer. That was our first contact with the theory of evolution, which was broached incidentally along with the other work. Needless to say, the orthodox student body viewed it somewhat askance.

University Project Fails

Well, that was another plan that went glimmering insofar as we were concerned. The University of Southern Pennsylvania progressed only to the point where the big brownstone building was reared on the hill. The empty, unfinished interior with its broken out window panes stared blindly as a monument to blasted hopes. I wonder whether the boys

and girls who go to the Morrisons Cove Vocational High school fully understand or appreciate the advantages they enjoy? Everlasting credit belongs to Professor Edward Byers for reviving the old University of Southern Pennsylvania idea and re-incarnating it as a high school for our country boys and girls.

The present writer recalls a little comedy which back-fired with devastating effect. On a day that Professor Hyatt was late in arriving, his class cut up some pretty high jinks. As was to be expected under the circumstances, he was justly incensed. Seeking to give the students an approximation of what they sounded like to outraged authority, he cried out: "This is a perfect pandemonium." Probably thinking that rare polysyllabic word would calm the atmosphere by its length, if nothing else, his consternation was unbounded when Warren Cowan rustled a dictionary and in his deep, sonorous voice sung out the definition: "Pandemonium, the abode of evil spirits, presided over by the chief devil."

Well, the university excitement having died down. The following terms of summer normal settled to the even tenor of their former routine, under the tutelage of Professor Kagarise. The common school branches, Algebra, the classics and unconscious absorption of a right standard of living, filled our time. What a wizard he was at mathematics and technical grammar. If any of us ever caught him off his guard, it set our spirits soaring for the rest of the term.

Devoted to Literature

But the dearest love of his heart was Shakespeare. We read Julius Ceasar, Hamlet, Macbeth and The Merchant of Venice, diagramed and parsed them, committed them and assimilated the Bard-of-Avon's sage philosophy until some of the passages were so familiar that they seemed to have been coined from our own innermost being.

What one of us summer normalites can ever forget:

"But 'tis a common proof, that lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

whereto the climber upward turns his face; but when he once attains the upmost round, he then unto the ladder turns his back, looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend."

"Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste of death but once."

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones."

(Julius Caesar.)

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

(Merchant of Venice)

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls; Who steals my purse, steals trash;— But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him

And makes me poor indeed."

So frequently we are led astray by the delusion that the thing that takes place somewhere far from home, or is far removed from our own commonplace sphere, has more prestige than that which is in our familiar environment. Distance, you know, lends enchantment to the view.

A case in point: While a student at the University of Valparaiso, Indiana, the present writer, as an extra-curricular branch, took up a course in Shakespeare, on the assumption that what had been offered by "Prof." Kagarise in his summer normal was a good beginning to a real study of this time honored literature. Well, we listened to interminable lectures on the mechanics of the plays, the Elizabethan stage and the England of the period and contemporaneous writers. But as for getting a first-hand knowledge of Shakespeare's works and personal inspiration from his undying thoughts, it was soon clear that Martinsburg had them all skinned in point of training in appreciation of good literature.

Teachers Efficiently Trained

The teachers, and prospective teachers, learned the secret of dis-

cipline from Professor Kagarise's unruffled demeanor during times of confusion, which some untoward happening or excitement brought about His, "Now, we'll wait", as he sat with folded hands, calm and collected, just naturally impelled high spirits to subside. Well he knew self-mastery was the key to control of others. Doubtless, those hundreds of teachers who got their training under him, got through many school room crises by making a quick mental throwback to that chastening, "Now, we'll wait."

Those were happy days. Propinquity and a community of interest, bred respect. In fact, Master Cupid got in his work from the side lines, in quite a number of instances, pairing off different members of the student body for life.

Among the normalites who married each other were—J. E. Brumbaugh and Alice Taylor; Chester H. Edwards and Irma Noggle; Homer U. Loose and Lydia P. Greaser; Lloyd A. Smith and Ada Acker; Abner B. Dilling and Susie Wineland. John McDermott and Clara Estep; Isaac Metzler and Laura Durr; Harry B. Rhodes and Mary Mock; Emory Solenberger and Lizzie Dilling; Isaac B. Kensinger and Mabel Dilling; E. T. Huntsman and Susie Baker; Russell Gearhart and Vera Wilt; Chalmer Cunningham and Grace Haffley; Samuel B. Brumbaugh and Josephine Hoover; S. F. Zook and Mary Brown; Clair Weber and Verna Wise.

There doubtless were other couples who were married during the 20 years that the summer normal was in session, but the above list, which Fleetwood W. Brumbaugh of Martinsburg, kindly assisted in compiling, were all of whom we have personal recollection.

Measuring Professor Kagarise's worth by his influence on the lives of his former students, we are compelled to challenge the truth of Shakespeare when he asserts through the lips of Mark Anthony that the good that men do is oft interred with their bones. The good men do lives in the hearts of those whose lives they ennobled. Their precept and example marches down through the ages. So it

is with Professor Kagarise.

Life Partner Is Co-Worker

In Mrs. Kagarise, the Cove school man has a worthy mate. They see eye to eye and stand shoulder to shoulder for right and complete living. They may be on the retired list so far as school room activity is concerned, but their service in community projects and religious work will continue so long as they live. The richness of spirit which is the compensation the varied experiences of their lives have granted to them, will be at the demand of their friends.

Professor Kagarise scoffs at the millennium which certain college professors and political economists are prognosticating when education will

be acquired by a roseate process of radio, moving pictures and talking books and all manual labor will be eliminated. He declares that we must not forget that hard knocks make character and that our reaction to the whole range of human experiences makes us strong and enables us to appreciate the finer things of life—the art and the poetry. Otherwise they are merely songs without words and empty of meaning.

So here we will take our leave of Professor Kagarise, committing him to the quiet atmosphere of home; to the companionship of his books and his family and to communion with his friends.

Ancient Church Holds Memories

The old church sits forsaken in the shade of the towering maples which reach out protecting branches over the roof. Black birds scold and shriek derisively when you disturb their solitude. The dilapidated old belfry has been a sanctuary for them so long that they resent human intrusion into their domain.

No longer do companies of worshippers file through the doors, nor voice of minister ascend in praise or appeal to the Maker of all. The hum of neighbors greeting one another in fraternal comradeship is stilled. The pews are empty. No shepherd of the flock stands behind the carved reading desk in the pulpit. The lid of the organ is closed. No hymn book extends an invitation to melody from its rack. Mouldering carpet on the floor and a strip of wall paper dangling from the ceiling, give testimony that there is no anticipation of the presence of a congregation. Everything indicates that the church is definitely abandoned.

Yet an air of trimness envelopes the Hickory Bottom Reformed church. Neat in its white and green paint, it makes a gallant stand against the processes of disuse and decay. The last service was held in it

on Christmas day, 1927. Since then it serves only as the silent guardian of the adjoining churchyard where lie some of the founders and many members of the succeeding generations.

Church Used Seventy Years

A plaque in the peak of the gable bears the inscription: "Zion G. R. Church, 1855. Thus for 70 years it was used as a house of worship by an active and thriving body of Christian folks, but one of those shifts in population has worked such changes that not enough parishioners remained to justify the continued maintenance of the church. Good roads, motor travel and the proximity of the Millerstown and Loysburg Reformed churches, provided easily accessible spiritual homes.

The Hickory Bottom church was born of the inspired will of Reverend DeWalt Fouse, old circuit rider, who served the Reformed congregations in the southern part of the Cove for many years. Although he lived at Marklesburg, across Tussey mountain from the local points at which he preached, neither distance, rain, sleet or snow ever were any obstacle to him. Riding his trusty nag, he could be counted on to appear on time for

the service. Summer or winter, he was always on hand.

That was back in the days when they had snow, too. To the recollection of the old-timers in our community, there seemed to be much deeper snows then than now. Weather bureau sharks claim the sun spots have modified the depth of snow fall; naturalists attribute lighter snows to the clearing out of the forest lands. Whatever the reason, we know that Reverend Fouse rode many lonely, drifted, frost-bitten miles to fulfill his appointments. He preached at the Loysburg, Hickory Bottom, Millers-town and the Marklesburg churches, alternately there being an interval of four weeks between services at each place.

Paul Fouse, a son of the Reverend DeWalt Fouse, lived at that time on what is now the Nelson Guyer farm. A plot was set aside out of the area of the farm to be used as the church site. The cemetery had been dedicated as a burial ground a long time previously. Just how long remains in doubt.

Inscriptions have been entirely obliterated from the oldest of the neat rows of head stones carved in trefoil, or three leaved design, out of native rock. The earliest date of death on the marble markers is 1843. However there is a tradition that the American flags that guard the two graves which occupy the front southern corner, are those of two Revolutionary soldiers. The present writer was unable to get any data about either their names or military records. Further information doubtless would be very interesting.

Erected By Member

Reverend Fouse, with the Bridenthals, the Rhodes', Keiths, Hartmans, Guyers and Detwilers enrolled in pushing the good cause along, soon had the lumber sawed on Paul Fouse's saw mill, and in a short time, with everyone helping, the church was built. While the interior has been remodeled two or three times, the building remains substantially in its original form.

Reverend Fouse served as the pastor for a long period, to be followed

in succession by the following ministers: Reverend Henry Siple, Reverend Simon Wolf, Reverend William Long, Reverend Edward Beck, Reverend William Miller, Reverend John Heffner, Reverend Charles Heffleger, Reverend Elias Noll and Reverend J. W. Albertson. Of this number the first named four are dead.

Mrs. Emanuel Nicodemus is the only member of the congregation, so far as the present writer could learn, who has attended church under the pastorate of all the ministers. She was not present at the dedication of the church but has lived in the community all her life. It would be interesting to know how many folks still living were present at the long ago dedication ceremonies.

At the time the church was built, Paul Rhodes, George Z. Smith and Jacob Law were the trustees. John Keith, father of Professor David Keith, who for many years was superintendent of the public schools in Altoona, served as superintendent of the first Sunday school in the Hickory Bottom church.

While no wedding ceremony ever took place in the church, yet many other events are recollected by the older parishioners, with feelings of pleasure. Revivals, the good spirit which prevailed, the fellowship existing among the communicants, are all matters of pleasant memory.

Stones Recall Much Sadness

Much of sadness, too, took place within these sacred walls. In the church yard yonder lie successive generations of staunch supporters of the church. From the stones which mark the house of clay of those that sleep, one can interline a record of happenings that grip the emotions.

For instance, here is a row of tomb stones which bespeak a family tragedy that stirred the sympathies of the entire Cove. There are five graves side by side. From the engravings on the markers, we learn that they were children of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Detwiler. Happy, healthy, promising young folks, four of them were cut down within the space of two months by that dread malady, diphtheria. The fifth one, aged 14

years and some months, had died five years before.

We read: Mrs. Nancy A. Smouse, wife of G. S. Smouse, died April 2, 1877, aged 21 years, 10 months and 22 days. William H. Detwiler, died May 1, 1877, aged 13 years and 25 days. Elizabeth J. Detwiler, died May 8, 1877, aged 16 years, 4 months and two days. Levi Detwiler, died June 18, 1877, aged 27 years, 3 months and 25 days.

In those days, before the discovery of anti-toxin, diphtheria was a scourge which swept through a community with the deadliness of the plague. No quarantine was enforced; no trained nurses were to be had to wait on the sick. The good neighbors of the afflicted household rallied to give aid and succor.

Public funerals were held for the victims, as one by one they were carried out of their home to the church to be laid under the spring flowers. The church was crowded with those who came to mourn with the bereaved parents. To Reverend Siple fell the sorrowful duty of performing the last rites for these, his young parishioners. Michael Bechtel and David Haffly, who had assisted in the home during the sickness and who had laid out the young men, both contracted the disease. Mr. Bechtel's little daughter, Anna, also fell ill of it but, happily all of them recovered.

During this same year or possibly in the fall of 1878, four little children of Mr. and Mrs. James Sweeney died of the scourge. They, too, are buried in this cemetery. As the bell tolled for the double funeral which was about to be held in the church for the older two of the Sweeney children, the other two, the babies of the family, strangled from phlegm which gathered in the bronchial tubes. Thus two double funeral services within a few days of each other marked the passing of the entire family of James Sweeney and Anna Hartman Sweeney, his wife. However, they were given the boon of other little ones in after years.

The church was opened at the time of the burial of the late Mrs. Margaret Detwiler. During her last years

she had lived in Martinsburg, but she had been born^{and} reared in Hickory Bottom. The old home and the old church there were very dear to her. She was a girl in pig tails when it was dedicated. Throughout its history she was one of its most faithful adherents. Following her death, March 11, 1932, her body was laid to rest beside the grave of her husband, John Detwiler. As the weather was inclement, the doors of the church were thrown open to give shelter to the relatives and friends.

Hafflys Recall Amusing Incident

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Haffley of Martinsburg, to whom the reporter is indebted for much of the foregoing information, while by no means old-timers, yet have recollections that go back into what modern youth would regard as pretty ancient history.

They tell an amusing story about their experience with the marriage license law. They were married 46 years ago. To be exact, the date was January 4, 1887. Mr. Haffly and Miss Lydia Jane (better known as Jennie) Hartman, both lived in the Hickory Bottom district. Naturally, they wanted the nuptial knot tied according to Hoyle. However, since the marriage license law of 1884 had not been in effect long enough for the generality of people to familiarize themselves with its provisions, there were many and varied interpretations. The young bridegroom-to-be was under the impression that the license had to be issued in the county of the residence of the contracting parties and that the marriage must likewise take place there.

Consequently, they went to their county-seat of Bedford to take out the license. Otherwise, they would have taken the railway train at Curryville, which was only a few miles away, and would have traveled to Hollidaysburg with all the comfort of a nice, warm coach.

Well, it was a bitterly cold day with the ground deeply covered with snow. The bridal couple set out early in the morning for Bedford, riding in Mr. Haffly's sleigh which was drawn by a black horse. The chimes on the harness rang a merry wedding march

but the occupants nearly froze. By the time they got to the top of the Snake Spring mountain, the horse was so enveloped in a rime of frost that he was white instead of black.

After securing the license, they went to the Reformed parsonage where they were married by the late Reverend Cramer, who was well known to the older people of the Cove. Now that they were married, they were faced with the long, cold ride back home. That was not a happy outlook, but it was no bad augury of their marriage, for they, as the fairy tale goes, truly, "have lived happy

ever after".

They are too vital and genial to be overly engrossed with the past, but they enjoy reminiscing about the many interesting things which centered about the old Hickory Bottom Reformed church.

Six daughters were born to them. They are: Mrs. Edna McGraw, Martinsburg; Mrs. George Baker (Fern), Fankstown; Mrs. Adam Beach (Mabel), Hickory Bottom; Mrs. Harry Beach (Clara), Henrietta; Mrs. Merab Sell, Martinsburg and Mrs. John Bowser (Madge), Roaring Spring.

Well Known Trail Traveled By Savages

Archaeologists are of the opinion that the Indians had used the Kittanning trail one thousand years before the white man ever set foot upon it. It was the connecting link between Kittanning, the largest Indian town in Pennsylvania, situate at or near the site of the present city of that name, and what is now Harrisburg.

That section of it which is still visible on the George G. Patterson farm and which the land grants from the provincial government of Pennsylvania describe as running through the adjoining farms, viz; the tracts now owned by Dr. C. O. Johnston (old Keller farm), Isenberg Heirs (Martin Lowman farm), Ross and Cunningham (George Meyer farm) and Dean Ross and Paul Cunningham (Philip Syng farm), locally was much used by them as the trading and war party route between Standing Stone (Huntingdon) and Assunepachla (Frankstown), both of which were important tribal trade centres and gathering places for holding councils. Frankstown has the distinction of being on the location of the only known Indian town in what is now Blair county.

Trails running north and south bisected it at various points leading from Forts Loudon, Groghan's, McDowell's Mills, Littleton and Raystown (Bedford), in Fulton, Franklin

and Bedford counties, to the large Indian city at Tioga and their settlement at what is now Sunbury, where Fort Augusta was built as a frontier out-post.

Many notable personages aligned with colonial events traveled over the Kittanning trail on military and diplomatic missions which held the fate of the Thirteen Colonies in the balance. We think of the names of Conrad Weiser, Colonel Henry Bouquet, Colonel John Armstrong, Captain Jack, the Black Hunter of the Juniata, and others.

During the French and Indian Wars, when those hereditary enemies, Great Britain and France, came to grips for the control of the territory west of the Alleghenies the exploits of individuals, as well as of the colonial troops, were indeed heroic. Central and western Pennsylvania became the arena of one of the most hotly contested struggles for supremacy in all history.

Picture that vast wilderness to which the Thirteen Colonies perilously clung along the fringe of the Atlantic seaboard, peopled by wandering tribes of Indians, with here and there a feeble white man's settlement. Along this far-flung frontier the armies of British and Colonials desperately tried to ward off the wily French and their colleagues, the

savages, whom they had incited against the English by paying a bounty on scalps, by firing the chiefs with the ambition to re-conquer their lost hunting grounds and by circulating enough fire water to rouse up a general spirit of deviltry and revenge.

Weiser Defended Settlers

When danger threatened, a hurry-up call was sent for Conrad Weiser, that wise and versatile German, who was the indefatigable champion of the settlers from the vaterland. By right of his long sojourn among the Indians and his wide knowledge of their tongue as well as of the languages of Europe, he acted as interpreter. The Indians loved and respected him and the whites imposed supreme confidence in his good judgment. It would be difficult to estimate over how many rough places this remarkable man carried the destiny of the province of Penn's Woods by force of his personality, wisdom and experience. Conrad Weiser went up and down the Kittanning trail on many a mission of diplomatic importance.

Colonel Henry Bouquet, junior officer under General Forbes, was a good example of the young Briton of aristocratic family, who had gone into the military service, not only as a profession, but as a means of adding lustre to the family escutcheon. That was no rag-tag, non-descript personnel, Great Britain had sent over here to officer her troops during the French and Indian War, but the best she had. Colonel Bouquet was kept on the jump patrolling the frontier forts from Raystown (Bedford) to Augusta (Sunbury) to ward off attacks of vindictive savages, who were led into all sorts of bloody excesses by their French officers. Thus, he too, was a familiar figure on the Kittanning trail.

General Forbes, his young commander, on his own initiative, when he was ordered to take Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh) from the French, cut Forbes road through the wilderness. Sick unto death, he was carried in a litter while his men made a military road from Raystown to Duquesne. That road now is the Lincoln high-

way. Little could he have foreseen the smooth, hard ribbon his road was to become, a link in a line of communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Colonel John Armstrong, the Revolutionary leader, found the Kittanning trail a road ready at hand over which he moved his troops and munitions of war. Truly, the Kittanning trail has a proud place in the summary of historic highways.

Captain Jack, Black Hunter

While we sit in the beautiful grove of Attorney George G. Patterson musing beside this well-guarded portion of Kittanning trail, we let our imagination linger on that romantic figure, Captain Jack, the Black Hunter of the Juniata, than whom fiction can muster no more intriguing hero. Moved to take revenge on the Indians for their massacre of the members of his family, he declared a one-man war on the savages. Perhaps, because he was absolutely fearless, he shot so many redskins that his exploits became a legend among them. They feared him as they would one whom they thought to be dowered by the gods with supernatural powers. Because the Indians were sure to be found on the trail he made it a particular stalking ground.

It is said that a settler in the north central section of the state, in the time of the French and Indian War, was alarmed to hear a shot fired one night close to his cabin. Opening the door, he saw the dead body of an Indian sprawled on his doorstep. As he stood there puzzled to account for the body, a voice from out of the darkness, said, "I shot the Indian as he was about to attack your home."

That was all the settler ever knew about it. Just a voice from the night. He supposed his unknown rescuer was Captain Jack. James Oliver Curwood patterned the hero of his novel, "The Black Hunter" after Captain Jack, self-imposed Indian slayer of the Juniata.

A curious story is told, illustrative of the hardihood of the frontiersmen. A man named Welles, who lived on the Allegheny mountain, presumably near the Kittanning trail, and whose

nearest refuge was Fort Stanwick (Johnstown), took a party with him to a distant field to gather in his crop of potatoes. The party consisted of five or six men and an Irish servant girl, who had been taken along to do the cooking.

During the ensuing night Welles dreamed that he was about to be gored by a charging bull. Being a stanch believer in dreams, as most of the other settlers were, Mr. Welles took it to be a sign of immediate danger. He considered waking the other men, but at length he fell asleep. Again he dreamed an uneasy dream. This time he thought he was aiming at a deer when the spring broke in the gun trigger. He was now thoroughly alarmed, but again he yielded to fatigue and slept. A third time he dreamed that he was about to shoot a bear when, snap, the trigger spring broke.

Dreams Were True Warning

The third time was the charm. He was convinced that he must try to flee the danger which threatened. Accordingly he aroused the other members of the party, all of whom took to the woods to head for Johnstown, the men on foot and the servant girl mounted on the only horse which Mr. Welles had brought with him. Mr. Welles, however, turned back to retrieve a pup, which he valued highly. The animal, barking at something in the bushes, paid no heed to his master's whistle to come to heel.

As Mr. Welles plunged into the bushes after the pup, he was confronted by five Indians with guns upraised to fire. Throwing his useless gun at the nearest savage, the unfortunate man ran for dear life. No sooner had he started than the Indians fired, all five bullets taking effect. Never stopping, Mr. Welles kept on going until he overtook the servant girl on the horse. At her insistence she took to the concealment of the bushes and he got on the horse, which refused to travel faster than a walk. Again the pursuers hove in sight and shot in unison and again they hit their target. One of the missiles went through Mr. Welles' hip, which did not unseat him, but which frightened

the old horse so that he put on a burst of speed that carried both him and his rider out of the danger zone. That Mr. Welles recovered, surely proves that those old chaps were pretty tough nuts to crack.

And so it goes. If we leaf back over the half-forgotten records of the history of the Juniata valley, we realize that the ground over which the Kittanning trail ran, was an arena in which were enacted deeds of valor, contests of wit and strategy and negotiations of statesmanship which rivalled in brilliancy and importance those which took place anywhere in the territory of what is now the United States.

LITTLE THINGS

By F. C. DODSON

On a paper scrap,
Some words you write
That may cheer a heart,
In its darkest night;
A discouraged soul,
With hope renewed
May start afresh,
By your thought imbued.

You may speak a word,
And think it fell
On stony ground,
But who can tell?
In years to come,
When time has sped
A life is changed,
By what you said.

An act you did,
And thought it small—
To a higher life
Someone does call;
By what we do,
We are judged alway,
For 'tis oft forgot
What we write or say.

Yes, little things
Have a mighty force,
They help, or hinder
Us in our course.
This, then a truth
Through the ages rings,
Our lives are made
Of little things.

Spot of Interest Is Bear Wallows

Any virgin woodland with towering trees overshadowing a crystal brook that sings a laughing melody as it slips over moss-grown stones, invites the body to repose and the mind to revery. But a grove which bears the imprint of the stirring events of past centuries has a charm which transcends the appeal its natural beauty makes to the senses.

Such a spot is Bear Wallows, the farm near Yellow Springs owned by Attorney George G. Patterson, of Hollidaysburg. In a grove of 10 acres situated in the north eastern portion of the farm, nature has fashioned a spot which the arts of man would only serve to desecrate. Trees: Lordly oaks, giant beech and butter-nut; graceful elms, maples and ash; tall spires of poplars, gnarled sycamores, stocky locust and walnut and matronly hickory nut, whose filigree arches are punctuated by the dark sombreness of pines and hemlock, form a pristine arboretum.

What makes it of peculiar interest to the native American is the fact that skirting the edge of the woodland and passing through it, are well-preserved vestiges of the Kittanning Indian trail. Crossing the brook (Roaring Run) and here and there among the shrubbery, protected by the guardian trees, are traces of the old path as plainly defined as though you could see, rounding the trunk of yonder elm, the form of the last dusky Redskin whose moccasined feet pressed this historic soil.

So immune is this highway, which played a major part in early American frontier life, to the mutability of time, that it inclines one to a mood to envisage a passing review of the salient incidents of pioneer history.

Historic Interest In Trail

The Kittanning Indian and traders trail was closely inter-related to colonial history in Pennsylvania. Lo, the Redskin, was a chronic I. W. W. Work did not appeal to him. He even avoided the exertion required to climb mountains. Therefore wherever the whites found a well traveled Indian trail, they could depend upon it that it followed the easiest grades. The savages were not civil engineers

but their legs told them where the going was least tiring. They also picked out courses convenient to streams, which did double duty as drinking and fishing sources.

Many of our present main highways follow the trail routes. The William Penn closely adheres to the route of the Kittanning trail. Instances where it diverges to any extent, can be explained by the time-honored custom politicians indulge in of having an improved road built past their front doors at public expense.

As undeviatingly as the compass seeks the polar star, did the first settlers cling to the trade routes to establish their frontier homes. Those trails were a link with the rest of the world, keeping the out-landers from being cut off by the boundless wilderness. At the same time, because they were the warriors' thoroughfare, colonists residing near them were in constant danger of attack.

Since the Kittanning trail was the main line of communication running east and west through Pennsylvania, naturally the whites living in proximity were easy prey to the savages who went that way. Inflamed by the spirit of revenge and red-eye corn liquor, it was the most natural thing in the world for the blood-thirsty sons of the wilds to destroy an enemy thus conveniently at hand.

"Bear Wallows" has a very close family association for Mr. Patterson. It is part of the home stamping ground of his forebears for generations past. It lies close to the spot where his great-great-grandmother and four of her children were massacred by the Indians. In point of fact the tragedy took place on the Irvin Norris farm, which is only a matter of a few field breadths removed.

Story of Indian Massacre

As we sit here by this clump of magnificent rhododendrons bending under the weight of faintly pink-tinged clusters of bloom, we shall let our fancy stray to that far-off catastrophe. It is October of the year, 1780. Matthew Dean, his wife Rebecca, and their eight children are enjoying a pleasant evening. Their neighbors,

Captain Simonton and his family have come to while away a few hours in social pastime. Captain Simonton, who lives on the present Porter Isenberg farm, commands a fort which has been built on Fox Run. He warns that rumors are afloat that the Indians are on the war path and advises Mr. Dean to be on the alert.

When the visitors are about to take their leave, their little son begs to stay all night with his juvenile pals, the Dean boys. The parents consent and depart for their home. The next day, Mr. Dean, his son John and his daughters, Rebecca, Elizabeth and Margaret, repair to an out-lying corn field to sow rye. As the day wears on, Mr. Dean decides to hunt some wild pigeons which are circling about a nearby rise of ground. From that vantage point he sees that his house is burning. Shouting the alarm to his children, they run at top speed to the scene of the disaster.

They are confronted by an awful sight. The house is burned to the ground. A short distance away lies the corpse of one of the little girls with the head scalped. In the smoking debris lie the charred bodies of Mrs. Dean and the other three children. No trace of the little Simonton boy can be found. They assume that he has been abducted. Nor did succeeding search reveal any clue to his fate until many years later.

Captive Is Discovered

During the War of 1812, two brothers of the Simonton boy served in a company of volunteers commanded by Captain Moses Canan. While in service in Cattaraugus county, N. Y., they received intelligence of their long lost brother. Some neighbors, also serving with this company, while on a mission to an Indian encampment, met a white man, whom they suspected of being the captive. He was married to a squaw, had almost forgotten the English language, and to all intents was a typical Indian.

Engaging him in conversation the soldiers asked him where he had come from. He answered "Juniata". Asked his name, he replied, "John Sim". Continuing to question him, they

elicited the information that he had only one clear recollection of his former life. By motions with his hands and using a word or two in explanation, he made them understand that he remembered that his father stirred something in a kettle with a long-handled stirrer. His mind retained the impression of the process of distilling whiskey, an occupation in which his father was engaged. Perhaps the importance the Indians attached to the potent fire water may have been a factor in his remembrance of this particular childhood experience.

Telling him about his brothers being members of the company and that they were not far away, they asked whether he wished to see them. He answered, "Yes". But at this stage in the colloquy, his Indian wife, whose lowering countenance gave every sign of displeasure, spoke something in her native tongue, plucked him by the sleeve, and they both disappeared into their house. That was the final chapter of the story. The white captive, apparently considerably hen-pecked, never was heard of again.

John Dean Is Patterson Ancestor

It is from John Dean, only surviving son of Matthew Dean, that Judge Marion D. Patterson and his brother, Attorney George G. Patterson, are descended, he being their great-grandfather. The three surviving Dean daughters married neighboring young men and set up their new homes in their native community. Rebecca married David Caldwell; Elizabeth became the wife of Robert Caldwell and Margaret's husband was Hugh Means.

It was Mrs. Charles Caldwell, a neighbor of the Deans and Simontons, and ancestress of many of our best Blair county families, who had what we now-a-days call the "Spirit of '76". In other words, she was of the stuff of which heroic pioneer women are made.

As we know, the early settlers had no matches, friction matches not having been invented until 1831. Fire was kindled laboriously, and expertly too, since skill was the chief element

in the process, by rubbing together flint and steel, or lacking them, two sticks, until a spark was generated. The spark had to be coaxed and cuddled along on half burnt rags or punk until it flamed. Naturally this was no operation to fool with when winter winds were howling and the mercury was hugging zero.

The most popular method resorted to when the fire went out, was to get a "spark" from the nearest neighbor. You can well comprehend that there was quite a difference between striking a match and getting a spark. In this case it was a matter of three miles. Mrs. Caldwell's fire was out. Not only was the nearest settler's cabin three miles away from the Caldwell homestead, but the Juniata river flowed between. Mrs. Caldwell's husband was away, her search revealed no punk in the house, so the next best thing was to seize a Dutch oven or some other container that would hold the coals, and set out for the neighboring hearthstone. A river to cross and a few miles meant nothing to her. Necessity was the mother of invention and pioneers were not weak-kneed.

Well, she swam and waded the river successfully going and coming, and came back, triumphantly bringing home the coals. This incident, as well as the story of the Dean Massacre, is recounted in Africa's history. The present writer got the gist of the facts as they are here retold, from that excellent record of central Pennsylvania history. No mention was made as to whether it was cold weather or warm when Mrs. Caldwell was forced to go out after a "spark", but the story is a good illustration of the straits our forebears were in to keep the home fires burning.

John Dean, Attorney Patterson's great-grandfather, also was the grandfather of the late Honorable John Dean, president judge of Blair county and later judge of the Pennsylvania supreme court. Many well known names enhance the scroll of this family.

HERALDINGS

If things do not come our way, we should either change their way or learn to take them as they come.

How often the person or thing in which we trusted implicitly has failed us.

Too many times our first thought is, "What effect will it have on me?"

What we do is insignificant when compared with what we might do.

If you are so minded you can always find something to worry about or something about which to be glad.

As the returns from the various states come in they seem to say, "Every day in every way we're getting wetter and wetter."

You may not win the prize but you have not entirely failed if you have honestly tried.

The past few years have been a sad commentary on the weaknesses of human nature.

The recruiting station for the army of sin is never closed.

If we never get out of life more than we put into it no wonder we are so often disappointed.

Surely time flies; you remember the hired man who said that he wished he could stay in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off.

Many things we fear are only imaginary; at least be sure they really exist.

Health, wealth and reputation can be retained more easily than they can be regained.

An ideal tho' never realized, will be of much assistance in life's journey.

The one who meteor-like springs into popularity often passes out about as rapidly.

The owl looks wise and does not say much; perhaps when he speaks among the birds they consider him quite dumb. Our speech tells more than what we say.

Think you the Ship of State
Will proudly roam,
Back to prosperity
Riding the foam?

Early Days Of Railroad Recalled

A little boy watched a boiling tea kettle. His busy brain cogitated about the power which made the lid of the kettle tilt and dance to the rhythm of the escaping eddies of steam. Because James Watt's attention was thus engaged, he continued a line of investigation which revolutionized the whole world.

By his discovery in 1765 of condensation of steam as a motive power, followed by other inventions which made the steam engine practicable, James Watt was instrumental in ushering in the machine age which has replaced human labor by mechanical agencies. Little could he foresee that he had started a train of experiments which eventually would reduce the hands of mankind to idleness, while the work of the world would be performed by soulless steel and electricity.

The first locomotive to make a run over the Henrietta branch of the Pennsylvania railroad must have been the object of intense curiosity. The iron horse was a thing to excite wonder. Wheezing, puffing and grinding, with dense columns of black smoke and showering sparks issuing from the smoke stack, it had the appearance of a monster spawned from the nether regions.

Early Days of the Railroad

Thundering along on the twin rails of the track, with clanging bell and screech of the whistle which awoke the resounding echoes along old Tussey mountain, the train never ceased to arouse excitement. Miss Nellie Morrell of Hollidaysburg, whose father, the late D. T. Morrell, was general manager of the Cambria Iron company ore banks at Henrietta at the time the Morrisons Cove branch railroad was opened, recalls that the farmers in that vicinity left their teams stand in the field while they hurried to the side of the track to see the train go by. Their observations on the strange new vehicle must have been very interesting. Old Grandmother Smouse declared that

the locomotive, "he hollers most uncommon."

It must have been with great trepidation that those country people boarded the train for the first time. Nothing in their previous experience had prepared them to know how to act. Doubtless many really comical incidents enlivened the routine of the conductor and the brakeman. Matthew Sell, deputy prothonotary of Blair county tells the following story illustrative of the simplicity of one of those early travelers:

A woman, essaying her first trip on the train, climbed aboard from one of the way stations between McKee and Hollidaysburg, at which there was no ticket office. When the conductor made his rounds to collect the fares, he stopped at her seat, with the query, "Where to, Madam?"

"Why, I'm going to Em's. I've been thinking this long time I ought to go to see her, so this morning I just made up my mind that I would get on the train and go," was the reply of the somewhat flustered passenger.

Well, that was a far cry from the familiarity bred of constant traveling on passes. Some of the more indefatigable trippers now-a-days seem to have the idea that a railway coach was made especially for them to knit in.

Many Preferred Walking

Railway travel did not supplant walking, as the automobile undoubtedly has. The thrifty Cove farmers, for the most part, acted on the assumption that shoe leather was cheaper than train riding. In spite of the superior speed offered by the railway train, many of those old-timers preferred to keep their money in their pockets and "hoof" it.

However, it was not always for reasons of economy that those sturdy old timers traveled afoot, doing feats in the natural course of their daily lives, which measure up to present day marathon records. It was the pioneering blood in their veins which urged them to seek an outlet in prodigious activity. Thus without thought

of press agent notoriety, they walked mile after mile because that was their accustomed mode of locomotion, their chosen means of getting them to where they were going. If their course was impeded by snow, flood or what we would consider insurmountable difficulty, it meant nothing to them. Heavy cow hide boots, propelled by unflagging man power, were equal to anything.

Again referring to Mr. Matthew Sell, he recalls an instance of one of those long distance marathons on shank's mare, which in these days of universal motor travel, seem almost incredible. Mr. Sell was a little boy at the time. He lived with his parents, Elder and Mrs. James A. Sell, at Leamersville. It was a bitterly cold winter night. Roaring blasts swept the deep snow into billowing drifts and beat against the windows seeking a cranny through which it could sift it into the warm sitting room.

Elder Sell was not at home. Mrs. Sell and her three little boys were loathe to leave the warm fire to go to bed although it was 11 o'clock. Their neighbors had long since retired. Suddenly a knock at the door startled the calm of the little family. Summoning her courage, Mrs. Sell opened the door a crack. She was confronted by a man so covered with snow that he looked like a perambulating snow man. The traveler assured Mrs. Sell that he meant no harm. He said his name was Shoenfelt and that he was walking to his home on Plum Creek from Hollidaysburg. Seeing a light in the window, he made bold to ask for something to eat as the great exertion required to wade through the drifts had made him hungry, in fact, he felt hollow inside.

Such Exercise Brought Hunger

Mrs. Sell cut a round from a loaf of bread which was still warm from the oven and spreading it generously with butter and apple butter, gave it to the man, who soon thereafter resumed his strenuous journey. The Sell's were much concerned as to whether he had reached home safe. Not until forty some years later did they learn the sequel.

Mr. Matthew Sell and his mother

were asked to accompany a friend to visit a sick man in Plum Creek. A stranger to the Sell's, they went to call merely to accommodate the friend. Shown into the sick room, they found the patient to be a man well up in his eighties. Sensing something familiar about the old patriarch's aspect, Mr. Sell asked whether they had not met somewhere before. During the course of the conversation, it transpired that the old man in bed was the man who had stopped at the Sell home for a piece of bread on that bitter long-ago night when he walked from Hollidaysburg to Plum Creek, plowing through deep snow all the way. The man was George Shoenfelt, who died in 1917.

Now, for a long distance walk of another kind. Before the automobile brought the world to one's back door, so to speak, community ties were more closely knit than they are now. There was more sociability among folks living in the same neighborhood. As opportunities for amusement were limited, the practical joke had been developed to astonishing lengths as a form of entertainment to break the monotony of hard working days.

John Diehl of Curryville tells of a hoax that broke the record. The participants are all dead now. The late Peter Clapper, of Roaring Spring, then residing at Curryville, was the star performer. His name recalls to memory many rollicking incidents, for "Pete" was quite an interesting character.

Strenuous Practical Joke

At the time Mr. Diehl tells about, Pete had gone across the mountain into the Stonerstown district to cut wood. As he was doing the job by himself, he "batched" in a little cabin where he had a bunk and where he stirred up his flap jacks and fried his bacon. After some weeks, an urgent message came to Isaac Diehl that Pete was sick. In fact, he was in the last extremity of pain and weakness from inflammatory rheumatism. His old pal Isaac would have to get help to bring the sick man home.

Isaac called together Isaac and Daniel Glass, Levi Falknor and another man, whom Mr. Diehl does not

recall, all husky young fellows, who, out of the kindness of their hearts agreed to go after Pete. It was excessively hot. Dry and with the scorching August sun beating down, the prospect of the journey over the rough wagon road leading across old Tussey, was by no means alluring. They set out bright and early the next morning after they had received the sick call, and in good time reached Pete's bachelor's quarters. He was in bad shape. Moaning and tossing, he lamented that he was in acute pain and feared he could not make it home alive.

His friends fashioned a litter out of young saplings and a blanket. Carefully hoisting their suffering comrade into it they started on the grueling journey back to Curryville. With all the tenderness his sad condition warranted, they carried the patient over those hot, weary miles. From time to time as one of the litter bearers made a mis-step and jolted the sick man, he would shriek in agony. His cries of, "Go easy there," had them almost distracted.

At length, they delivered him home. And thankful they were too, as they were completely fagged out. The next day one of the quintet went to Pete's home to inquire after his state of health. He unexpectedly came upon Pete, chopping wood, lively as a cricket and sound in health and limb. That trek over the mountain was

nothing but a colossal practical joke. Pete, however, found it expedient to lie low for several months afterwards; as the litter bearers, severally and collectively had sworn to thrash the jokester within an inch of his life.

Unarmed, Kills Wolf

The late David Wineland, who lived into his early nineties, and who was one of the Cove's best known citizens, in his young manhood walked all the way to Ohio to visit relatives. In one of the wildest stretches of the journey through an unpopulated wooded area, he encountered a wolf. The animal, evidently was hungry, as it showed fight right off the bat. Warily circling about each other, the man and beast watched each other's every move eye to eye, with the latter seeking an opportunity to attack. Mr. Wineland was unarmed. Without a weapon, he knew defense would be hopeless. Luckily a huge pine knot, with a shaft of wood attached, lay within reach. Realizing that it was either his life or the wolf's, he picked up the pine knot, the wolf springing as the man stooped. So quickly did Mr. Wineland swing the knot that he sank it into the animal's skull as it hurtled in mid-air. Had he missed, he would not have lived to be ninety nor survived to tell his grandchildren, as well as his great-grandchildren, this tale of rare courage and presence of mind.

Greaser's Sturdy Industry and Thrift

"But where'll I begin?" Queried the reporter, after listening to a recital of such a wealth of interesting material given by Jacob F. Greaser of Martinsburg, that it was a problem to know where to commence getting it in shape to print.

"Why, begin with Grandfather," counseled Mr. Greaser. Of course that is the logical thing to do, so we will begin with grandfather.

That will necessitate a long trip, a long flight backward into the realm of the past. It will take us to Germany. To Hesse-Darmstadt to be exact.

There Grandfather George Greaser was born in 1791. He grew up among the busy, thrifty farmer folks, married Catherine Kotzemyer, a relative of the late John Kazmaier, of Sylvan Hills, brewer and big business man of Blair county, and by her had seven healthy, chubby children that gave promise of growing up into first-class farm hands and housewives, real assets to that hard-working community.

Farmers Lived In Town

In line with old country custom, the farmers lived in a collective village. The houses were assembled to-

gether into a little town while the farms were out-lying, surrounding the group of homes. George Greaser went out to the fields with the other farm hands, toiling from sunrise to sunset, for which labor he received a daily pittance equivalent to 3 cents in United States money.

Evenings, he foregathered with the others in the happy intimacy of the social life of that congenial, neighborly community. Those were rare sagas the village patriarchs told of the exploits of Teutonic heroes and, equally enthralling, were the stories they told of the new world across the Atlantic, America the golden, the land of opportunity.

These stories of America particularly stirred Herr Greaser, for he was ambitious to improve his condition. Hide-bound by custom and precedent, it was hard for him to rise above his humble station of hireling in Germany. But in America there were no class restrictions to circumscribe a man's ambition. He could rise as high as his capabilities would take him.

Sail For New World

Eventually he and his family, together with several of the neighbors, conceived the idea of embarking on the great adventure of a voyage to the strange land in the west. They had to cross the ocean in a sailing vessel which, at the will of wind and wave, could give no assurance to the passengers of when they would make a landing. In the case of George Greaser and his family they were 90 days in coming from Hamburg to Baltimore.

It was a harrowing journey. First the sacrifices endured to save the \$80 passage money entailed years of meagre living. The passengers were obliged to provide their own food. Likely the Greasers and their fellow voyagers, carried with them a generous store of smoked hams, schnitz and flour. Stowed into the cramped quarters of the ship, they must have experienced the lowest degree of discomfort. High seas, scurvy and hunger were rampant on board as week followed week on that long drawn out voyage.

Two of Herr Greaser's fellow

townsmen died. He helped wrap their bodies in blankets and stood by while they were consigned to their graves in the deep. His little son George (named for his father) while playing on deck, fell overboard. The cries of alarm brought the sailors to the rescue, who, fastening ropes to their belts, jumped into the sea and soon brought the little fellow safe to the arms of his mother. Thus the boy was saved from the sea, only to die in a more terrible accident in after years. But more of that when we come to its place in the sequence of events in the family history.

Souvenirs Of Old Country

After three months, the ship hove to in the harbor of Baltimore. The Greaser family stepped foot on land at long last. They still had six days' provisions, two old trunks containing clothing and feather ticks, and six dollars in money. As souvenirs of the old country, Mr. Greaser had brought with him two treasures, heirlooms, which in later years amused his grandchildren intensely.

One was a long stemmed pipe. And some pipe! With a pint-sized bowl fantastically carved, it boasted a sterling silver lid, fastened down by a silver chain. That was an aristocrat among pipes. Although Grandfather Greaser never smoked, he delighted in showing the grand and the great-grandchildren (for he lived to be 91) how the old ladies in his native Hesse-Darmstadt smoked the pipe. Yes, the women smoked it. The stem was so long that they rested the bowl on their knees. Thus they passed it around, like a peace pipe, and puffed and talked the social evenings through. The other heirloom was a book of animal pictures. Mr. Jacob F. Greaser recalls this cherished relic of childhood joys with great pleasure to this day.

Well, here were the immigrants landed safe on new world soil, but with no place to go. They not only hadn't a place to go, but neither did they know a soul to whom they could turn for aid. Their expectation was that some one would provide for them by taking them on as indentured servants. Through the system then in

vogue, poor emigrants to this country were indentured for a term of years to a master who held them at his mercy as inexorably as ever black slaves were. Exploitation of these poor white people by unscrupulous masters led to excesses which eventually brought about the abandonment of the indenture system.

Finds Good Employer

Prospective employers went to the ports when ships docked and, looking over the immigrants with a discriminating eye, they picked out the ones that suited their requirements. The George Greaser family had the good luck to fall into the hands of John Nicodemus, father of 'Squire John Nicodemus, of Martinsburg, who took them home in his Conestoga wagon and established them in his tenant house on the farm a couple miles southeast of Martinsburg, now known as the Klepser farm. The choice was one of mutual advantage for the Greasers were hard workers and of the salt of the earth. The service they rendered their kindly employer was one hundred percent faithful and efficient.

Mr. Greaser served his employer ten years. During the day he worked on the farm and in the saw and grist mills. After night fall, when he was his own man, he worked in the ore banks at Rebecca Furnace. Thus for weeks at a time the only sleep he got was an hour and a half at noon and odd snatches before he went on the night trick at the banks.

Debt Paid, He Buys Farm

After his term of 10 years' service had expired, Mr. Nicodemus insisted that the erstwhile immigrant buy a farm. "But I have no money," protested Mr. Greaser, "How could I buy a farm?"

"Tut, tut!" chided Mr. Nicodemus, "don't let that worry you. I'll back you and so will a lot of other farmers around here."

So, in course of time Mr. Greaser bought the Greaser homestead farm which consisted of 250 acres of the best land on Clover Creek. The poor immigrant had become a landed proprietor, a man of parts, one on whom his neighbors looked with respect.

Little trace of the foreigner remained in him. He was a full-fledged American. Quick to learn the customs of the country of his adoption, the land of The Stars and Stripes, he set about to clear himself of debt. He did not look to Washington, D. C., praying for help. He depended solely on his business judgment and his two good hands.

Ready to hand was a magnificent stand of timber and the unharnessed power of Clover Creek. Aha! he must have a saw mill. Taking a pattern off the John Nicodemus upright saw mill (Up today; down tomorrow) Mr. Greaser built one like it. In good time he sawed the lumber to build a barn on his land and kept on sawing the logs for the neighbors' buildings. That saw mill kept sawing up, down, up, down, day and night shift until the steam operated saw put it out of commission.

Nor did he neglect the land during these years. Land was a cult with the pioneers, a sacred trust. To neglect it, was a sin. Therefore they limed, fertilized and cultivated it to its utmost state of productivity. The Greaser farm was kept in top notch condition. In course of time Grandfather Greaser put up additional buildings and made two farms out of it. The present owners are George Rhodes and George Garner.

Reached Good Old Age

As we mentioned before, Mr. Greaser lived to be 91. He amassed an estate which put him in the front rank of well-to-do farmers in the Cove. From poor immigrant to rich farmer, his career furnishes one of those romantic stories of real life, which makes fact more interesting than fiction. Grandfather Greaser was just another example of a self-made man. Back of his success were stick-to-itiveness and unremitting toil.

Not so bad for a blind Hessian! An old folk lore joke handed down from time immemorial, gave rise to the saying, "Blind Hessian" and "Dumb Swabian." The origin was explained by an amusing legend.

The Hessians were ready fighters. Once upon a time, while civilization was in the making, a Hessian soldier

shot an arrow at an enemy which he dimly perceived outlined in the fog. When the supposed enemy turned out on closer inspection to be nothing more than a pile of barn yard refuse, the men of the province of Hesse ever after were dubbed as blind.

The Swabs received their less heroic cognomen in this wise: A couple of Swabians, who were detailed to carry a catapult through the gateway of a fortification, tugged, pushed and sweated to force the unwieldy weapon cross-wise through the passage way. At length as one turned his eyes upward, the while he wiped the perspiration off his forehead, he beheld a bird drawing a straw through a knot hole. The bird carried the straw cross-wise in its beak, but when it came to the knot hole, it took hold at one end and pulled it through length wise. Receiving an inspiration, he explained the situation to his comrades. Following the bird's example, they experienced no trouble when they picked up the catapult again and carried it end for end instead of cross-wise as they had done before.

Grandfather Greaser showed himself true to his heredity inasmuch as fighting adversity was concerned. Far from being blind, he was always on the alert to take advantage of whatever legitimate opportunity came his way to advance his well-being. He was of the class of immigrants which has made America great.

The busy years ticked away. Gradually they levied their toll of the inexhaustible energy which their clean, sturdy Hessian blood transmitted as a family legacy to Grandfather George Greaser and his descendants. He was content to spend the sunset of his life in the quiet of well-earned repose.

In the meantime he had built an annex to the house on the homestead farm from lumber sawed in his own mill. When Grandfather Greaser built, he built well, as the three-floor barn and other buildings which he put up, will attest. They are built to last, defying the decadence of time.

He installed his son, George, Junior, with his family, in the new part, while he, himself, continued to

live in the old. There, with two of his daughters as housekeepers, he delighted to tell about the old times in his native village of Hesse-Darmstadt. The contrast between the status of life he had achieved and that to which he had been born, never failed to amuse him. Hard work did not shorten his days, as he lived to be 91, the year of his death being 1882. The Greasers evidently are long lived, since each of his six daughters reached an age that was well up into the eighties.

George Greaser, Jr., you will remember, fell into the Atlantic when the Greaser family made the crossing to their new home. He carried out the family tradition of industry and business acumen. Following in his father's footsteps, he was continuing the elder man's enterprises with marked success, demonstrating that the Greaser pluck was winning out.

Then came the year 1876. The Centennial Exposition was being held at Philadelphia, with the youthful Uncle Sam in the role of show master. He was showing the rest of the world how to hold a big fair, and getting away with it, too.

Attends Exposition

George Greaser, Jr., was in the prime of life. Knocking off a week from his farm and mill duties, he went to the fair. The reports he brought back with him about the wonders he had seen, kept Grandfather and the rest of the Greasers, not to mention the neighbors who dropped in to hear about it, on the quiver with interest.

A few days after he had returned from the fair, he met his death in a way that the wildest flight of his imagination could not have pictured. Hitching his favorite buggy horse, gentle, blind old Charley, to the hay rake, he started out in high, good health and spirits to help with the haying. While working the lever to release a rake full of grass, his clothing was caught by a hook on the lever, which pitched him forward. Frightened at this unusual circumstance, the horse kicked, fracturing his master's forehead and dealing an injury from which he died within a few

minutes.

With the body of the still breathing man held fast in the machine, the horse made a runaway, madly dashing toward the barn. As he rounded a corner of the building, the rake struck the barn wall with such force that the scar remains to this day, yet the unconscious body was not loosed from that vise-like clutch, until it was lifted out after the horse had come to a stop in the wagon shed. Mr. Greaser breathed for about fifteen minutes after he was rescued.

One of the hardest strains the bereaved family was subjected to, following the tragedy, was the melancholy experience of having to ride in the carriage behind old Charley in the funeral procession when the remains were taken to the church and the burial ground. The smaller children said that was almost more than they could bear.

As a young man, George Greaser, Jr., was accustomed to join his neighbors when they hitched up their Conestoga wagons to take a caravan of grain and clover seed to Baltimore to market. He took the produce off the farm on the down trip, returning with a load of merchandise for the storekeepers along the way, who were glad to give him commissions to haul their stock of goods.

Bully Met His Match

Mr. Jacob Greaser tells of an incident on one of these trips which entertained his father very much. The Cove wagoners, wet and shivering, stopped for the night at an inn at the close of a rainy, disagreeable day. After unhitching the horses and tethering them to the feed trough slung from the rear end of the wagons, the men went into the hostelry to warm themselves before eating. As they approached the fire place which heated the public room, a big bully standing there, pushed them away. Eventually one of them said to another of the company: "Go out and get Sam Shriver".

Sam Shriver, the present writer's great-grandfather, was a large, wide-shouldered man, who rarely used his strength in physical encounter but who believed in a square deal.

Sam Shriver came in. Taking the bully's measure, he calmly edged in besides him. Again the illmannered fellow elbowed and pushed. The next thing he knew, Mr. Shriver had him by the scruff of the collar and the slack of the pants. Calling out: "Open the door", Sam threw his burden out. There had not been so much as a word interchanged between them.

Mr. Greaser left to survive him, his widow, who had been Miss Catherine Fouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fouse, and the following children: Frederick, Lucinda (Mrs. John Daughenbaugh); Philip, Daniel, Jacob F., Paul, Mrs. Rosie Kemberlin, of Altoona; Levi, Mrs. Susan Obenour and Mrs. Lizzie Wagner, both of Huston township. All are dead except Mr. Jacob F. Greaser, and his sisters, Mrs. Kemberlin, Mrs. Obenour and Mrs. Wagner. It is an interesting coincidence that all three of the ladies are widows. Jacob F. Greaser was born Aug. 1, 1858.

Since Jacob F. Greaser was the oldest son at home, he took charge of the farm after his father's death. After some years, he married, his bride being Miss Susan Ellen Bossler, daughter of Jacob Bossler, for whom Bossler Station on the Morrisons Cove Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad was named. The young couple took up housekeeping on the Reverend Frederick Rupley farm, near Beavertown, now the property of George Corle.

Told Good Fish Story

The stories Mr. Greaser tells about his farming days are legion, each succeeding one more interesting than the last. The one which made an especial appeal to The Herald reporter is a fish story. It's a wopwolloper, but true, because no one who knows Mr. Greaser would question his veracity. His word is absolutely good with any one.

This story goes back to the Johnstown flood. Mr. Greaser kept a fish basket in Clover Creek at a point where it flowed near to the farm buildings. A fish basket now-a-days is an unknown relic of the grand old days. It was made of withes and slats criss-crossed together, perhaps 16 ft.

long and 10 wide, with the end gate resting on the creek bank. An obstruction was arranged above it so as to make a sizable water fall tumbling into the basket. Thus cat-fish, suckers and eels were caught in such quantities that mornings when the Greasers wanted fish for breakfast, all they had to do was go down to the fish basket and rake them in.

Rake? Yes, that's a fact. They had a long handled rake, and any morning in the year, they raked up a mess of the kind of fish you read about. Well, to come back to the flood, Rebecca Furnace dam had never been drained. It was polluted with fish, but when the flood came, it broke, pouring out all that store of good eats into the creek. Cat fish were so numerous that you couldn't wade into the creek without walking on them.

Mr. Greaser did not even bother to take the cat-fish and suckers out of the basket. He concentrated on eels, and raked up three tubsfull. The daddy of the lot weighed seven pounds. He took that one to Reverend Rupley. Many of the others weighed four pounds. After distributing a tubfull among friends in Martinsburg, he still had two tubsfull left. These were cleaned and salted down, providing salt eel for all summer. Mr. Greaser incidentally mentioned a fact about eels that not all fishermen may know. Eels migrate upstream in the spring; down stream in the fall.

Operated Saw Mill

Mr. Greaser ran the saw mill as his father and grandfather before him had done. By this time such stacks of waste wood had accumulated that it was becoming a pressing problem to work out a way to get rid of it. He sold quantities for fire wood, but the demand fell so far below the supply, that it looked as if those piles of wood would last forever. Isaac Dilling grandfather of J. Ealor and Jacob Dilling, merchants, of Martinsburg, offered a solution. He suggested, "Jake, start up a brick kiln. That will use up your wood."

Happy thought! Mr. Greaser had the soil analyzed and found it to be admirably adapted to brick making.

The next step was to learn the art of mixing, moulding and firing. To a man of Mr. Greaser's initiative, that was a lesson soon mastered. Figuring out the number of cords of wood required, he discovered he would need more wood.

While casting about in his mind whom he could get to cut it, two Indians providentially appeared on the scene begging for work. They were runaways from the government school at Prof. Bridenbaugh's seminary at Martinsburg. It was in the fall of the year. Mr. Greaser took them in and all that winter the Indians wielded the axe as faithfully as any white wood cutters would have done it.

During the winter evenings, the sons of the wild were much interested in watching Baby Lydia Greaser playing with two silver dollars. The child loved the jingle and clink of them as she rolled and tossed them on the floor. The black eyes of the Indians watched every move with unwinking stare. The last day of their stay at the Greaser home, the coins disappeared. Naturally, the family assumed the Indians had taken them. As a consequence Mr. Greaser gave them two dollars less than the wages he had intended to pay them. It has always been a matter for regret that he entertained the suspicion of their honesty, because at house cleaning time Mrs. Greaser found the money under the carpet where little Lydia had put it in her play.

When Mr. Greaser craved diversion, he went hunting. Raccoons were his specialty. Many are the stories he can tell of the cunning of this bushy tailed ranger of the woods. He also trapped mink and muskrats. A good "coon" hide brought 75 cents; black mink as much as \$1.50. Muskrat pelts were worth 10 or 15 cents.

Was Once Cattle Buyer

A hearty burst of laughter prefaces Mr. Greaser's reminiscences about the times he and the late Jacob Acker went across the mountain to Huntingdon to buy cattle. Mr. Acker was one of the last of the old guard of live stock traders. He belonged to the school that made bargaining a fine

art. Nowadays the dealer names the price. It is up to the farmer to take it or else the sale is off. It was as good as a show to hear the old time horse and cattle drovers dicker with their customers. Each held out for the last cent. Some tall stories could be written about these encounters of wits against wits.

The year Mr. Greaser went with "Uncle Jake" to buy up cattle he had husked 5000 bu. of corn off a 40 acre field on the old Rupley place. He decided to use it up to fatten cattle. That would be good for the land and good for the pocket book when Butcher Weist came from Altoona to buy them. Husking that much corn is a real job. During one moonlight night the Greasers invited in the neighbors to a corn husking bee. The men husked 900 bushels until they knocked off when the dinner bell rang to call them in for the mid-night supper.

By this time the children were big enough to go to school. There were Lydia Paxton Greaser (Mrs. Homer U. Loose) now of Philadelphia; Otis (deceased); Rev. Blandon Greaser, a Baptist minister, of Kittanning, Pa.; Meda (Mrs. D. K. Wierman); Jay Greaser and Mildred (Mrs. Homer Tipton) of Martinsburg. As it was far for the children to go to school, Mr. and Mrs. Greaser decided to move to Martinsburg.

Martinsburg Had Brick Plant

Mr. Greaser bought some land adjacent to the western boundaries of the borough and set about the establishment of a brick plant. He operated six kilns, each having a capacity of 100,000 bricks. This one-time Martinsburg industry is worthy of a column or two of print. At some future time, the reporter hopes to go into detail regarding it. Doubtless the gray beards and the other men of Martinsburg who have reached the bald spot stage, recall the pleasure they derived from watching the fascinating steps incident to making bricks.

There was the grinding and mixing of the mud in the big mud box, the moulding by hand and lastly the firing. The flames from the kilns made

a glow at night which illuminated the sky. Many buildings in Martinsburg and the Cove were constructed of the Greaser bricks. The pedestrian still walks on them in some part of the town. The machine made brick, in time, nosed the home brand out of the market, and Mr. Greaser entered other pursuits.

He successively followed hotel keeping and realty. He sold off the lots on which the majority of the houses in West Martinsburg stand. Again the land paid him good dividends. This time all he had to do was let it sell itself, while he took the money. You see that proves Mr. Greaser's theory that land is your best investment.

As Mr. and Mrs. Greaser recall, Vernon & Jones, nurserymen familiar to Cove residents, were the first traveling salesmen to come to Martinsburg in an automobile. At that time Mr. Greaser was the proprietor of the Martinsburg hotel, now owned by William Keim.

Here we will take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Greaser amid the serenity and comfort of their pleasant home (the old Bossler property) on West Allegheny street, Martinsburg. We wish them happy days. May the bright spark of their quick intelligence never cease to kindle their eyes nor the spring of vitality fail their steps.

The trouble of others are interesting because we like to compare them with our own.

Fifty years ago everybody felt sorry for children; now we feel sorry for parents.

When we're right we credit our judgment; when we're wrong we curse our luck.

Anyone who is willing to listen gets credit for being a charming conversationalist.

Young men today consider they are "broke" at a point where their fathers would have thought themselves rich.

Village Blacksmith Highly Esteemed

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.

Longfellow's poem, a juvenile classic reproduced in the public school readers, was a prime favorite when the present writer was a child in school. A fine collection of thumb marks and a worn-out place at the bottom of the page, gave testimony that "The Village Black Smith" made a lasting appeal to the owner of the book.

Not only were the rhythm and the imagery of the lines fascinating, there was another reason why it was coned, memorized and recited at the Friday afternoon "lit'ry" society. In those days prior to radio English, our teachers went to great pains to have us give each syllable of literary its full value, especially emphasizing the "a". Now we struggle to slough it off in order to be in style with modernistic pronunciation.

The late John H. Zook, of Curryville, was the reason we children loved the poem. He was so exactly the counterpart of the blacksmith described in it, that naturally we associated him with the poetic character, thereby giving the verses a home flavor. The embryonic Herald reporter passed the blacksmith shop on the way to and from school. The building stood at the fork of the road a quarter of a mile south of Curryville. It is now used as Emanuel S. Guyer's barn and garage. Its general appearance was perfectly in accord with the smithy in the poem except that there was no chestnut tree overarching the building, a lack which the little girl, taking shy peeks inside, always regretted.

Strong and muscular, Mr. Zook typified the New England smith of Longfellow's conception to the letter. Spiritually, there was an even stronger similarity. "On Sunday he went to church" and "He looked the whole world in the face for he owed not any man". Absolutely square and

honest in his business dealings, Mr. Zook owed no money obligation neither did he overlook an opportunity to do his neighbor a service. Kind and jolly, with an infectious chuckle punctuating his conversation, he was liked by everybody. His level, twinkling gaze had no need of faltering because of the consciousness that his was a clean sheet in the great ledger of life.

Days of Handmade Supplies

The old time blacksmith shop as a symbol of the days when rural communities were selfsustaining, was the center of a diversity of industries. There were no mail order supply houses then from which a postal money order would bring a quick response for anything needed on the farm or in the home. No, the people applied to the blacksmith. He was an all-around craftsman and artisan. Whatever the demand was, were it a farm implement or a horse shoe nail, he prided himself in being able to produce it, in fact, make it by hand.

From the scientific view point, a present day garage may be more arresting, in that electricity, harnessed lightning, is used as the slave of the modern mechanic. That grips the imagination, of course, but what old timer will admit that it has the interest of the workshop presided over by the village blacksmith, where everything was forged by hand and by means of the most primitive process.

Wearing a leather apron and with sleeves rolled up on his "brawny arms" Mr. Zook stood Vulcan-like at the 'flaming forge'. He directed mighty hammer strokes on the red-hot iron he moulded into shape on the anvil, drawing forth reverberating clangs and a blazonry of quivering sparks. David S. Burget who had a wagon shop in the rear of the smithy, made wagons for which the smith made the tires. In addition the plant included such multifarious activities as implement making, repair work, cider press and syrup manufacturing.

How many of you can tell how a

tire was fitted on the rim of a wheel so that it would remain tight? The tire was made perhaps three inches less than the circumference of the wheel. Then it was heated in a roaring wood fire until it expanded to the proper size. The trick in getting it just right, was to cool it quickly. It was rolled on to a frame from which it could be revolved in a trough or sluice of cold water. Done, as only the experienced knowledge of such a man as Mr. Zook, could bring to bear on the task, the tire was guaranteed to stand the wear and tear of hard usage and changes of temperature.

A journeyman smith, who worked for Mr. Zook many years ago, related an incident which never failed to get a hearty laugh from the hangers-on at the shop. He said that once when he and his employer were ready to run a hot tire through the water, they discovered a big fat hog had taken possession of it. Mr. Porker, at great peace with the world, was loathe to move out. The men were put to the labor of carrying water up a long hill and doing the tire all over again. To give the hog a lesson, they heated the water next day and filled the trough as a trap. All unsuspecting, the hog came dashing in for an enticing wallow. No sooner had he hit the water than he squealed bloody murder and lit out for parts unknown at all the speed he could muster. That was the last time he sought a bath in the blacksmith's trough.

Work Changed With Seasons

Mr. Zook used to remark to his family that he did not have to refer to the calendar to tell what season of the year it was. He could determine that by the kind of work that came in. In the spring there would be a succession of plows to make or mend, shovel plow points to sharpen, pin harrows to make or sharpen, and rollers to construct. He made or repaired all kinds of machinery used to put out the spring crops.

During the summer, work on mowers, reapers, hay rakes and hay ladders, kept pace with the ripening of the grain and cutting of grass for

hay. Towards fall, orders came in for roller screens.

"Roller screens, what are they?" inquires the present generation. Well it was a grain screen which antedated the old hand wind mill. Three cylindrical wire and wood screens of different sized mesh, coarse, medium and fine, whirled the wheat around to clean it of chaff and dirt. You would have to go pretty far into the back woods to find one still in existence. They belong to the long-ago past.

As winter approached horses were brought to be rough-shod, and sleds and sleighs were turned up in expectation of good sledding weather. "A winter with light snow fall simply was no fun at all. So it went, the seasonal round bringing its train of special work.

The blacksmith shop was a great place for interested spectators—Loafers would be a less euphonious name. Men and boys nearly always congregated there. It was a sort of clearing house for neighborhood happenings and, since this was the era of the aristocracy of brawn, it was also a kind of gymnasium in which the fellows who had reputations as local strong men, staged all kinds of contests of strength and endurance.

One of the toughest propositions was lifting the mandrel. The mandrel used to bend iron, weighed perhaps 150 pounds. The trick was for the performer to keep his left hand in his pocket, while he swung the mandrel off the ground and over his shoulder with the right. Only two or three of the contenders were able to do it. Among them were Mr. Zook and the late Samuel B. Shriver. Of course, there were "raslin" matches, which resulted in many strained muscles and "busted" seams. Another favorite stunt was hammer throwing and holding a hammer or other heavy object at arm's length to see who could win the time laurels.

Fly Brushing Quite An Honor

A very important adjunct to the blacksmith equipment was a horse tail, utilized as a fly brush. It was a coveted honor, nay a high mark of respect, for a boy to be permitted to

wield the fly chaser; almost as important as the eagerly sought boon of holding a horse that was being shod.

Isaac Burget, now living in Everett, who was the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Burget, was the most regular appointee for this job. He swung the tail valiantly all through the summer months. One cold winter day when the mercury was hovering in the vicinity of zero, Isaac dropped into the shop at a time that it was well patronized by a coterie of young bloods on the lookout for fun.

Seizing on Isaac as a worthy victim, they at once began a spirited discussion about the havoc worked in winter time on poor defenseless horses by the horse fly. Cold weather was the time that pesky insect put in its dirty work. They deplored the fact that no one seemed to think enough of the poor beasts to keep them brushed off. This was too much for Isaac, who got down the horse tail and began operations on a horse that was being shod. Such shouts of laughter greeted this performance that the little chap was not long in realizing that there was monkey business a-foot.

The habitual language employed at the shop was Pennsylvania Dutch. Its fluent syllables, too, are becoming strange in the Cove. Ranson Cloud, of McKeesport, was one of the few hangers-on, who was not familiar with Dutch. Therefore, Mr. Zook always spoke to him in English. One day Ranson threw some rubber into the forge fire to see what effect it would have on Mr. Zook's jovial disposition. Sniffing the over-powering odor, Mr. Zook broke into a hearty laugh, saying, "Listen, how it stinks!" His attitude towards the trick endeared him more than ever to the boys, all of whom adored him. "Listen", was a by-word with Mr. Zook, as "say" is with most people now-a-days.

Business Branches Out

After his blacksmith trade had been well established, Mr. Zook branched out into other lines. He established a cider press. For years, he did an extensive business. The

fragrance of sweet cider, mingling with the sour fumes of the heaps of pommies around which swarms of bees and yellow jackets buzzed, was detected in the atmosphere long before you came in sight of the place.

His venture into syrup making was not so successful. He planted sorghum corn with the expectation of developing a flourishing industry. He installed a combination crusher and press which extracted the sap from the cornstalks. The sap or juice dripped into a pan which was kept heated by a continuous fire. The brand of syrup or molasses, was of excellent flavor, but the long and tedious process which produced it, necessitated a price too high to make it salable in a market already flooded by cheaper, machine-made grades. Therefore the local brand never got far beyond the experimental stage.

Mr. Zook retired from blacksmithing in 1894 in favor of farming. He bought the beautiful farm west of Curryville, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kanode. He continued to live there until his death, October 10, 1911, aged 67 years, 8 months, and 29 days. His widow, Hannah Fishel Zook died March 11, 1919.

Mr. Zook's second son, Irvin F. Zook took over the operation of the blacksmith shop, following his father's retirement. Mr. Zook is the proprietor of the Zook fruit farm a half mile east of Curryville. The pioneer commercial orchardist in his section of the Cove, he has one of the most beautiful and successful fruit farms in Blair county. The Zook brand, widely known over the central section of the state, stands for perfection and quality. With his entry into fruit culture, twenty some years ago, the Zook blacksmith shop passed out of existence, pushed off the scene by machine manufacture.

Pencil Twice Stolen

Irvin F. Zook says the incident that most commonly recurs to his mind when his thoughts stray back to his blacksmithing experience involves a little boy and a bright, red carpenter pencil. Missing the pencil one day, he cast back over immediate events to try to determine what he had done

with it. Then he recalled that this certain little boy was the only person who had been in the shop up to the time of the disappearance of the pencil. Acting on the assumption that the little fellow had found the allure of the pencil too much for his Sunday school teachings, Mr. Zook accosted the boy next time he came into the shop, "Next time you come in here, bring my pencil back."

Without any demur, whatever, the young culprit answered, "Alright, Irve, I will." Sure enough in the course of an hour he returned the pencil, remarking, "Here's your pen-

cil, Irve, I stole it twice; once from you and then I had to steal it from Pop, so I could fetch it back."

Only four children of the John H. Zook family are living, survivors of a wonderful happy, congenial family. They are Reverend Fred R. Zook and Miss Sadie Zook of Martinsburg; Simon F. Zook of Johnstown and Irvin F. Zook of Curryville. Calvin, who died in boyhood; Annie, wife of Reuben Quarry of Martinsburg, and Mary, wife of John Wareham of Martinsburg, have joined their parents in the great bourne from which none return.

Canal Boat Travel Recalled To Mind

Ten hours to make the distance between Williamsburg and Hollidaysburg. Well, that would be a study in slow motion. You know how amusing it is to see a moving picture reel set at slow motion. Every separate movement is analyzed on the screen, giving the effect of ghostliness, a mere figment of motion.

Back in the old canal days when the Pennsylvania canal made a water way between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, it took at least eight or ten hours for a coal or freight barge to travel from Williamsburg to Hollidaysburg. William Hoover, of Williamsburg, better known as "Pete", tells about it. He is one of the few canal boatmen still living. Mr. Hoover, although he was not born on a boat, well might have been, because his first conscious recollection is of boats and the canal.

His father, John B. Hoover, was captain of a boat, plying between Huntingdon and Hollidaysburg. He normally freighted on the home stretch, but was ready to accept a commission to any port on the great statewide system, east of the Alleghany mountains, were the destination Philadelphia or Wilkesbarre.

In Captain John B. Hoover's time, the mountains were no barrier. Through canal service, both passenger and freight, was carried on by

means of section boats. The vessels were so constructed that they floated on the water all of a piece, but when they reached Hollidaysburg, the gateway to the Old Portage railroad, which without a single locomotive, afforded passage over the mountains by gravity, so to speak, the different sections were uncoupled from one another, loaded on flat cars and whirled up and down over the ten planes which controlled the grades over the mountains to Johnstown. Here they were fastened together again and, in boat guise once more, were floated down to Pittsburgh.

Thrilling Trip Over Mountain

Many travelers, who had the courage to do it, took the trip over the Old Portage just for the thrill. Students of history will recall that New York City and Philadelphia were implacable rivals for the place as chief sea port and metropolis of the United States. They kept fairly even until after the Erie canal was built which opened to New York harbor the fabulous trade of the west. Then Old Father Knickerbocker gave Father Penn a derisive horse laugh.

Nothing would do but that Philadelphia, likewise, must have a water way to the west. But, alas and alack, the ranges of the Alleghanies lifted their rugged crests across the state, crying halt to any such procedure,

Striking while the iron was hot, the political bosses from the City of Brotherly Love, jammed legislation through at Harrisburg, which provided appropriations for the Pennsylvania canal.

Engineers were imported from Europe, American mechanical genius was manipulated, and presto! by 1834, the canal had materialized into actual operations.

Dinky engines were set on the top of each plane lying between Hollidaysburg and Johnstown, which operated a huge drum around which rope cables were coiled as the cars were hauled up on one side and let down via gravitation on the other. It was the first railroad of the kind in the world, and was, by far the most stupendous engineering feat of the pre-stream railway age. No wonder passengers held their breath as they were whisked up and down the hoary mountain ridges that never before had bowed to rapid transit.

Mules Furnished Slow Power

To come back to the canal boat laboriously crawling up the levels from Williamsburg to Hollidaysburg, one must bear in mind that the motive power was mule flesh, bone and general cussedness. For years, young "Pete" Hoover drove mules along the tow path between the two canal ports. He started while the Civil War was on, when he was 10 or 12 years old. Children had short play time then. As soon as they were grown enough to work, they were initiated into the business of making a living.

The Herald reporter, in her ignorance, asked Mr. Hoover, "Why didn't you make the mules walk faster?" Very patiently he explained that the water being shallow, the poor beasts were forced to pull the heavily laden barges through the mud at the bottom of the canal. Hitched tandem, one ahead of the other, the four mules "Pete" drove, strained and pulled for all that was in them. During spring freshets, when the tow path was a veritable mortar bed of slippery mud, pulling the canal boats was no picnic for either man, boy or beast.

Mr. Hoover's talk of levels, locks

and up stream were somewhat dizzying to the news scribe who could not comprehend what it all was about. He eventually succeeded in picturing it by showing that the canal followed the contour of the land. Hollidaysburg lies considerably higher than Williamsburg. The dam at Reservoir which fed the canal, lay at a still greater altitude. To admit of navigation up-stream, which was really up hill, the boats were lifted by a series of locks. Thus the locks acted as steps over which the boats were lifted from one level to the other.

Many Lock Tenders

A lock tender lived at each lock. When you remember that there were 33 locks between Williamsburg and Huntingdon and 15 or 16 between Williamsburg and Hollidaysburg, you begin to understand why travel on the canal was a demonstration in slow motion. The lock tender lived with his family in a house that stood by the lock. At that, he hadn't much time to waste, as the boats, during the hey-day of the canal, whistled almost constantly for the lock tender to manipulate the wickets, letting water in for up stream traffic and letting it out for down stream craft. It required only ten minutes or so for a boat to be lifted over a lock.

In addition to the lock tenders there were mud bosses employed, whose duty it was to row a flat bottomed boat along the banks to see that there were no crevices or breaks. Sometimes boats were held up anywhere from one week to six on account of washouts. If the bank gave way, the water flowed through and where the canal had been there was nothing left but a mud hole. Consequently the boats were stranded.

When you listen to Mr. Hoover tell of the routine on board a coal barge which plied the canal, those roistering old sailing days are denuded of all their romance. You have nothing left but the stark skeleton of days and nights of incessant toil.

The crew consisted of the captain, who was the owner of the boat, a boatswain and a steersman. The shift for each man was six hours off and six hours on. Duties were inter-

changeable. During his off time, each man took his turn at cooking and dish washing. None of them relished washing dishes but, as Mr. Hoover laconically remarked, "It had to be done whether a fellow liked it or not." The boats were steered, not by wheel, but a rudder. A steersman had to be on guard constantly to avoid the bank as well as other craft.

Getting ready for bed was simply a matter of shedding their boots, the men sleeping for the length of the voyage with their clothes on. When they wanted a bath, they jumped into the canal. The only trouble about that was that they generally fell or were pushed off while they had all their clothes on. A trip to Philadelphia took eight or nine days. The pull up to Wilkesbarree, took about the same length of time.

Boats Hauled Much Coal

The old General Grant, one of the boats on which Mr. Hoover worked, carried soft coal to Wilkesbarree and brought back a cargo of hard coal from Nanticoke. The soft coal was called gas coal, since it was used for making artificial gas. In those days a gigantic "gas house" or plant converted coal into gas to supply the street lights of Wilkesbarree. The through boats had a cabin aft for the accommodation of the crew and a mule stable at the bow. The mules worked in twelve hour shifts. So you see, there were day mules and night mules.

Far from being mule-headed, Mr. Hoover declares the mules knew more than the drivers. The belief that the mules understood nothing but profanity is a libel to their intelligence. Mr. Hoover says a well-trained mule went through its paces like clock-work, very little direction from the driver being necessary.

While the majority of the canal men were a decent, self respecting lot, there were others who looked upon a drunk and a fight as their idea of a rip-snorting, good time. Some famous brawlers there were too. They watched every opportunity to pick a fight. Jamming into another boat or nosing in ahead at the locks, was excuse enough. The encounters

which ensued were truly heroic. Sans rules, sans regard for anatomy or refinements, the combatants went at each other, tooth or nail. A kick in the mid-riff or attempt to bite off a thumb, gouge out an eye, rip a corner of the mouth to the ear, or jump on a fallen antagonist's stomach, were permissible. A rough-and-tumble fray like that was blood curdling to watch, let alone damaging to the combatants. Mr. Hoover recalls that one of Williamsburg's best known champions was a man by the name of George Kishkadden.

Labor Got Small Reward

For the interminable labor on the canal boats, the men got from \$12 to \$20 a month and "kept." Mr. Hoover says everybody was satisfied. From comparison of the old days with the present Mr. Hoover has drawn a quaint philosophy. He says the less people have the less they want. Give the average man a taste of luxury and he thinks the world owes him ice cream every day.

Life when he was young was geared to the tempo of the canal. Everything was slow. Everybody worked long hours for small pay, yet little complaint was heard. Everyone seemed to be actuated by the axiom, "Man wants but little here below nor wants that little long". Simple, contented working people led busy, contented lives. The mad dashing to and fro, the speed mania and the craze for amusement, which characterizes the present day round, leaves Mr. Hoover somewhat bewildered. He says if folks saw a circus or a wagon show once or twice a year when he was young, that was all the diversion they looked for or craved.

He certainly enjoys his leisure which is the reward of old age. Never sick in his life, with the exception of several attacks of ague, which gave him the shakes but never put him to bed, he is hale and hearty at "going on 82". He was born in Williamsburg, January 29, 1852. He and his brother James are the last ones left out of a family of nine. They are both bachelors. A bachelor nephew, Bernard Brumbaugh, is the other member of this womanless household.

They live in an old, well-preserved and well kept house on Second street, close to the paper mill in Williamsburg. James is interested in gardening. His hobby is the growing of box wood hedge plants from cuttings. He plants the twigs in August, being quite successful in maturing sturdy stalks from the cuttings.

Aged Man Still Active

Mr. William Hoover is by no means contented to play the part of the man who sits in his house by the side of the road and watches the world go by. He takes a walk down town every day, rain or shine. Weather means just nothing at all to this erstwhile mule driver, who followed the tow path, come rain, mud, hail or high water. His usual itinerary is a stop-off at Ake's garage, enroute to C. G. Stultz's wagon shop, where he can be seen on warm, clear days, sitting on a bench outside the shop. He and Mr. Stultz are great cronies.

Curiously enough the canal was only a summer thoroughfare since it invariably froze over in winter.

Traffic was carried over it depending on the severity of the weather, approximately from April 1st to the middle of November. It must have provided a jolly skating rink in winter, as well as ice to store up in ice houses for use during the summer.

Mr. Hoover made his last trip on the canal in 1877, traveling on a coal barge to Wilkesbarree. The canal was virtually abandoned in 1872 when the Pennsylvania Railroad company took possession of the right of way and put the channel out of commission in favor of speedier transportation by steam. The railroad parallels the course of the canal rather closely the entire distance between Williamsburg and Hollidaysburg. The strident whistle of the locomotive silenced the deeper notes of the fog horn of the canal boats. Another stage in the development of speed was ushered in. In its turn steam has yielded submission to electric power, the railway train stepping out of line to give place to the automobile and the air plane. Thus time and progress march swiftly on.

Comfort's Scarce In Weaver's Home

Embarrassed because of her bare feet, a girl sat all through Sunday school with them drawn up under her skirts. By the time the service was over, her legs were so cramped that she walked as stiffly as old "Daudy" Kensinger. Her shoes having worn out beyond hope of further patching, she had to choose between staying at home that Sunday or going to the school bare foot. In spite of the fact that she thought herself too big a girl to go without shoes, she would not miss appearing in her customary place in the little old school house where the good people of Millerstown and vicinity met to hold their Bible study.

Poverty? By no means. This situation in which Esther Kensinger, now Mrs. Esther Wineland, of Martinsburg, found herself some 70 years ago was quite in the natural order

of events. Millerstown was then a straggling little village of log houses nestling among the hills which were dotted here and there in sheltered farm land nooks with similar log cabins. In line with the iron-bound custom prevailing in the community and the Cove in general, children were allotted one pair of shoes a year. If they wore out before the almanac got round to the regular date set by the father of the family to go to Martinsburg for the annual side of leather from which the shoes were made, the children, perforce, went barefoot.

So here were Esther Kensinger and her sister Lizzie (Mrs. Elizabeth Stoudnour of Henrietta), "chunks" of girls, circumspectly hiding their feet behind skirts that reached almost to the ankle length deemed appropriate for young ladies. Perhaps their

thoughts, as they cast bashful glances about to note whether their plight was being observed, went back regretfully to last winter's forbidden sliding on the ice which had served to shorten the life of that tough calf skin foot gear. But as for wishing for a new pair, that was out of the question, for well they knew there would be no new shoes until the time of the year had arrived to attend to that necessity.

Nobody plagued their parents for new shoes, or new anything. It simply wasn't done. Considering that there were 10 children in Father Lewis Kensinger's family, one can well believe that the juvenile Kensingers' footwear was cut a little low, since it had to be eked out of a single hide. Of course, it was a large hide, but Mrs. Wineland still remembers how cold the snow and wind felt about her ankles winter time. The height of the shoe top, as custom decreed in the Cove, was graduated in ratio to the number of children in the family. Small family, high tops; large family, low tops.

Calico Was A Luxury

Esther and Lizzie wore their best dresses on that historic Sunday, sprigged blue calico. My, but they were pretty. In the eyes of the girls they were much prettier than their other dresses of linen, red and black lindsey and brown flannel, which their mother wove. Calico, you see, had the glamour of being store bought. Possibly by the time they had pulled the flax, retted, broke, scutched, hackled, spun, wove, bleached, or maybe dyed the linen dress goods, however rare it may be now, to them it may have represented the sum total of just so much work rather than a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Mrs. Wineland's recollections vividly picture the simplicity of life in Morrisons Cove in her girlhood. She was born December 1, 1851. You see her memory goes back a long way, yet not so long in point of time as the contrast between conditions then and now would lead one to believe. Large families crowded into little houses, which by modern standards were devoid of the ordinary com-

forts of life; money so scarce that it commanded a respect which did not admit of foolish spending, they got along and saved a surplus on what the present generation would not even consider as pocket money.

Did that state of affairs rob our forefathers of the right to happiness? Ah no, they had discovered the truth that happiness is a quality of the soul. It is not contingent on a fine house, expensive, over-stuffed furniture, handsome clothes, an electric refrigerator and an automobile. They were well aware that it is a fallacy to believe that mere possessions have inherent in themselves the power to confer contentment. They had learned that it is the spirit which embellishes one's environment with the sparkling jewels of joy and satisfaction in living. Their horizon was bounded by the glimmering crest of the Mountains of Duty Done, touched by the bright blue sky of Unwordliness.

Knows How To Keep Young

The first time you meet Mrs. Wineland you get the impression that she has the recipe for vigorous long life. Tall and stately, she carries herself with youthful erectness and quickness of movement. You sense that her love of fun, vivacity and a serene disposition are the components of the elixir of youth that keeps age and decrepitude at bay. The Kensinger family must have been a lively, jolly, hard-working lot, who went the even tenor of their way without stubbing their toes against the rough spots along life's way.

Of the six daughters, three are still alive, all of them over eighty and each an exemplar of gracious, keen-minded old age. Besides Mrs. Wineland, there are Mrs. Lydia Glass, aged 86 of Altoona and Mrs. Elizabeth Stoudnour, aged 80. On July 4 of this year the three sisters had a reunion. They gave themselves over to reminiscing about the experiences they shared during their long lives, dwelling upon the happy ones as well as the shadows which have enveloped but not overwhelmed them. Always good company, "lustig" the neighbors called it, the Kensinger girls were all

liked. The passing years have accentuated the qualities which inspired the respect and affection of their friends. Until recently none of the old ladies had ever known what it was to experience sickness.

I wonder whether they talked about cider soup and funnel cakes? Cider soup was a stand-by on the Kensinger family bill-of-fare. Now, don't jump to conclusions. It wasn't hard cider, but cider that had passed beyond the sweet stage when the beads just begin to bubble up. I suppose it was in the nature of a sauce. Thickened with flour and bread and flavored with spices, it was a great old Dutch dish. It seems a pity that the art of cookery as practiced by the early German settlers, with its intricate seasoning of spices, chives, thyme and savory, has been lost in the shuffle of becoming adjusted to present day methods.

Funnel cakes were made similarly to doughnuts (fet Kucha) except that the batter was poured into the boiling fat in the Dutch oven from a funnel, thus forming rings of light, flaky, delectable confection. Have you ever heard of dried tomatoes? Well, they dried them when Mrs. Wineland was young. That was before the can opener had become the most important cooking utensil. It's hard to imagine a time when there were no canned food-stuffs. Everything was dried:

Tomatoes, pears, plums, beans, corn and, above all, apples. The time-honored schnitz were a domestic institution. They were not only a standard article of diet but they were the medium for calling together the young folks in the social diversions of schnitzings and apple butter boilings.

Grandfather Came From Ireland

Mrs. Wineland's mother was Mary Dougherty, daughter of J a m e s Dougherty, who came from Ireland to seek his fortune in the New World. In those days voyagers in the trans-Atlantic sailing vessels took their food with them for the duration of the trip. Mr. Dougherty had a generous supply of bread which had been baked six weeks. The loaves were baked until they were brown clear

through and probably as hard as a rock, the purpose being to protect it from mould and turning sour. What he soaked it in to soften it, Mrs. Wineland does not recall hearing them say, but most likely he had provided himself with coffee, which was almost as indispensable as the staff of life.

Apparently the young Irishman's stock-in-trade consisted of a pair of skillful hands and a head full of beautiful designs and patterns for weaving coverlids or coverlets. For the Dougherty's were weavers. Any number of the fine specimens of home-made coverlets, which are treasured as family heirlooms by Morrisons Cove families are products of the Dougherty looms. Jacob Dougherty, son of James, and father of the late Levi Dougherty of Henrietta, wove quantities of them, whose intricate designs and brilliant colors put them on a par with anything of the kind that the past has bequeathed to posterity. Mrs. Wineland and her daughter Florence have four of them. Jacob Dougherty was the grandfather of Edward Dougherty president of the Altoona Rescue Mission.

When we snuggle ourselves into the comfortable folds of a fleecy woolen blanket which was bought from store or factory, we never give a thought to the processes which went into its manufacture. But that was a part of the familiar daily routine of our grandmothers. Mrs. Wineland's earliest recollection is of spinning and weaving. Preparing the wool or flax for the loom was women's work.

Blankets Meant Work

For instance, you set your heart on having one of those lovely coverlets. First you caught the sheep. An old sheep that by chance passed by one of the gaily colored blankets hanging on the line, might have ruminated, "Well, I certainly never looked like that". Nevertheless the sheep was the first step in that complicated process. After the men had tied two feet of Mr. or Mrs. Baa Baa, the women sheared the fleece, meanwhile the children assisting by holding down the heads of the captive animals. After repeated washings, the wool

was either "picked" by hand or was taken to the factory at Waterside to be carded or packed evenly into rolls. Then in was ready to be spun into yarn and reeled into skeins. The Kensinger girls used either the large or small spinning wheel with equal efficiency.

Dyeing was by way of being a household art. Here again the grandmothers were thrown on their own resources as store bought dyes were too expensive to buy. Rock indigo was the only one they bought. It was responsible for the rich navy blues which predominated in the color ensemble of the woolens of the period. Some curious devices were resorted to obtain the desired shades, but the garden, forest and farm were the laboratory from which they were developed. Red was made principally from madder, yellow from ochre obtained from certain clays or rock. In conjunction with indigo, these were the three primary colors. Varieties of hues were produced by combination of the primary colors. Brown was made from butter nut bark and rock indigo treated with ammonia produced green. Poke berry was sometimes utilized to get purple.

Care and good judgment had to be mixed with the ingredients in large proportion. In case the wool was dyed before it was spun, it was dipped repeatedly, dipped and spread out to dry in the sun, dipped and spread, dipped and spread until the result satisfied the house wife's discriminating eye. Needless to say those colors were sun and soap proof.

A much simpler method was to dye the yarn but it was not considered to be quite so fade resistant. When at last the yarn was ready for Weaver Jacob Dougherty, weeks of work had gone into it. Mrs. Wineland is unable to say whether Mr. Dougherty tied the design on the loom from a sample or pattern or whether he did it out of his head. Doubtless some of them represented quite an interesting story could one interpret it. They probably had come down through generations of weavers from the Middle Ages. Unfortunately, even the names of the designs are forgotten.

Women Made The Linen

Linen making was mostly winter's work—women's and children's chores. The Kensinger girls harvested the flax by pulling it up by the roots and tying it into little bundles. Next the bundles were opened to admit of the flax being spread in windows to ret in the sun and rain. When the tough outer husk had become sufficiently softened, Father Kensinger laid it on racks to dry over open fires.

Once it was dried and put through the brake, the men's part in the operation ceased, and Mother Kensinger and her daughters took over the remaining tasks of scutching, hackling, spinning and weaving. Winter time they adjourned to the barn where the children, with hands so blue with cold that repeated thawing by blowing their breath on them was necessary, remained in the cow stables scutching away for hours, while Mother sat in the adjoining feeding entry hackling it over the coarse and then the fine teeth. The coarse fibre was the tow. It was used for trousers for the men and the boys of the family.

The fine fibre which remained in her hand and which was as soft and lustrous as silk, was used for household linens, towels, sheets, chaff-ticks, pillow slips and the like. The Kensinger women must have woven miles of it. Day after day they wove six or eight yards as their daily stint on each of two looms which they operated on the home place, formerly known as the "Addie" Burget farm, near Millerstown, now occupied by Ralph Brumbaugh and his family. Mrs. Wineland's biggest day's weaving was nine yards of carpet, one and a quarter yards in width. She still has some of the fine old linen she wove.

Do you remember the old dinner bell? Great was the rivalry among the industrious farm women to be the first to "bell" the men in from the fields. At 11 o'clock in the forenoon and at 4 or 4:30 in the afternoon, from the four points of the compass, there was a concatenation of neighborhood bells. A woman's proficiency at getting her house work done was gauged by the promptness of her dinner bell. The housewives had the

individual ding dong of each one down so pat, that they could identify it at the first clang of the clapper. It must be confessed too, that rather than to be outdone, there were cases here and there of one of the good ladies ringing the bell before she was even through peeling the potatoes. toes.

Mrs. Esther Wineland remembers a time when she and her sister Lizzie were woefully disgraced. As little girls, it was their duty to wash the dishes. Even seventy years ago, this was an irkome task to little girls who had to perform this operation three times a day. On this particular occasion, Esther and Lizzie dawdled the time away until behold! there was Davy Burget's bell ringing for supper before they had the dinner dishes done. This was such a humiliation that it worked a sure cure. They ever after did the dishes in quick time. Mrs. Burget held the honor of being the first one to "bell". She guarded this distinction zealously for years.

Signs Of War Appear

Before Esther reached her teens, there was much talk of war between the North and the South. There was great uneasiness, which was by no means lessened by strange signs in the sky. Banners of light seemed to stream from the stars, blood-red disks or sun spots appeared in the heavens at times and once, she distinctly recalls her father coming to the door to have the family go into the yard to look at the night sky. There, clearly defined, they all beheld a gigantic, fiery hand outlined across the zenith. Everyone was agreed that these phenomena were omens of bloodshed. The breaking out of the Civil war soon afterward proved their interpretation to have been correct.

Mrs. Wineland offers no explanation. She saw these things with her own eyes. She is aware that the present generation laughs such manifestations away as being the products of a too active imagination. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that people in that day actually saw things which no scientific formula can explain.

Signs played a major part in an-

other aspect of Cove life. All the farmers and their wives, who, of course, presided over the vegetable garden even to the extent of digging it up in the spring, did their planting by the moon. That is to say, they were governed by the phases of the moon as to the time they put the seed in the ground. For instance, "Don't plant in the dark of the moon", was a taboo which was universally adhered to. Plant tuberous roots, potatoes, onions, radishes, turnips, in the down sign; beans, peas and other climbers, in the up sign. Housewives, take notice. If you wish to grow large smooth tomatoes in abundance, sow the seed in March in the sign of the lion just before full moon. Mrs. Wineland says that here again the skeptical later generations are prone to smile a tolerant, superior smile at such notions, but the faith of the fathers is good enough for her.

Trundle Bed Convenient

Should you wonder how the overflowing, early American families could be crowded into those little two or four room with loft, log houses, the answer is the trundle bed. Babies graduated into the trundle bed, which day-time, in quick succession from the cradle was shoved under the curtains of Pap and Mam's big four poster, where it was out of sight and away from under foot. At night it was pulled out far enough to put two or three youngsters in storage until after day-light, for getting up time was early in those days.

It was nothing unusual for folks to have a bed in the kitchen. The kitchen was the living room, as well as the general work room, dining room and, in some instances, bed room too. "Well-fixed" families lived in this manner. But when the "young ones", as ever is the way with the each on coming generation, reached an age at which they had a word in the family councils, Pap built a large new house, which blossomed forth a kitchen, "settin'" room, parlor and plenty of bedrooms. Then it was that the trundle bed was relegated to the attic.

A lover of music seemed to be in-born in the Kensinger's. Singing

came almost as naturally to them as talking. Early in their teens the Kensinger girls started to singing school at the "Gospel Shop", which was the more or less facetious nickname given to the old church which preceded the present Mt. Pleasant Reformed church south of Millerstown.

Have you ever heard of the *Carmina Ecclesiae*? That was the ephronious name of one of the hymn books the instructors used at the Millers-town singing school. Brimful of sacred songs and definitions couched in an abstruse phraseology that made simple things very involved and intricate, Esther Kensinger pored over it until hours after bedtime. One of the singing teachers, who was spending the night at the Lewis Kensinger home, (the singing teachers boarded around as guests in the students' homes, which was another of those good, old customs) observing the young girl absorbed at her lessons, remarked, "It is easy to see that here is one who is going to learn music".

Well, that was a large class that worked harmoniously through the *Carmina Ecclesiae*. Mrs. Wineland says sacred music is not what it was then. Modern church music has neither the sentiment nor the melody of the old songs, which in their measured cadences extolled a spirit of reverence.

Good Singers In Class

The sopranos sat in front of the bass singers; the altos in front of the tenors. Since Esther sang soprano, she was placed directly in front of a galaxy of powerful basses. Frank Glass, Henry Kensinger, James Kensinger, Samuel M. Shriver and the other basso profundo performers sang to such good effect, that she could sing bass herself to many of the pieces. Among the feminine voices, which she remembers as having been picked out for their correct timbre and mellowness, were those of Mrs. Herman Davis, nee Nicodemus and Mrs. Daniel Burget, nee Smouse. She neglected to name herself and her sisters in this group, but that was where they belonged.

Among the teachers whom Mrs. Wineland remembers were a Mr. Mc-

Caulley, Samuel Croft and a man by the name of Meredith, who came "from across the ocean". He must have been one of those traveling minstrels, who, although they were graduates of European conservatories, were afflicted with the wandering feet, so that they went from world'd end to world's end like the troubadours of old. Be that as it may, he was a very good teacher, thoroughly versed in his subject.

Mrs. Wineland laughs at her youthful fancy that it took all too long to be grown up. It was customary for the singing masters to list the names and ages of their respective pupils. At one term when it came Mrs. Wineland's turn, she gave her age as 16. Back of her, Elias (Ely) Glass proudly announced "17". My, how that made Esther wish that she were 17 instead of a paltry, juvenile 16. Now, she declares, the back to youth movement has such a hold on people that they resort to every expedient to make themselves appear younger. Some of them would do anything rather than to be their age.

Among the male singers was Jonathan (Yawnie) Wineland. He was a stalwart figure of a man and a good singer, too. As the years winged their slow flight onward, Yawnie and Esther plighted their troth and were wed. On March 11, 1874, they drove to the home of Reverend Thomas Maddocks at Fredericksburg and were married. There was a heavy fall of snow on the ground and the happy couple went sleighing to the preacher's.

Prepared For Home Making

But before this auspicious event took place, Esther had qualified for the strenuous duties of farm wife by working out. The hired girl in these days simply had no hours. She kept on working until she was done. Taking care of a new-born baby, along with its seven or eight stirring, active brothers and sisters, in addition to doing the milking, butter making and all the hundred and one other household tasks, was no sinecure. The hours left for repose, were few and far between. For this service Esther was paid \$1.25 a week. At that, she was

able to save a nice little sum towards setting up housekeeping.

The bridal couple went to farming on the present Jesse Wineland farm adjoining Martinsburg on the north east. "Yawnie" followed that occupation, living on various farms in the Millerstown and Martinsburg districts until his retirement a few years ago. He died on November 27, 1932. Mrs. Wineland kept going at her accustomed living clip until a severe attack of pneumonia suffered last spring, slowed her up somewhat. That was her first illness in all her eighty plus years.

There were twelve children in the Lewis Kensinger family of whom two, Henry and Hannah, died in infancy. Anna, (Mrs. Adam Burget), Ephraim, Ann Marie, James, Susan (Mrs. Ed. Lee) and Daniel also are dead. Beside Mrs. Glass, Mrs. Wineland and Mrs. Stoudnour, the baby of the family is living. He is John Kensinger, who resides near Page station on the Henrietta branch Pennsylvania Railroad. For the last year he has been seriously ill.

Tragedy In Kensinger Home

Mrs. Wineland's most tragic memory is of the untimely death of four sons of her brother James, who were carried away by the fatal scourge, diphtheria, complicated with membranous croup and measles. Elvin and Jesse died so closely following each other that they were buried on the same day. James and Lewis, the latter a young man of 18, the other two victims, also were laid in the family burial ground on the "Addie" Burget farm, the four brothers dying within a short space of time. Joseph, Harry and John Kensinger, of Altoona and Mrs. William B. Harding of Martinsburg together with the mother Mrs. Barbara Kensinger, are the surviving members of the family.

Neighbors came in to do what they could. Mrs. Wineland went during the day time to minister to the sick and help with the household routine, while her husband watched with the afflicted family at night. In the light of the strict precautions that are now imposed to prevent the spread of contagious diseases, she wonders how

she and Mr. Wineland escaped. Evenings when she returned from the home of the sick, the first thing she did even before changing her clothing was to take baby Florence in her arms, unaware that she might be the medium for transmitting the germs to the child. The average person today, through information dispensed by the newspapers and the medical profession, has learned to take proper safeguards against these dreaded diseases.

Simple Life Is No More

Looking back over a span of four score years, Mrs. Wineland feels that we have come a long ways from the simple life. The old looms on which she and her sisters wove so many yards of materials to clothe their and their neighbors' families have long since been stored on the attic of the old homestead, relics of an era to which the Cove long since has bidden goodby.

Take tailoring, for instance. The made-to-order men's suits and overcoats may have a niftier air than those her mother and aunts made, but they were all wool and a yard wide. In fact they could point to the very sheep which grew the fibre. There was no shoddy cunningly incorporated. Old Mr Sheep produced virgin, long fibred wool, guaranteed to last, in many cases, from the wedding only to the wake.

It is interesting to see her practiced fingers test a piece of cloth. It doesn't take her long to exclaim, "There's cotton in this." The old weaver's hands have not lost their art nor her brain its knowledge. She has been endowed with the blessing of physical activity and unimpaired mental faculties far beyond the allotted period of life. Now in the twilight she looks backward a-down the many years happy in the consciousness that she always did the best she could and that no matter how difficult the project appeared at the moment, there was always a way to overcome its difficulties.

Mrs. Wineland is the mother of four children: Lewis K., residing south of Martinsburg; Hannah, wife of Calvin Hoover, residing southeast

of Martinsburg, Miss Florence Wine-land, of the Altoona staff of public school teachers, and George A. Wine-

land, who with his family reside with his mother.

Why Boys Leave Answered By Attorney

Why do boys leave the farm? Attorney B. F. Warfel, of Hollidaysburg, declares the answer is, "The wood pile". Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm chops wood for recreation, which only goes to show the peculiar ideas some people have of what constitutes enjoyment.

A few weeks ago County Farm Agent Eugene A. Hamill had in his office at the Blair County Court House an exhibit of assorted pieces of wood, in order to conduct a wood judging contest. Attorney Warfel, happening by, his interest was excited to the point that he immediately set to work identifying the different species.

The small group of farmers assembled in Mr. Hamill's office winked knowingly at one another. A lawyer examining wood. Well, here were the makings for some fun. The legal gentleman had wandered far afield from his natural habitat of law books, court trials and title searching. What did he know about chunks of wood?

He fooled them. Taking up each piece, he tested it for weight, grain, bark and color, nonchalantly designating them all. And but one, that is. That one stumped him. "Don't chew the shellac off", some one warned. For after all other tests had failed, the lawyer tried smelling it. But even his nose didn't know that one. Nevertheless, he made a higher average than did the majority of farmer contestants. Mr. Warfel was familiar with wood. The reason being that back in his boyhood days on the farm, he knew his wood pile—all too well.

Rainy days and between season slack times, just when a fellow was all fixed to go swimming, fishing, to the commons to play town ball, or for some other diversion dear to the juvenile male, were dedicated by parental authority to the job of chop-

ping wood. No. use hinting around for the good axe either. Dad kept that for his own exclusive use. Son had to make use of the nicked, blunt implement, until such time as facility growing out of long practice, made him eligible to the bright, keen one, whose edge was kept in the pink of condition by long sessions at turning the old grind stone.

All Varieties Reach Woodpile

Oak, pine, chestnut, hickory, even walnut, tree trunks had to be cut and split into stove lengths. If a fellow got in a hurry and cut the pieces a little too long, then the feminine contingent of the family was heard from. The junior wood chopper seemed to get into a mess all round. If the axe stuck fast in a tough old pine knot or brass-ribbed, steel bound rock oak, he got no sympathy. Dad chided him for clumsiness and predicted that as a wood chopper his off-spring would be a total economic loss to society. At that his cup of tribulation was not full, because every now and then it was decreed that he had to tackle an apple tree. Chopping up apple wood was the last sad, stroke of misfortune. The only time he ever got a break, was when one of the worm fences was replaced with a new barb wire enclosure. Rails were a cinch.

As if keeping the wood pile replenished was not enough, Master Woodchopper had to carry the stove lengths into the wood house where he stacked them into ranks. Then when winter's chill and storms demanded a continuous feeding of the hearth stove, he had to carry it by arm loads to the yawning wood box which stood on the porch. Worse yet, if the farm lacked a wood house, his lot it was to dig pieces out from the snow covered, ice-bound pile.

That was the last straw in his load of discontent. Hurrying out from the

comfort of the warm kitchen and plunging his bare hands into the cold, inhospitable depths of the wood pile-br-r-r! where had those pesky mittens got to again—that was the moment when desire was born and the ambition definitely formed to leave the farm to go to town where fires were maintained with coal procured from a convenient bin in the cellar. Thus the wood pile was responsible for turning the brooding thoughts of youth towards the haven of a wood-pile-less existence in town. Another farm boy had decided to seek his fortune elsewhere than on his father's acres.

Helping to keep the wood-box filled was a regular chore when The Herald reporter was a chit of a girl. The unvarnished command, "Fetch an armful of wood", seemed like an imposition on care free youth. However Grandfather Shriver used psychology to get results. When he said, "My, you are strong. Why, you can carry pretty nearly as big armfuls as I can. I bet Katie Brown can't carry half that much", by cajolery and guile he made a game out of what otherwise was a hard task. It worked so well that carrying wood was one of "the best things I was at".

Caught In Their Own Trap

Never in my experience did the wood box play such a stellar role as on a night during the Christmas holidays years ago. A crowd of young fellows of the neighborhood, wearing "false faces" and handkerchiefs as disguise, went bell-snickling. They came to Grandfather's with the avowed intention of baiting old Dave Shriver to see what would happen. Showing the piled-up wood box across the porch at the top of the steps, they figured that he would fall over it, in the event that he came raring out.

They had to go to some lengths of rowdyism before the old gentleman was roused from his bed off the kitchen. With a roar like a lion, he dashed out to the porch, shirt tail flying and all set to clear the premises. In their hurry to make a getaway, some of the fellows were caught in their own trap. Running and jumping, they well pell-mell over the wood box

and down the steps, hitting the ground with an impact that nearly broke their bones. Bell-snickling the remainder of that season lost its appeal to those chaps.

The wood pile is a good sign post pointing to the financial status of the farmer. When prosperity reigns, it diminishes in size until it encompasses nothing but kindling. When the farmer has big milk and produce checks coming in, he divorces himself from wood chopping and buys coal. But when hard times come a-knocking at the door, there is no money to buy the black diamonds and Farmer Corn-tassel, perforce, must once again get out the axe and cut his fuel by the sweat of his brow.

The same rule holds good in farming. When the farmer gets away from man and horse power, it runs into money. While the writer was at the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago recently, she was greatly enthused over the models of new-fangled, labor saving farming machinery on display. Put gas into them and those pretty robots of steel would do any kind of work required on the farm.

Clean lined, smooth and efficient, they made one's mouth water. Remarking that machinery such as that would make farming one grand, sweet song, releasing the man of toil from the arduous part of it, a bystander, who overheard the reporter, answered "Yes, and the machinery agent would take your farm". That was aptly put and challenged time off for consideration. The equipment which science and discovery have put at the disposal of the farmer, is an expensive luxury, all too liable to invite the interest of the sheriff. Old Mother Earth continues to demand of the followers of the soil, the service of the labor of their hands.

Old Orchard Feeds Woodpile

As a result of the depression the wood pile has come into its own again. With timber growing scarcer and the worm fence a thing of the past, the chief source of supply is the apple orchard. Gradually the orchard which was one of the most charming features of the farm home in the

Cove, is disappearing. As the trees fall victim to age and disease, there seems to be little disposition to replace them. The fine commercial orchards, so easily accessible, and the care and expense incident to putting insect pests out of business, render the average orchard a burden rather than a necessity.

Denuded of the shade of the old apple tree, the farm loses one of its most aesthetic assets. Romance and cherished memories cling to the

gnarled old orchard. Here was the swing dear to childhood pastime. Apple blossom time with its lavish beauty and heady fragrance, and walks over the carpet of interlacing black and silver made by moonbeams filtering through the foliage; picnics, parties, family reunions, heaped-up mounds of mellow sun-tinted fruit, what a store of entrancing recollections are enfolded by the orchard down on the farm!

Bright Spots In Homes Of Our Grandfathers

Back in the days before the automobile shouldered old Ned and Nance off the road, Sundays and peddler days were special days of every week in the eyes of the juvenile population of the Cove. Sunday you had company and chicken for dinner. Peddler days, the butter and egg man came around with money jingling in an off-color muslin money bag. Breezing in with market basket on his arm, stocked with steelyards and butter rags, and exuding a faint aroma compounded of the smell of butter, meat and live stock, he was a welcome sight. For was he not the personage who brought in the good, hard cash? Money in those days was money. It was something that was not to be held in light esteem.

Yes, sir, to the children the butter peddler had all the glamour of a character from out the fairy story book. He bought butter, eggs, apple butter, cucumbers by the dozen, onions, beets and other garden sass. That gave mother and the family an independent income. For once in a while as compensation for hunting eggs, picking up chips or finding the nest the old hen had hidden along the fence row, she indulged the children with a few pennies. Of course, Dad had his innings too. His share of the spoils consisted of the proceeds derived from the sale of calves, sausages, chickens, apples, damson plums and pears. Best of all, the children got the price of the huckleberries and the raspberries they picked. Is it any

wonder that the peddler had a place in mind of childhood along with "Sandy" Claus and Mother Goose?

Cove Men Prominent Hucksters

Crawford M. Black, of Martinsburg is one of the surviving members of that company of happy memory, the horse and wagon hucksters, of the pre-automobile era. Among his contemporaries were Harvey Hall, Lawrence (Dolly) Over, Al Ebersole, of New Enterprise; Lee Detwiler, of Loysburg; George Hoover and Lee Imler, of Woodbury; John Shimer, of Roaring Spring; David Mauk, William Ott, Pete Yingling and George Klutz, of East Freedom; Joseph and Frank Crissman and Ira Brumbaugh, of Martinsburg; Andy Brumbaugh, of Fredericksburg; Samuel Beegle, of East Sharpsburg; Ellis Amick, of Maria, and Amos Nolan, of Altoona.

Rain or shine, storm, flood or drifting snow, they appeared regularly on their Monday or Tuesday rounds. Mr. Black, who huckstered 19 years, from 1889 to 1908, recalls some mighty tough going. For instance, there was the last night he slept under a feather tick. Following an open winter, along in March there came a deep snowfall and tearing blizzard, which blockaded the roads, making them utterly impassable. In company with William and Andy Brumbaugh, he found himself so thoroughly snowed in at McKee while enroute home from Altoona, that further progress towards Martinsburg looked like a lost bet.

By dint of trampling a path through the snow ahead of the horses they eventually got as far as Roaring Spring long after darkness had set in. Gilbert Delozier of that place, played the good Samaritan by putting his team into service to break a trail through the fields towards East Sharpsburg. By the time they had reached the Emanuel Ebersole home in the hollow between East Sharpsburg and Martinsburg the men and beasts were completely exhausted, making further efforts to cope with the snow hopeless.

Seeking shelter for the night, the Ebersole family welcomed the stranded wayfarers, offering them lodging, but they were unable to accommodate the horses, which they succeeded in stabling in Al. Tipton's barn nearby. Mr. Black was shown to a bed which had a feather-tick for covering. He says he can still feel the enveloping warmth and comfort of that tick after the rigors of the storm.

The hucksters' horses acquired almost human intelligence. They knew just where to go and what stops to make. When the caravan of "empties" returned from Altoona, Mr. Black frequently fastened the lines to the high seat of the wagon, leaving the horses to guide themselves while he rode with the men in the wagon following his own. Those lumbering, cumbersome wagons were built to stand anything. Right well they endured the wear and tear of ruts, stones, breakers and fast traveling.

Racing Proved Fine Sport

Can you imagine a race between those heavy covered wagons? No—that was something that produced a genuine thrill. The Bedford county boys were especially disposed to try out their teams in this sport. The favorite course was on the road leading from the plank road at Llyswen to Hollidaysburg past the county home.

The instant Mr. Black spied one of the Bedford county boys coming his way he kicked against the dash board. That was singular enough for the horses. Eagerly entering into the spirit of the contest, away they dash-

ed, lickety-split, bumping, lurching and jolting over the rough road at a clip that took the best that was in them. Talk about rough riding; that was the great original! Sometimes for long stretches, the steeds galloped neck and neck. Whips cracking and wagons thundering, bumpity-bump, the excitement worked up the drivers to such a pitch that they yelled like Comanche Indians. Great old times those were. Mr. Black's telling about them, is broken into by many a reminiscent, gleeful chuckle.

There was no danger of a blood warning race on the trip in to the Altoona market. The cargo of eggs precluded that. Mr. Black's usual load contained 250 or 300 dozen. During the panic of 1893, the huckster price at the farm was 8 cents a dozen. He packed them in oats in a big box—no crates—and it was surprising how few breakages there were. He knew where he got the good, country butter, too. Down Pinev Creek way, over which he made his weekly itinerary, there were some expert butter makers. He gathered up anywhere from 250 to 500 pounds, depending upon the season. In those days, no special effort was made to keep up the winter milk production to clover pasture level.

Each roll received was wrapped in a white cloth and was stored for hauling in the butter box which reposed back of the wagon seat. Summers, he got ice from ice houses stored with the winter's harvest gathered by the various farmers living along the creek. Keeping the butter firm in hot weather was no trick in spite of the rather crude methods employed. Several calves, maybe a pig, or lamb or two, with the crates slung under the rear of the wagon-bed stocked with roosters and hens past their laying years, and odds and ends of fruits and vegetables, the huckster had a load that was long on variety. Sometimes, he even was prevailed upon to take on lots here and there of schnitz, home-made soap and honey, in addition to the other produce.

Welcomed In Country Homes

Mr. Black set out early Monday

morning. Monday night he stayed at Jockey John Rhodes'. Meal times, he dropped in at Will Lynn's or Newton Hoover's. Wednesday night, he staid at the Catfish House. At least 16 hucksters lodged at this famous hostelry every Wednesday night. The meals, under the regime of Mrs. Mary Jane Detrick, the kindly, capable proprietress, were justly celebrated far and wide on the score of quantity as well as quality. Steaming dishes and platters heaped high with meats, fowls and vegetables of all description, gave off enticing odors that tantalized the appetite until the diners were gorged to repletion. In the old days the bar was open, too; good cheer and merriment were the watch word. The place was the mecca for parties and dances from all sections of the county.

The peddlers looked forward with lively anticipation to their stop-over at the Catfish House. One of the most amusing incidents in Mr. Black's recollections, was staged by James Bowser of New Enterprise. A fluent talker, he kept up a constant flow of conversation throughout his meals at the hotel. One day, after listening to the talk, talk, talk, Mrs. Detrick remarked: "Jim, don't you know that every time a sheep baas, it loses a bite?"

Quick as a flash, Mr. Bowser retorted, "Yes, but it doesn't baa unless the pasture is poor".

Mrs. Detrick was completely dumbfounded. As she prided herself greatly on her good table, she was inclined to take the answer as a personal affront. Casting reflections on her fare, was a vulnerable spot with her.

Occasionally, some of the hucksters imbibed a little too freely to the cup that cheers as well as intoxicates. A story used to go the rounds that always raised a laugh at the expense of one of the more abstemious hucksters. During a particularly hilarious celebration one night, this man stumbled over a wagon tongue. As he gathered himself together he was heard to sav ruefully to himself, "Ay, ay! Now they're all drunk."

Raced Train To Crossing

George Hoover always was counted

on to help the joking along with a contribution of native wit. As he was somewhat dull of hearing, Mr. Black continued to caution him against taking risks at the railway crossing at McKee. Mr. Hoover seemed to delight in daring to cross just ahead of the 4 o'clock afternoon train which frequently arrived at McKee simultaneously with Mr. Hoover. On numerous occasions he had had some pretty narrow squeaks. To Mr. Black's remonstrances, he testily answered, "Let them whistle".

The last time he hazarded a bout with the train, he apparently failed altogether to see it bear down on him. He started to drive across the track when the engine was so close that a collision seemed inevitable. Mr. Black who was following immediately behind, seeing Mr. Hoover's situation, jumped off his wagon and sprang for Mr. Hoover's lead horse, succeeding in swerving the animal out of harm's way just as the engine ground by with only a hair breadth's margin of safety, after that experience Mr. Hoover showed no further disposition to dispute the right of way with a locomotive.

Returning home after disposing of their cargo, was not always just a routine trip to the hucksters, with recourse to racing as the only means of injecting a little excitement into the tedium of the journey. The money they had collected made them lucrative prey for foot pads and bandits. The unwritten annals of the Cove contain some stirring tales of hold-ups, with the hucksters in the role of victims.

Mr. Black resisted one of the boldest attempts at robbery that anyone ever survived to tell about. Only the grist which glints in his steady, level gaze, saved his life. In the August of 1898, he was accosted by an acquaintance by the name of Jim Markey, who asked for a lift, explaining that he was on his way to assist in driving some cattle. Mr. Black knew the fellow, since the latter had been raised by an old friend, Andy Biddle, of near Williamsburg. Hence no question arose in his mind that Markey might have a motive

other than merely desiring a ride.

Robber Shoots Huckster

Thus they jogged along, engaged in casual conversation, when suddenly, as they were going along the stretch of highway between the plank road and Hollidavsborg, Markey drew a revolver and open fire, shooting Mr. Black in the head three times. Rended semi-conscious, the wounded man nevertheless put up a stiff defense. A blow on the head with the scales, momentarily cleared his brain, and, intrepid fighter that he showed himself to be, he made a lunge for Markey, grappling him with the result that both men fell out of the wagon. With three bullets in his head, Mr. Black's nerve somehow kept him from passing out completely. Not until the assailant made his get-away, did his victim yield to unconsciousness.

Taking fright, the horses made a mad dash into the Ant Hill woods. Strangely they ran in a circle, coming back to the road almost at the identical spot where their master lay in a welter of blood. The commotion brought Jimmie Stevens and his sister to the rescue, who took Mr. Black to Hollidavsborg to Dr. Bro'herlin's office. Dr. Hays was called in to assist. Gus Magargee took the horses in charge. In course of time the doctors extracted two bullets, declaring that only two had lodged in the head. However, for several months following his return to health and strength, Mr. Black insisted that another bullet was imbedded in the back of his head. He was unable to wear a hat. Every time he attempted to put his hat on, it set up an annoyance which he maintained was due to a lead missile the surgeons had failed to locate.

Third Bullet Located

At length he prevailed on his physicians to make a new examination. This was before the invention of the X-ray. The only way the medical men could find the lead was to probe for it. Sure enough, this time they got it. Following its removal, Mr. Black speedily recovered his normally healthy state and soon was as good as new. That he recovered at all, is little less than miraculous. It's just

another proof that you can put a good man out, but you can't keep him down.

Markey left for parts unknown. At intervals of years apart, rumors floated in to Mr. Black that he had been seen here and there in the south and the west. Whatever eventually became of him is uncertain, but at least he never came back to his former home. At the time of the hold up, he was employed in the railroad shons in Altoona. Unpaid wages to the amount of \$12.80 have never been claimed, it being quite evident that he has had no desire to establish contract with erstwhile associates.

As a souvenir of his ghastly experience, Mr. Black retains the three bullets which were taken from his head. Flattened out into irregular disks the size of a penny, one is filled with amazement that they escaped dealing the death which was intended. Surely, as the boys in the World War used to say, none of the grisly pieces of lead bore his name as a hostage to eternity. It was a glad day among his many friends, when the word was passed around that Peddler Black would live.

Huckster Match for Crook

The Herald reporter recalls a story told during her childhood which inspired in her youthful mind a vast respect for the resourcefulness of hucksters. The identity of the hero of the tale is somewhat in doubt, but it ran somewhat in this wise. A huckster homeward bound, with well-filled money pouch on his person, was "thumbed" by a heavily veiled woman, who bore a basket on her arm. Following her being seated alongside the driver, all attempts to engage her in conversation met with scant response. Shyness apparently had made her tongue-tied. However, as a wandering puff of wind lifted a corner of the veil, the huckster momentarily caught a glimpse of unmistakably masculine whiskers. Sensing his passenger meant him no good, the driver set his wits to work to circumvent the nefarious designs the supposed woman evidently had in mind.

With a little covert underhand work he made it appear that the wind

had blown his hat off. Explaining that his horses were two fractious for him to climb down off the wagon, with many apologies he asked the "lady" to recover it. No sooner had she complied with the request than the huckster gave his team the whip, leaving the discomfited masquerader behind. Later examination of the basket, showed it to contain a gun and a knife.

In a few months following the attempt on his life. Mr. Black was back on the job. He had different routes, which traversed Sinking Valley and parts of Huntingdon county. The Piney Creek itinerary was the one he continued the longest. Mrs. Henry Acker, Mrs. William Erb and Mrs. Jacob Ebersole were among his best customers. One year Mrs. Acker sold him produce amounting to \$600. The farmers customarily kept from five to fifteen cows. As comparatively little milk was shipped, butter and wheat were the staples that shooed Mr. Wolf away from farmhouse doors in Morrisons Cove.

Saved Part of Scanty Income

In spite of the low prices which prevailed, the thrifty house wives were able to salt down part of the weekly proceeds their marketing brought in. Every dollar they received was stretched out to the last notch. Of course, those were the days before the coming of silk stockings, electricity and gasoline. Your best dress of "cloth" which cost 50 cents a yard and your Sunday-go-to meeting shoes, carefully saved for Sunday wear only had set us back not more than \$1.25.

As an accommodation to their customers, the hucksters shopped for them in the Altoona stores. Mr. Black says he got good at it. Given samples, he bought dress goods, trimmings, shoes, ribbons, braid, buttons, hooks and eyes. Once he even bought a hat for Susie Baker. He must have made a good selection because she declared she could not have done any better herself. Thus you see the huckster was a two-way man. He not only bought the produce, but provided a from store to door shopping service which is now performed by mail order houses.

Squeezing the Indian on the pen-nies was practiced to an extent undreamed of in these more lavish times. To illustrate, Mr. Black refers to an amusing incident. A farmer stopped at the Catfish House to inquire the price of dinner. When told it was 30 cents, he replied, "Too much. I can get it at Roaring Spring for 25 cents." Although it was dinner time and the man must have been hungry, he strode out to his wagon, slapped the horses with the lines and went on to Roaring Spring to save a nickel.

Enjoyed Practical Joking

The hucksters, when congregated together, delighted in nothing so much as to play jokes on one another. Once they discovered that a calf had broken out from one of the wagons. A party of hucksters volunteered to go after it. Riding horses, they eventually rounded it up in the wilds of Catfish Ridge. Hileman Imler got down off his horse and attempted to catch the animal on foot. Somebody threw a stone at his horse with the result that it ran off, leaving Mr. Imler stranded. None of the riders would consent to give him a lift. Mr. Imler's remarks on that occasion furnished material for laughs for years afterwards.

Mr. Black Now Retired

Mr. Black engaged in farming on the fine farm near Fredericksburg known by his name. As a side line he dealt in live stock to some extent. Some seven years ago he retired from active pursuits and since then he and his family have lived in their beautiful home in Martinsburg. Mr. and Mrs. Black enjoy with quiet satisfaction the fruits of their labor. They dispense a gracious hospitality which makes a visit to them a delightful pleasure. They practice to the letter their philosophy of the Golden Rule, "Treat your neighbor right and he'll treat you right."

Mr. Black was born on a farm near Claysburg on June 7, 1859. He was a son of Samuel and Susan (Walter) Black. The children born to them were: Anna Mary (Raysor), deceased; John, of Oklahoma City; Prof. Miles Black, late of Altoona; Juniata

(Mrs. Austin Walter), Claysburg; Crawford M., of Martinsburg; Gilbert, Claysburg; Tempie May (Mrs. Lorenzo Mauk), Claysburg; Miss Lavada, Llyswen; Logan, deceased, and Charles.

On October 9, 1892, he was united in marriage with Miss Rebecca Grabill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Grabill. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Koontz at New Enterprise. Mr. Black says they were married during the panic and still are in a panic. However, when one notes the comfort and refinement of their home, the panic does not seem to affect them imminently.

A much prized relic in their pos-

session is a copy of The Ulster County Gazette, a newspaper, whose date of issue is Saturday, January 4, 1800. Deeply bordered in black, it carries the story of the death of George Washington, the Father of His Country.

Mr. and Mrs. Black are the parents of the following children: Elda (deceased); Fannie, Roy, Preston, John, Howard, Mary (Mrs. Harry Delozier) and Lloyd. All who survive live in Martinsburg except John and Mrs. Delozier who are residents of Vicksburg, Miss. The high ideals of integrity, citizenship and Christian living practiced by the parents are being adhered to as the family heritage of the children.

Advent Of Frost Recalls Happy Days

When the stars twinkle brightly in the cold, blue dome of the sky and dawn breaks disclosing a rime of silvery frost laid on grass and shrub, we know that autumn is bringing its harbinger of Nature's death penalty on her children of happy summer days, the insects and the flowers. We feel the tingle of accelerated stimulation in the blood. Those whose memories hark back to the joys of going for chestnuts, feel surging within them an overpowering desire to take to the woods.

The brown leaves rustle underfoot with a beguiling swish and crackle. Squirrels dart up the grey tree trunks, scolding and chattering at the presence of unwelcome intruders in their hunting domain. The pungent odors of leaf mold entice the nostrils. The bracing air injects new life in one's veins. Through the stately aisles of the templed woods, vistas of varicolored foliage hold the eye. The stage is set for that most enjoyable of recreations—chestnut hunting, but alas! there are no chestnuts.

Trees Have Disappeared

Killed by the blight, we not only are deprived of the beautiful trees, but of their fruit as well. No invasion of foreign foe could have worked an

unhappier vengeance on our land than has been accomplished by the blights and insect pests which infest us. Let us for a moment consider the extent of the damage. The chestnut blight has destroyed the chestnut trees virtually all over our state and the neighboring states. The white pine blister is threatening our native white pines; the San Jose scale very nearly wrecked our orchards from Florida to Maine and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Japanese beetle, partial to no special plant, eats up everything in sight. The corn borer preys on the corn in the Middle Atlantic States. The Mexican bean beetle eats his way steadily north. The Hessian fly who demands citizenship papers by right of long residence, puts in his licks to lower the wheat surplus. Lice of foreign extraction attack our alfalfa fields: One trembles to think what the end will be.

Our statesmen wrangle about the losses sustained from the economic warfare which devastates international trade. The foreigners who have ceased to love us since we refused to forgive them the twelve billions they owe us, could not have done us worse harm had they sent us their bugs and blights by design.

Nutting Followed Early Frosts

It required a couple of hard frosts to properly tune up the chestnuts. Jack pried open the prickly burs, revealing three richly tinted brown nuts nestled in their satin-lined jewel case. Some of the biggest nuts frequently were found lying loose among the leaves. It was a feat to get the burs that remained on the trees, bumping having been strictly forbidden. To an uninitiated generation that has never gone for chestnuts, the word bumping needs some explanation.

Ask any chap old enough to wear an eye-brow mustache under his nose, he'll tell you. You either took turns at heaving big rocks into the tree top, thereby shaking the burs down, or you made a battering ram out of a log and batted the tree with that. All was well until the land owner appeared on the scene. In that event the boys took to their heels without waiting on the order of their going, but scattering in all directions, they did their level best to put the greatest distance in the shortest time between themselves and the incensed proprietor.

Bumping was very injurious to the trees. In fact, if it was repeated on the same tree year after year, it eventually killed it. A much better way was to shin up the tree and shake it by boy power. Not every lad could climb those massive, rough barked trunks. It took nerve, skill and strength. It was hard on knees and harder yet on knee pants and stockings. What a reputation for prowess a good climber had in chestnut time!

Long ago when Grandpa was a boy, it was no stunt to gather chestnuts by the bushel. Big brother took a grain bag along when he went for chestnuts. Little Sam and Bill had a "poke" made out of muslin that held a peck or so, and if girls were allowed in the crowd, little Barbry had one of mother's sewed-up stocking legs for a container.

Nut Hikes Were Strenuous

Frequently the young men and boys in the community organized an expedition to go to the mountain.

This was no recreation for slackers who snored the morning hours away in the comfort of their beds. The fellow who wished to come home with the bacon, got up as soon as it was light. Gathering up his comrades along the road, the expedition was under way on a hike which probably would cover many miles and strenuous scrambling over rocks. The chestnuts on the trees ahead always beckoned the hunters farther on with promise of more and larger chestnuts, until astonishingly long distances had been covered, making the walk back home more or less of an endurance test.

Matched with next winter's satisfaction when the nuts were passed around at family gatherings, the trouble of procuring them faded into obscurity. In those days the neighbors visited one another. Not having automobiles which would whisk them fifty miles away in an hour, the usual thing was to drop in on one of the neighbors when the urge was felt for social diversion. What a grand time "was had by all" when a platter of cookies or doughnuts was passed around and conversation was stimulated by the ceremony of boiling chestnuts and the clackety clap of cracking walnuts and hickory nuts.

Pleasant Evenings Enjoyed

You got out the old-fashioned heavy smoothing iron, which having been deemed to be too much roughened for its original use, was dedicated to the service of cracking nuts. Now the time was ripe for the introduction of, "Do you remember when?" Everyone was in mellow mood for the reception of reminiscences. Well the present writer remembers the blood curdling ghost stories and the thrilling escapades of Robber Dave Lewis, Jess James and the Younger brothers with which the company was regaled on such informal occasions in her grandfather's home. George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson and Honest Abe, too, took their heroic way through the discussions which kept the flow of camaraderie and good spirits at high tide.

No doubt, memories of going for chestnuts would recall to W. U. Skyles, cashier of the Morrisons Cove bank at Martinsburg, an agitating experience. Back in the days when girls wore Merry Widow hats, trimmed, decorated and running over with posies, bow knots and plumes, a crowd of young folks from Martinsburg went for chestnuts on the slope of Tussey mountain east of Fredericksburg. Frost made the air so nipping that the girls laughingly declared they were afraid the flowers on their hats would freeze. You see in those days before the World War brought in an aftermath of free and easy spending, custom decreed that young ladies wear their summer hats until winter came. There was no such luxury as fall hats and spring hats. Winters, they wore winter hats and kept on wearing them until it was warm enough to don their summer headgear.

Snake Resents Intrusion

The chestnut hunters were having a great time. Eventually, one of the boys (Mr. Skyles) conceived the idea of going on a lone scout after bigger and better chestnuts. From the vantage point of a rocky eminence, he shaded his eyes, looking for chestnut trees that gave promise of good pickings. Suddenly an enormous black snake emerged from the rocks and made a bee line for the visitor who inadvertently had invaded his snake-ship's happy home. The boy ran at top speed to rejoin his comrades, with the snake making good time after him. When the lad tripped over an obstruction and fell, he thought surely his end had come, but at the instant he hit the ground, the snake, strangely enough, made a right-about-face and lit out in the opposite direction as hard as it could go.

Attorney John Woodcock of Hollidaysburg asserts that the chestnut outing which most deeply impressed him was one notable for his absence. One morning outside distractions lured the future lawyer to play hooky from school. On being apprized that evening, following his return home that daddy was going to hitch up Fan in the surrey to go to Carson

Valley for chestnuts, the boy's enthusiasm knew no bounds. Chattering happily as he awaited the call to get into the surrey, Johnny's attention was drawn to the tea kettle which began to boil over. Unthinkingly he exclaimed, "O, mother, Mrs. Jones' tea kettle did the same thing this morning."

Paid For His Fun

"Why, how do you know Mrs. Jones' kettle boiled over this morning?" demanded the maternal parent in tones of rank suspicion. No ready explanation presenting itself the young attorney-to-be confessed his delinquency, with the result that he was sent to bed instead of going for chestnuts.

In this vast country of ours, what is commonplace in one section is unknown in the rest of it. When we were children, an orange tree in full bearing would have represented our conception of ultimate bliss. It never occurred to us that a chestnut tree laden with bursting burs might be as rare to large numbers of our population. This fact was brought to mind by an incident mentioned the other day by Chester Edwards, chief clerk in the county commissioners' office.

Speaking of chestnut excursions, Mr. Edwards told of a first experience some Indiana cousins of his enjoyed years ago before the blight destroyed the chestnuts. The little visitors from the middle west were familiar with chestnuts to the extent that they had frequently bought them at market but they had never seen a chestnut tree, nor a mountain neither until they came to Pennsylvania.

Consequently the prospect of going for chestnuts so elated them that they told everybody, "We're going for chestnuts. We're going to the mountain for chestnuts", making a sort of song out of it. Lady Luck smiled on them the day they went on the trip for they returned with half a bushel.

No doubt, if those of us to whom chestnut hunting was a favorite recreation, were given an opportunity to go to the mountain again to gather the delectable nuts, we would feel as happy as the little Indiana folks

were. Reminders of chestnuts revive pleasant memories. We even have forgotten about chestnut worms. Do you remember that old query, "What's worse than finding a chestnut worm?" "Finding a half a worm."

NO DELAY

If love and faith are worth while things,

And if them you have found,
Your greatest work is now for you
To share with those around.
A wealth is yours you dare not keep,
To weary ones you owe
The words of comfort you can give,
The peace you can bestow.

The world holds many saddened hearts,

And eyes with tears are wet;
They long for love and faith you have
You must not them forget.
The days are long, the nights are dark,

No hope or joy abides;
Since you have found of life the best,
Help stem the stormy tides.

I can not promise you'll be paid
In jewels, riches, gold;
Unmeasured is the prize you win,
More than the earth can hold.
For time goes on, 'twill soon be past,
And glory here shall fade,
But they will know it was not vain
To whom rewards are made.

Speak out, work on, lift up and bless,
No one can tell the length
Of days that stretch before us now—
No guaranty of strength
To do the task, to say the word,
That faith and love to state;
For while we dream of future years,
They may be all too late.

HERALDINGS

The automobile crank should be kept under the back seat, never on top of the front seat.

Through suffering is the only way we sometimes will learn.

The greatest glory the world has to offer is at its best unsatisfying.

In the majority of cases as we grow older the dreams of youth fade away.

Even if you start and fail you have done something, but don't say you cannot succeed if you have never tried.

We wonder whether the shoe manufacturers are not back of all these parades.

Our physical life is a fight against disease; our spiritual life is a fight against temptations.

The dreary days help us to appreciate the sunshine.

Dreamers have been a benefit to the world, but they had to do more than dream.

We are all wistfully longing for something, but how few really know what they want.

Maybe it's true; the story of the clerk who was so busy that he did not know where the office clock was.

A purpose in life and a hobby for your leisure time and you need never be lonely.

When wealth or position places you where you no longer enjoy the tinkle of a brook, the whisper of a breeze among the trees, the soft light of the stars, the smile and laughter of a child—then you are still a failure.

Pity poor old Solomon when his 700 wives began to tell him what they heard at the sewing circle.

Books furnish most of our education but we get our wisdom from life.

Sometimes through ignorance we see only the one side; often we simply refuse to see from the other fellow's view-point.

Neither the telephone nor the radio has changed the way in which the "still small voice" of conscience speaks.

Wonderful Tales Are Handed Down

Early in the Nineteenth Century around every camp fire and hearth stove in Pennsylvania, hair raising stories were told about the exploits of Robber David Lewis, who pursued his nefarious calling of banditry in the wilds of the central section of the state, notably in Juniata, Mifflin, Huntingdon, Blair, Bedford and Cambria counties.

According to the legends that have grown around him, he was a combination of Houdini, Robin Hood and Tarzan of the Apes. Fetters could not bind him, prisons confine him nor bullets harm him. Furthermore, he could scale a tree with the agility of any anthropoid. He robbed the rich and gave to the poor. Tracked down by posses of men and blood hounds, time after time, he made his escape when escape seemed humanly impossible. The mystery of his getaway on numerous occasions when none could fathom how he eluded capture, stamped him with the reputation of bearing a charmed life. His daring and recklessness gripped the imagination with such force that the heinousness of his crimes was lost sight of in admiration of his cunning in circumventing the penalty of the law.

In an era when books and newspapers were few and far between, it is not to be wondered at that the younger generations listened with open-mouth avidity to the sagas of the elders. Heroic tales they were too of swash-buckling pirates, mighty warriors and doughty highwaymen. These oft retold thrillers catered to the appetite for red-blooded vicarious adventure much as the moving picture blood and thunder dramas do today.

Champion of Under Dog

Chief among the heroes and supermen our great-grandfathers loved to romance about during the evening hours of leisure, was Robber Lewis. Champion of the under dog, or what is now referred to, as the politically famous forgotten man, they rolled the stories of his lawless adventures off their tongues with an unctious

that fired the blood of their audience. They pictured him as having been ready to drop the gauntlet in any hazard in which his life bade fair to be the forfeit.

What is authentic history and what is fiction embellished by generations of story tellers, at this late day, is difficult to determine. No doubt his deeds, or rather mis-deeds, have been embroidered by the fancies of word of mouth historians, but the truth winnowed from the accumulated chaff, is startling enough to satisfy any one's taste for the dramatic.

Most enthralling of all, is the belief which still persists that Robber Lewis left behind him a vast hoard of gold. Hidden in a cave on Rattle Snake mountain five or six miles west of Duncansville, tradition has it that the bandit buried a hundred thousand dollars worth of gold bullion belonging to the federal government, which he stole by holding up stage coaches in the vicinity of the Old Fountain Inn.

Is it any wonder that the robber's fame survives him? Buried gold; treasure beyond the dreams of avarice, what else could be so potent to keep the bandit's memory green! Well, that is Dave Lewis' legacy to posterity. But it is a legacy with a curse on it. For again, tradition avers, that Lewis forewarned that the first two gold hunters who should attempt to take the ill-gotten treasure from its hiding place would be visited with the penalty of violent death. In spite of this direful threat, gold seekers from near and far have scoured the cave in the hope of finding the glittering cache.

However, before we take up our pick and shovel and start on a still hunt for the bullion, let us see what information we can glean about the highwayman from the archives of Pennsylvania history.

Lewis In History

The following article is taken verbatim from the Encyclopedia of Pennsylvania—Editor, H. H. Schenk: "David Lewis, an outlaw, who lived

in central Pennsylvania in the early Nineteenth Century. Tradition has made him a hero, and among the tales related of him is one concerning his escape from Bedford jail. All the prisoners except one, who refused to go, were released by Lewis. All were finally recaptured, with the exception of Lewis and a man named Connelly who while crossing Wills mountain into Millikens Cove by the Packer's Path, were warned by a slight noise of the approach of their pursuers, stepped aside behind a huge rock which concealed them until the sheriff and his party went by.

"Another traditional story is that Lewis once stayed over night at the house of a poor widow in an obscure section of the county. She was in great trouble for her cow and household goods were levied upon by a constable for a debt she could not pay. Lewis asked the amount of the debt, gave the widow the money and received her sincere thanks for his generosity. Soon after the constable arrived and the widow paid her debt. A mile or two away Lewis lay in wait for the constable and when he arrived, relieved him of the money he had but a few hours before loaned the widow.

"Tradition attributes to Lewis characteristics of Robin Hood, some of these being that he never robbed the poor; that he took from the rich to give to the poor, and that he never shed human blood.

"Lewis was born in Carlisle in March, 1790, but soon after his family removed to Northumberland county. He died from a gun shot wound in the Bellefonte jail in 1820."

Not a word about the gold! The cold, critical appraisal of the historian certainly strips the glamour from our hero. However, there is no question about the robbery of the gold. Uncle Sam is still looking for it. It never was proved though that Lewis was the robber. But the boldness of the hold-up was so in line with his usual method, that the assumption was that the Lone Wolf of the Alleghenies had staged it. In fact he boasted that he had stolen the gold and had sealed its hiding place with a curse that

would forever guard it from molestation by any hands except his own.

Rev. Sell Tells of Robber

The Herald reporter takes great pleasure in interpolating at this time the following resume written by Reverend James A. Sell, of Hollidaysburg, of recollections of the escapades of Lewis about which he heard in his youth. A warm admirer of Reverend Sell's literary style and proficiency with the pen, she is glad to take a back seat and yield the space to this well-known, 88 year old writer:

"In my early life, I heard many stories told of Robber Lewis. But these stories were told at odd times and in such ways, that they have left only vague memories of the doings of this noted highwayman, or robber, as he was familiarly called.

"Of the place of his nativity or when and how he chose his profession, I knew nothing. Robberies would be committed here and there in widely separated places, that were laid to his charge, but he was nowhere to be found. His hiding places were mostly in forests and the mountains.

"He seemed to avoid the taking of human life and, except in self-defense he did not resort to deadly weapons. However, when pursued, he displayed his weapons to intimidate his pursuers and thus make his escape.

"At one time in a certain village he was hiding in a store box on the street, and when his hiding place was discovered and surrounded by officers who were seeking to arrest him, he suddenly emerged and commenced firing. Although it was a bloodless battle, he succeeded in shooting his way to freedom.

"A story was told that he once entered a house at a lonely place, intent on robbing, and found a poor widow without money, who told him that her tax was due and that the collector was that day to take away her only cow. He then gave her money to pay the tax and went out and lay in wait. When the collector came and received the money and was on his way back home, Lewis robbed him, not only of the money which the widow had paid him, but of a consid-

erable amount besides. He afterwards said that the money he gave the widow, drew him the quickest and best interest of any money that he had ever invested.

Sought Ironmaster's Gold

"Another story that I often heard repeated was that he was watching the movements of Doctor Peter Shoenberger, the pioneer iron master of Pennsylvania, who carried great sums of money with him while riding horseback to pay the employes at his different furnaces and forges. But the iron master was too shrewd for him and gave him the slip. Lewis said afterwards, that was one rich haul that he missed.

"He was sometimes arrested but he proved to be an expert at breaking jail. He made his escape a number of times. It was said that his wrists were larger than his hands and therefore handcuffs were useless.

"He said in the closing days of his life that he hid a lot of money somewhere in the mountains in Bedford county and was afterwards unable to find it, and that whoever would be the lucky person would find something worth while."

A comparison made between the historical records, dry as dust as they are, and denuded of everything which savors of the romantic, and such traditional stories as Reverend Sell remembers, shows but little deviation in the main particulars. This leads us to believe that the report of the gold cache on Rattle Snake mountain is founded on fact.

The following version of the Dr. Peter Shoenberger incident is taken from the Appendix of the History of the Juniata Valley by U. J. Jones, and published in the year 1855:

"Less than twenty-five years ago, Dr. P. Shoenberger, while returning from Baltimore with \$15,000 in cash, fell in with the celebrated Robber Lewis on the Broad Top Mountain. The intention of Lewis, as he afterward acknowledged, was to rob him; but the doctor, although he was unacquainted with his fellow-traveller, had his suspicions awakened, and, by shrewd maneuvering, succeeded in giving him the slip. Had the \$15,000

in question fallen into the hands of the robber, Dr. Shoenberger would have been bankrupt, and the probability is that he would have lived and died an obscure individual. Instead of that, however, the money freed him from his embarrassments, and he died, but a few years ago, worth between four and five millions of dollars—more than one-half of which he accumulated by manufacturing iron in the Valley of Juniata."

History Agrees With Rumors

As you see, the authentic historical account does not differ in essentials from the story as it was handed down by word of mouth to Reverend Sell.

Due to Dr. Shoenberger's close identity with the industrial development of Morrisons Cove, this story of the highwayman's designs on the iron master's money, is of peculiar interest.

Dr. Shoenberger owned and operated Rebecca Furnace in Huston township, built in 1817; Upper Maria Forge (1828), Middle Maria Forge (1830) and Lower Maria Forge (1832), all in Freedom township; Sarah Furnace near Claysburg; Martha Furnace at McKees (1843); Allegheny Forge west of Duncansville and Bloomfield Furnace at Ore Hill. He also had an interest in the Cambria Furnace at Johnstown and a partnership in the Cambria Iron company. It is said that he owned as much as 100,000 acres of land in Blair and Cambria counties.

The railroad followed after the furnaces thus linking the Cove with the great markets of the world. Had it not been so, the mountains ringing our valley, would have acted as a barrier to keep us isolated from outside world affairs and broadening contracts.

The present writer's grandfather used to tell that Dr. Shoenberger's suspicions were aroused by the appearance of Robber Lewis' hands. They were small, well-formed and white as a woman's. As this was the period in our history, antedating the machine age, when men earned their living by doing manual labor, therefore toil marked hands were a sign of

a man's calling, as well as being a badge of respectability. A man with white hands, either belonged to the classification of despised dudes or else he was a gambler.

Dr. Shoenberger had heard stories of Lewis' hands, which toiled not neither bore the stamp of any useful endeavor. He knew the robber's delicate white hands had wriggled loose from many a manacle by which the law had sought to keep him in the toils. He also felt positive, that given opportunity, those facile, delicate palms were itching to get possession of the Shoenberger capital, hence he set his wits to work to elude the wiley robber and did so, much to that acquisitive individual's chagrin.

Another story that went the rounds from mouth to ear demonstrated the highwayman's dexterity at climbing trees. Tracked by a large party of men and blood hounds to a last stand on the mountain, the pursuers closed in on the fugitive, in the certainty that even his far famed ingenuity would be impotent to save him from capture. But when the man hunters converged on the spot where the dogs had come to the end of the trail, Lewis wasn't there. He had disappeared as if by magic. However as the dogs, frantically barking, stood on their hind legs and tried to climb a large evergreen tree, the evidence was plain that their quarry had taken refuge in the tree top.

After riddling the tree top with bullets, investigation again showed that the robber was not be found on his high perch. The supposition was that he had leaped from that tree to an adjoining tree, and repeated this process until his trail was hopelessly lost. In fact one of the posse, perhaps more imaginative than the rest, declared that he saw a distant tree top sway as if it had been shaken by the impact of Lewis' leap. Even so, he made a clean get-away.

A book about the life and exploits of Robber Lewis, written soon after his death, gained wide circulation. While the present writer, in a number of instances was hot on the trail of a copy of the book, she was disappoint-

ed in not being able to locate it. A reprint doubtless would be interesting reading even to this gangster sated generation.

The buried gold on Rattle Snake mountain, which was reputed to have been stolen by Robber David Lewis, was consigned by the United States government to banks in various parts of the country. It consisted of bullion, that is gold bars or bricks, each one of which bore an identifying serial number stamped thereon by the mint at Philadelphia. In addition, there were quantities of currency, English and American coins, which today could be used as a kidnaper's ransom. On account of their rarity, they would command large premiums and would be dear as heart's blood to collectors. The English pounds alone would be worth considerably more than their weight in gold and the United States pennies (Have you ever seen any of those copper cart wheels they used to have for change?) are valued at five dollars a piece.

When Dr. H. B. Corl, of 809 Chestnut Avenue, Altoona, Pa., was a little boy visiting his grandfather, the late Jerre Long, on the latter's farm at Blue Knob, the old gentleman told the little fellow enthralling stories about David Lewis and his cache of gold which was presumed to be hidden in a cave only a few miles from the Long homestead. The lurid feats credited to Lewis, together with the allure of the shining gold bricks he had secreted, made an impression on the child that persisted after he had grown up, to the extent at least, that he undertook an investigation to determine whether the stories of the stolen treasure were founded on fact or were merely a myth.

Following communications with government authorities, he was given the information that the robberies actually had been committed and that the value of the robber's haul would approximate a sum in the neighborhood of \$100,000.00.

Naturally the federal government keeps track of all known sources of gold, as well as the amounts yielded

each year. So far, no sufficient quantities from other than bona fide sources have come into the channels of trade, to lead the authorities to believe that the Lewis buried gold has ever been recovered. However, the doctor's interest has not carried him to the point of attempting steps to seek the gold.

All through the years since David Lewis met death with his boots on, armies of gold hunters, with an ardor equal to that of a Death Valley prospector, have gone over Rattle Snake mountain with a fine tooth comb, but none of them has made any announcement that he has been successful.

Up until a few years ago Uncle Sam would have levied on the gold as his own exclusive property, allowing wages and a reward to the finder. Under laws recently enacted, our Uncle would demand as his portion of the pound of flesh only the income tax.

Robbery At Old Fountain Inn

Federal investigators have not definitely traced the robbery to Lewis, but he was the most likely candidate on whom to fasten the guilt. The hold-up took place at the Old Fountain Inn, (What a stirring history some chronicler could write about that celebrated hostelry!) right in the notorious highwayman's own camping grounds.

One may well assume that the government back in the old stage coach days, took every precaution to cloak all shipments of valuable cargo in absolute secrecy. Lewis, without known confederates, had an uncanny faculty for finding out where a haul was to be made. He could nose out gold with the unerring instinct of a hound on a warm rabbit trail. Those familiar with his methods were convinced that no one else could have found out about the nature of the cargo transported by those innocent appearing stage coaches as they put up for the night at the Fountain Inn.

Details of the robbery have been forgotten, but it must have been executed with breath-taking bravado. As a matter of fact, there were a series of hold-ups. Owing to the

weight of the booty, it could not have been taken far from the scene of the crime. What was more natural than for the robber to secrete it in some suitable hiding place near at hand? Lewis acknowledged that he had perpetrated the robbery, in fact was wont to boast of it, and in order to deter people from cruising around in search of it, he intimidated the superstitious by pronouncing a curse on the first two prospectors who could uncover the treasure.

Following the above summary of the known facts pertaining to the robbery of the gold, we now come to the presumed hiding place, the David Lewis cave on Rattlesnake mountain. The cave has been described to the present writer, by those who have attempted an exploration of it, to be a curious geological freak, probably caused by a slip or fault in the rock strata. It is located on the west side of the mountain a mile or less off the William Penn highway at a distance of five or six miles west of Duncansville.

Cave May Hold Treasure

Starting flush with the surrounding surface, it is merely a round hole in the ground, something like a well, which goes straight down, at different levels into the very bowels of the earth. To anyone, other than an experienced miner, burrowing into that pitch dark tunnel deep down into the heart of the mountain, is a weird and terrifying experience. The mouth of the cave is completely concealed by the dense undergrowth of the mountain side. Those who succeeded in finding it at all did so by the merest chance. From it issued an evil smell, perhaps just a little suggestive of brimstone. Old timers declared that the only way they ever stumbled on to the entrance was through this mysterious sort of chemical odor.

A strong draft blew through the different reaches of the tortuous cavern, whose source no one ever determined, the supposition being that it came from another opening into the cave, a place of egress which was known to no living soul except Lewis himself. During one of the times that the robber was incarcerated in jail,

he told the sheriff that he lay concealed in this cave so close to the hunters who were on his trail that he could have spit on them. One can imagine he watched their fruitless efforts to find him with a great deal of interest.

You would think that after the first hundred years or so, interest in organizing searching parties for the David Lewis gold would be on the wane. Especially, since reports have come filtering in that the mouth of the cave has been filled up, due to land slides, caused perhaps by the tremors incident to blasting on the improved highway operations carried on in recent years. But hope rises eternal in the breast of get rich quick enthusiasts, as every year or so one or two prospectors drift in from parts unknown and have a try at it. The other summer two men from Pittsburgh devoted virtually the whole season to scouting around over the slopes of old Rattlesnake, guardian of the treasure trove.

Search Secret Cavern

Wilbur Riley of Duncansville, who was born and reared on a farm at the foot of the mountain not far from the cave scoffs at the supposition that the Lewis cave was chosen as the hiding place of the stolen gold. While he himself has never gone into it farther than the first level, he believes it has been so thoroughly explored that further investigation is useless. In fact, he knows of an investigation that was so painstakingly careful that he feels sure no secret niche has been overlooked.

Shortly after the Civil War, in 1866 or thereabouts, Mr. Riley's father, George P. Riley, a Union soldier home from service in the army, in company with James Myers, a miner, who lived across the road from the Fountain Inn, searched that forbidding chasm as far as it was possible to go. Armed with cap lamps, ropes and other necessary mining equipment, they crawled through the different tunnels, examining walls, floor and ceiling with minute attention. Furthermore Mr. Myers swung down into the abyss, which cuts across the cavern and which ap-

parently sinks clear down to China, to the limit of the ropes.

After prosecuting the search until he was satisfied he had overlooked no likely hiding place, Mr. Myers declared that he was convinced that he was the first white man to have penetrated the inner recesses of the cave and that in his opinion David Lewis never knew there was such a hole in the ground.

However, there was one thing that did not lend itself to Mr. Myers' assumption that he had explored the cave from beginning to end. That was the origin of the draft which blows constantly throughout its entire length. He simply could not advance any theory that seemed to fit.

The gold hunters have resorted to every device approved by science or known to superstition, to propitiate the graces of lady luck. They have used divining rods, magnetic balls and all kinds of magical paraphernalia which they hoped would lift the curse and importune the presiding genii to give them the open sesame to the shining hoard.

Government Assistance Asked

Perhaps it was one of these forehanded searches who wrote to Congressman J. Banks Kurtz a few years ago inquiring whether the Congressman could get the writer information from the United States government about the most efficacious divining rods to use to locate buried gold. The would-be prospector evidently antedated the principles of the NRA, since he hoped to have the assistance of the government in the undertaking.

Complying with the request, Mr. Kurtz addressed a communication to the Department of Standards, receiving in reply some very comprehensive data in regards to divining rods. The information was given that, although the department had compiled some interesting facts relative to divining rods used in locating water and iron, Uncle Sam so far had been unable to secure any reliable data about rods that would reveal the location of buried gold. But assurance was given that the matter would be given serious atten-

tion and, should the research bring to light anything pertaining to such an instrument, the department would take great pleasure in forwarding the information to Mr. Kurtz.

Boys Investigate Cave

In 1904 while he was teaching school at No. Six in Juniata Township (No. 6, by the way, being named for Plane 6 on the Old Portage railroad), John A. Ake, of Martinsburg, together with two or three other young fellows living in the community, organized a searching party to investigate the cave.

Following a tedious hunt, they finally came upon the hole in the ground, more by luck than anything else. The peculiar, acrid chemical odor, mentioned before as a characteristic of the cavern, really guided them to the exact spot. Equipped with miners' lamps, the boys descended to the first level by means of a sapling pole. The flickering illumination from their tiny lamps made but faint thrusts through the dense blackness, which fairly seemed to weight down the eye lids.

Crawling and feeling their way along those ghostly tunnels they went down, down into the stygian depths, taking the wise precaution to make chalk marks on the walls to point them to the way out on the return journey. They felt they had made a pretty careful examination, but no sign of gold rewarded their search. Mr. Ake, too, was impressed by the strong current of air which circulated through the cave, and wondered to what it could be attributed.

Asked whether he felt creepy in that weird place, he replied that the only time he experienced anything approaching cold feet was when he was left standing in a dark hole alone after he had boosted the other fellows to the outside. After making futile efforts to reach the edge of the aperture, he looked up at the blue sky visible through the opening and wished he were well out of it. Eventually his companions succeeded in holding on to each other thus forming a human chain by means of which they could reach down to him far enough for him to get a hand hold

by taking a hefty standing jump. He admitted that he felt relieved to set foot on the outside of Rattlesnake again. The inside had ceased to be so attractive.

There was a tragical sequel, that is, if you can call it a sequel, to the adventure of the boys. In after years one of the young men of the party, Sam Spade, was shot to death by his wife. Might it be that that unfortunate affair is proof that the Lewis curse makes it decidedly unhealthy to fool around the cave?

Lewis Leaves No Key

The story of the David Lewis gold does not run true to form as set by "Treasure Island", "The Gold Bug" and other famous fiction that is written around the ever fascinating theme of buried treasure. There is no message giving directions in secret code which remains a dead letter and a tantalizing brain twister to everybody until at long last some one succeeds in ciphering his way through the maze to where "x marks the spot". There is no map embellished by skull and cross bones and other outlandish, fearsome symbols designed to mislead the seeker until such time, if ever, when he studies out the key which finally unlocks the way to the hiding place of the glittering hoard.

Lewis evidently trusted to Mother Nature to keep the whereabouts of the cave safely hidden. Tucked away on the rugged slope of the mountain and enshrouded by the dense thicket, it is not easily accessible to even the most ardent hunters. Now that it is sealed up by a landslide, perhaps its location may remain forever a mystery.

The fame of Robber Lewis persists throughout the years, not merely by reason of the principle which Shakespeare enunciated, "the evil that men do, lives after them", but by reason of the audacity and fearlessness he displayed in face of danger. In addition, his memory makes an appeal because he is credited with being a sort of booster of the new deal, in that he attempted to make a more equitable distribution of wealth by taking his surplus from the capitalist

and giving it to the poor.

Through all the maze of lawlessness and knight-errantry with which Dave Lewis is charged or credited, as the case may be, one does not expect to glimpse the notorious highwayman as a model family man, yet that is one of the aspects of this strange, many-sided robber, counterfeiter and champion of the poor.

If you are told that the jailer's daughter, glimpsing the handsome prisoner through the bars of his cell, fell in love with him, which romance ran its normal course to an elopement and happy marriage, you'll at once protest that that's carrying things too far. You prefer your dose of Dave Lewis undiluted by so much highly-colored fiction.

Yet no less an authority than Charles Godcharles, former state librarian and author of an outstanding volume on Pennsylvania history, vouches for the truth of this story of Lewis' marriage. The robber was doing time in a jail in Troy, N. Y., following conviction on a counterfeiting charge. Attracted by his handsome appearance and suave manners, the daughter of the jailer was so infatuated that she married the notorious criminal as soon as he broke jail. Other historians claim Mrs. Lewis was a friend of the daughter of the jailer.

Representing himself to the young lady as a victim of a misguided enemy she looked on him as a hero. And a hero he remained to her all through their married life. His love for his wife was so great that he kept her in ignorance of his law breaking. In his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence, he showed her only the noble, chivalrous side of his nature, turning to the rest of the world the reckless criminality of his dual personality.

New Slant On Lewis

Last Saturday The Herald reporter had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Albert A. Frye, of Martinsburg who gave an entirely new slant on the character of Lewis. Mrs. Frye was born and reared at Duncannon. Just across the Susquehanna river, high up on Peters Mountain perched like an eagle's nest, she could see the

place where Lewis' home had been. Far removed from other human habitation, the robber and his family are said to have lived in the isolation of the mountain.

But when one sums up the crimes that are laid at his door, one concludes that the gentleman's "at homes" must have been infrequent. Mrs. Frye remembers having seen in her early childhood an old, old lady in a big Shaker bonnet, who was Robber Lewis' sister-in-law. The old lady was run down by a train and killed at a spot not far from the Duncannon railway station.

Among Mrs. Frye's school mates were descendants of Dave Lewis. They came of families whose unsailable reputation had been established by generations of solid respectability. In fact, Robber Dave was the only black sheep in an otherwise sound, unblemished family flock. His life was a paradox. He professed the most profound admiration for the religious training instilled by his mother, and the immaculate principles of his wife, but he would leave them and run amuck in the worst kind of crimes, except murder. He drew the line at taking human life.

He said that when he was a little boy he remembered his mother, with her Bible on her knee, reading him the story of Cain killing Abel. The story made such a powerful impression, that he declared he never could follow Cain's example.

Mrs. Frye and her daughter, Miss Grace, cordially assisted the reporter to find references to Lewis' life in their fine collection of volumes of Pennsylvania history. In addition to Godcharles', Hain's and Wright's books, they have some valuable newspaper clippings.

Historians Differ In Details

The historians differ in some of the minor details about Lewis, but are in accord on the main facts. For instance, they agree that he was a gangster and master crook on a scale comparable to Al Capone, Legs Diamond and Machine Gun Kelly, or any other of our worst modern outlaws; with their wholesale murders left out.

His career in crime dates from the time just before the War of 1812 when he was court martialed and sentenced to be shot for desertion from the army. It is quite probable that soured him against constituted authority. He started robbing. Soon he joined up in New York with a notorious band of counterfeiters whose members were bound together by a compact written with their blood. Lewis performed the ceremony of administering the blood oath.

He counterfeited bank notes of Pennsylvania banks, passing them out right and left. But when he stole Mrs. John Jacob Astor's hand bag, he got in wrong with his blood-brother crooks. By the terms of the blood pact, the spoils of the gang had to be turned into the common pool for division among them all.

But the Astor jewels, laces and finery so captivated Lewis that he presented the whole lot to his wife. From that time on New York City was too hot for him. He shook the dust of the Metropolis off his feet and set out for Pennsylvania which became the seat of his operations.

As an interlude, he stopped off at Princeton representing himself to be a rich Southern planter. He looked and acted the part so perfectly, that he soon won all the students' money at poker, gambling having been another of his specialties. He did not think too highly of the students, since he remarked that "Princeton is a place of full purses and empty heads."

Plans Kidnapping

In Philadelphia, he conceived the brilliant idea of kidnapping Stephen Girard and holding him for ransom. Supplementary to this scheme, he intended to tunnel under the Girard bank and burglarize the vault. His daughter's serious illness withdrew his mind from this project, so that he never carried it out.

The Bedford county sheriff, who took him in custody for passing bad money, described Lewis as being "six feet tall, square shoulders, reddish hair, speaks quick and has a fierce look." Appearing in society as the courtly gentleman and polished man

of the world, he continued to gain the means for maintaining his family and himself in the pretentious style to which he had become accustomed, by robbing, gambling and counterfeiting.

Inordinately proud of his reputation as a master crook, he frequently made his identity known for no other reason, seemingly, than to elicit admiration. On one occasion, he shadowed a Mr. Black, of Cumberland, Md., who had gone to the fair at Carlisle to bet on the races. Luck having been with him, he was returning home with a considerable sum of money and a horse he had won.

Riding the new horse, he led his favorite mount, a beautiful black horse. While traveling in a particularly wild and lonely district, a tall man, emerging suddenly from the dense growth alongside the road leaped astride the black horse.

Proves Friendly Companion

The stranger began dickering with Mr. Black for the black horse. When the latter emphatically declared the beast was not for sale, the man proceeded to show himself to be a very agreeable traveling companion. Mr. Black responded in kind. Thus they became quite friendly.

In course of time their conversation drifted around to what was a very popular topic at that time, Dave Lewis and his doings.

The stranger asked, "Have you ever seen Lewis?"

When Mr. Black assured the man that he had not, what was his utter astonishment to hear, "Well, sir, here is Lewis. I am that man."

Lewis then declared that he had joined Mr. Black with the full intention of robbing him, but since he had proved to be such a good fellow, the highwayman hadn't the heart to do it.

Falling in with a searching party in Adams county, which was out after Lewis, the wiley fellow joined in the chase encouraging the posse to keep on the trail. Afterwards he wrote to the leader of the party, telling him that Lewis had joined in he hunt for himself, and didn't the robber hunter think, now that he had met up with

Lewis, that he was a pretty good sort of a fellow.

Desperado Joins Lewis

In the meantime a man from Bedford county by the name of Connelly, a blood thirsty desperado, joined Lewis, thereafter becoming his inseparable companion and confederate.

Capturing the Bedford county sheriff, Connelly insisted on putting a bullet through him, because, as he said to Lewis, "Dead men tell no tales." But the latter demurred, declaring that he would not break his record that he never had taken human life. Much against Connelly's will, the sheriff was released.

Lewis' craving for playing daring practical jokes eventually sealed his doom. In June of 1820, he and Connelly, coming upon a crowd of men shooting mark, nonchalantly mingled with them and started to try their skill at shooting at the bull's eye. However, the gangsters were recognized and the crowd opened fire on them. Even in this last desperate extremity, Lewis did not attempt to kill any one. His energies were bent solely on making his escape. But the cards were stacked against him.

He was shot in the right arm and Connelly was wounded in the right hip and groin. The wounded criminals were taken to Lock Haven where they were treated by three physicians. Connelly died that night. Lewis, who was taken to the Bellefonte jail, died in that grim bastille July 13, 1820.

Famous Boast Fails At Last

After his many jail deliveries and his oft-repeated boast that no jail could hold him, it seems a rather sad commentary on an ill-spent life, that justice should inevitably defeat his vaunted ambition.

Mrs. Frye remembers seeing a pair of massive, cumbersome handcuffs, which purported to have been a pair that Lewis had slipped. Traditional stories which had come down through the generations in Duncannon, also stressed the point that, due to his small, delicately shaped hands, Lewis always succeeded in wriggling out of the steel bracelets.

Although the historians all agree

that Lewis died in Bellefonte jail, tradition gives different versions of his end. Mrs. Frye had always been told that he was shot while attempting to make his escape across the Susquehanna river near Duncannon. Old timers in Blair county claimed the notorious gangster had been lynched in Blair county.

One can well understand that after a liberal diet of the thrilling adventures of Lewis, the imagination would be excited to more or less inventiveness. Little boys, who shivered in their high-top boots, at the escapades of the robber, which seemed the work of a wicked magician, rather than of a mere human being, may have unconsciously, when adult years were reached, contributed something of their own reactions in the re-telling of the stories.

At any rate, he was one of those picturesque characters, who once in a while, flash across the screen of events, and leave behind them a personality that grips the imagination of posterity.

A collection of silhouettes, family heirlooms of Mrs. Frye, arrested the reporter's attention. They are likenesses in the original of her great-grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Carver, and of other relatives, who are in direct line of descent from John Carver, chosen by compact made by the Pilgrims in the cabin of the Mayflower, to be the first governor of the colony of Massachusetts.

How the petty trifles slink away when we are confronted by the real things of life.

Why worry? The smartest man of our acquaintance is as ignorant when it comes to knowing everything as we are dumb in knowing as much as he does.

If easy things are what you seek,
And think of joys they'll bring,
There is a truth the wise have found
Their words of wisdom ring.
To you and me they speak today,
To heed their speech were well:
"The things worth while are yours by
work,
No other way we tell."

